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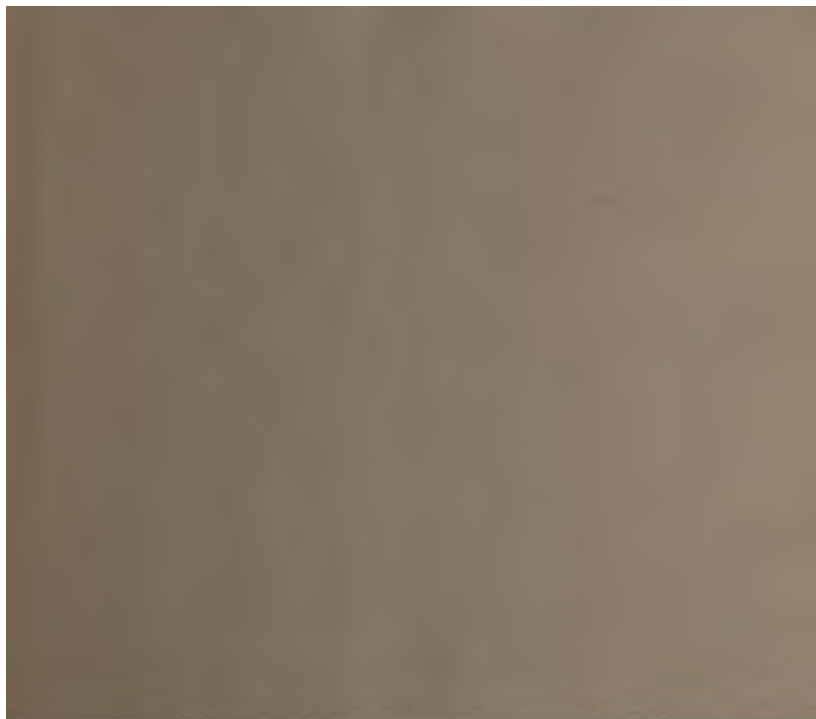
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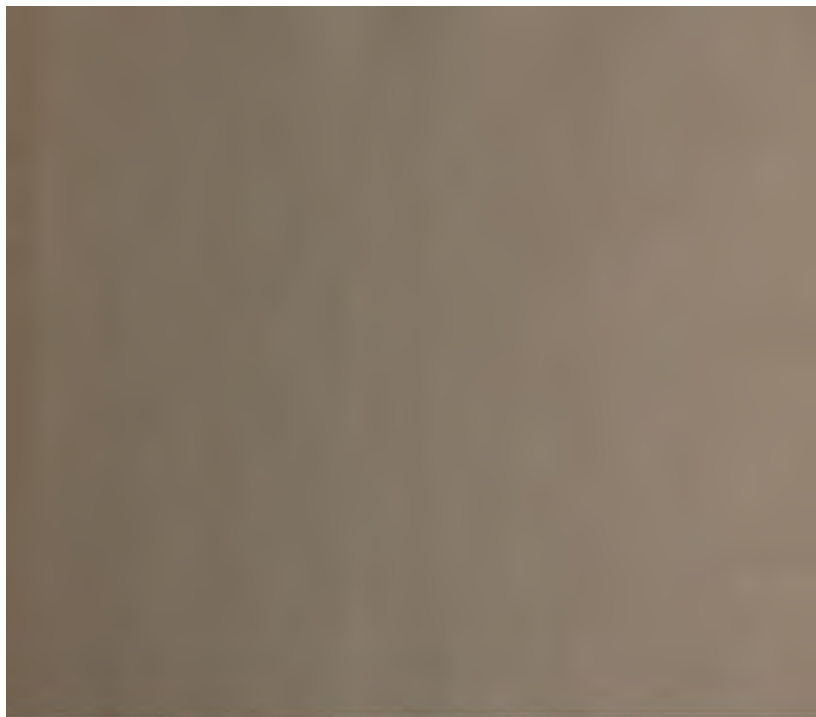
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Hints
HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

OR

FAMILY COUNSELLOR,

BY

Wm. M. Thayer
REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

C B O S T O N :

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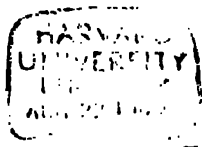
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P R E F A C E .

THE author of this volume is not aware that any book is before the public possessing the character of a family manual. For this reason he has prepared this work, and now offers it to the public, though it is but a tame production for the place it is designed to fill. There are some smaller works which discuss the several relations of the family, but leave out of view the importance of it as the basis of all other institutions, and omit to speak of those Christian ordinances and agencies, which alone can render a household truly prosperous. For this reason several chapters are embraced in the work upon themes which are regarded essential to domestic happiness.

No reason need be assigned for discussing in this volume the several relations of the family, as the conjugal, parental, filial, and fraternal; for these are the prominent themes which belong to such a work.

The first chapter — The Family on Earth, presents the domestic compact as the basis of all other institutions — the hope of church and state.

The three chapters upon the Sabbath, the Bible, and Prayer in the Family, are added, because the Scriptures, and the opinions of good people since the advent of Christ, make them necessary in order to secure the Divine blessing upon the household. The family which omits a due regard for either of them, neglects a powerful agency to promote its peace. Neither of them are duly appreciated, nor can their importance be too highly rated.

Death sunders household ties without regard to talent or virtue, hope or love. Hence, the chapter upon Afflictions is added, for *consolation*.

Reading is no small item of influence in the intelligent family, and has not a little to do with forming the characters of its members. Hence, a place is given to a chapter upon that subject, not to discuss the general topic of reading, but to exhibit the dangerous tendency of novel-reading which has become so general.

Chapters eleventh and twelfth may appear, at first view, foreign to the general plan of the work; but it is hoped that the notes appended in their proper place, with a careful reading of the chapters, will satisfy even critical readers of the propriety of inserting them. We bespeak an attentive perusal of the chapter on Philosophy of Character, especially by young men, and those who have the training of children. The last chapter — The Whole Family in Heaven, is presented as a motive to fidelity in applying to practice the counsels before discussed. It is also an exhibition of the hope of the household.

Almost any topic of discussion is made more intelligible and attractive by the citation of incidents. They add force to mere precept, and establish principles. Hence, the various subjects here discussed are illustrated by such an array of facts as their importance seems to demand.

In preparing a work of this kind there is danger of tedious repetition. The author has endeavored to avoid this as much as possible. If allusion is made twice to the same fact, principle, or sentiment, it is to present the different phases of a single truth, or to derive from it some lesson not previously discussed.

With these remarks the author sends out this volume upon its errand, hoping it may perform a mission of good to a world which will advance in purity, only so far as the family is made more perfect in union, virtue, and religion.

W. M. T.



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HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

CHAPTER I.

THE FAMILY ON EARTH.

"Domestic Happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall!"

* * * * *

Thou art the nurse of virtue—in thine arms
She dwells, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again." COWPER.

THE FAMILY ON EARTH! What delightful associations are awakened by the mention of this theme! With what speed does it send the thoughts of every reader to some glad retreat where his soul is bound by ties too various and dear to be designated by other appellation than that of FAMILY! What memories linger around the bright borders of that home-spot, even to those whom an inscrutable Providence has expelled from its domain! What emotions, deep, lasting and true, start into being, and fly along the heart-strings, as the subject falls upon the ear! What a rush of feeling at the fair scenes and images which rise at its suggestion! Father, mother, brother, sister, son, daughter—what hopes, fears, loves, ties, wait upon these blest relations! It requires not the power of fancy to portray these intimate connections in colors sufficiently vivid to enlist all the feelings of the heart. For them nature has a strong affinity, and needs only the most casual allusion to stir the fountain of her emotions.

HOME! The term is one of the choicest in the English language, and is mated with that of FAMILY. It is where the Family is, or was. The mention of one suggests the other. It is the dearest spot of earth, hallowed by a thousand delightful recollections,—

"The resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss."*

In all ages and nations mankind have expressed similar sentiments, and indulged kindred feelings in relation to HOME. However stinted in the measure of earthly goods, it has ever wielded attractions more powerful than those of lordly "pleasures and palaces." A glad response has been awakened in every heart to the beautiful sentiment of the poet,—

"Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."†

Luther could engage in battle-scenes for social and religious reform with dauntless mien; he could stand up against the fierce anathema of Pope and Cardinals without a trembling nerve; he could face the angered Diet of Worms with all the courage and calmness of a Christian hero; but when, upon a journey to meet the Counts of Mansfield, he came in sight of his own native Eisleben, the great man was overcome with emotion, and he bowed his head and wept. It was an unfeigned recognition of the power of home, or family attractions.

The power of the Family Relation is augmented by the influence which God gives to every member of it, and to every object connected with it. Even the little infant wields a power that controls the plans and efforts of an entire household. We are wont to look upon the prattling boy or girl in babyhood solely as an object of attachment—a beautiful plaything till its mind demands some positive culture for immortality. We scarcely think that from its natal day it is swaying our hearts and directing our efforts, with

* Thomson.

† Payne.

greater effect than the laws of the land. A little reflection will surprise us that so many of our purposes, so much of our business, so many of our steps, have reference to it—that such a share of our purest sympathies and kindest feelings owe their existence to the child—and that it so materially affects the character and destiny of the family.

Every object, we have said, connected with home makes more or less impression upon the heart. Home may be the place of our birth. How vivid and delightful is the recollection of its scenes which transpired in our childhood! Fresh as of yesterday's occurrence, they still draw our hearts back to the homestead where the united family gathered in fond and unbroken fellowship. The mind's eye rests gladly upon the shady trees, and the meandering stream on whose verdant banks we plucked the mint and cowslip; and we seem to see the merry warblers, the robin, thrush and jay, skipping from branch to branch, and filling the air with the music of their mellifluous songs. Fond parents, now possibly in the grave, we behold as when we moved obedient to their mandates, and their voices seem to fall upon the ear with the same tones of authority, and their eyes beam with the same kindling expressions of love, as when our childhood nestled under the wing of their affection. Even the sacred hymns that we were wont to sing in happy concert live in blissful recollection, and the antique painting and portrait seemingly hang upon the parlor-wall as when we used to gaze upon them in childish delight. These are some of the bright mementoes of childhood's home, surviving the perishing scenes of meridian manhood, which we shall carry with us, impressing our hearts continually to the goal of life—the grave.

Most of human life is spent in the family. Most of human duties are mediately or immediately connected with the family. This renders the institution one of paramount interest and importance. Surely that which absorbs so much

of life, and imposes so many of our duties, has a claim upon our prayerful consideration. It is well to compass, if possible, a relation which radiates in every direction of life, and creates obligations with every phase of the heart.

Too often the Family is regarded only as a sort of retreat or refuge from the storms of life, where one may delight in the exercise of the natural affections, independent of all influence and responsibility abroad. Generally it is supposed, that a man is wielding an influence, which affects our social and civil interests, only when he is heartily engaged in secular and public affairs. Few stop to reflect, that within the quiet family the father-citizen is doing more, indirectly, for the weal or woe of society, than he is upon the arena of public effort. There he does not act simply upon the surface of things, but moulds, and even creates the essential elements which are to enter into the social structure in coming time. His affections may, indeed, delight in the home-circle as a quiet retreat from the din of business, and a place in all respects congenial; but then, the very ties that make it a social luxury to abide in the family increase the force of every word and act upon minds and hearts, which are to constitute eventually the life and soul of society.

Volumes have been written, and prolonged discussions multiplied in relation to the form of civil government best suited to the wants and welfare of the human race. Systems of private and public education have been originated, and variously applied. Theories, in respect to government and education both, have been reduced to practice, often to prove a failure, for no other reason than a disregard of the importance of the Family Relation, which underlies all civil and religious institutions, as the foundation underlies the fabric. Reformers have even become so wild in their speculations about a social millennium, as to advocate the abolition of the family, instead of its improvement. The wild experiment would not reorganise society, but shiver its organism into

countless fragments. "To injure the family by bringing its claims into doubt, by diminishing its purity, or weakening its authority, is to do an injury to society in general. Law, order, the state, intellectual improvement, morals, every thing, would fall with the family. And it would so, because the family is of God; and nothing which is of God can be shaken out of its position, or be lost, without causing the most disastrous results." *

In nearly all examples of distinguished men in church or state, the influence of the Family upon their characters in early life is quite apparent. Tracing back these influences to their origin at the domestic altar, we are constrained to attach paramount importance to this divine institution. It is said that Alfred the Great owed his intellectual distinction and true greatness to a single incident in the family when he was about twelve years of age—a parent's offer of a manuscript of Saxon poetry to any one who would commit it to memory. The excellent and talented Cecil said. "I detect myself, to this day, in laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of them." The reason of Baxter's singular devotion to the work in which he acquired such eminence was, that, in the family, his mind was early directed to the historical portions of the Bible. To influences within the family domain, history ascribes much that is great, or good, in the character of Lord Bacon, Johnson, Edwards, Newton, Buchanan, Dwight and many others.

AS ARE FAMILIES, SO IS SOCIETY. This proposition needs no extended proof. A community or state is a collection of families, possessing such a moral and intellectual character as the families possess. If each family is thoroughly christian, the community or state which they constitute will be equally christian. Were every citizen to give heed to his

* Upham.

personal duties and responsibilities, and faithfully discharge them, the community would be disturbed by no deeds of lawless violence. And if every family were a model in purity and intelligence, the state would be a model in all that pertains to civil polity. If each member of a church should set a watch over his own heart, and see to it that *one* heart is pure, the whole church would be cared for and preserved pure, in the care of each for himself. So, if each family should "observe to do" all that the Lord has commanded in order to promote its peace and prosperity, aiming to present *one* pure, christian family, the church and state would be full of "whatsoever is lovely and of good report." Hence, the important relation which the Family sustains to all other institutions, inferior only to the church of God. As another has said, "it antedates and underlies all other organisms, is the oldest human society, the mother and nurse of the church, the strong foundation on which rest the state and civil society, and the teacher and model of government."

Consider more particularly the RELATION OF THE FAMILY TO THE STATE. Says John Angell James, "Well instructed, well ordered, and well governed families, are the springs, which from their retirements, send forth the tributary streams that make up, by their confluence, the majestic flow of national greatness and prosperity; nor can any state be prosperous, where family order and subordination are generally neglected; nor otherwise than prosperous, whatever be its political forms, where these are generally maintained. It is certainly under the wise instruction and the impartial sceptre of a father, and within the little family circle that the son becomes a good citizen; it is by the fireside and upon the family hearth, that loyalty and patriotism, and every public virtue grows; as it is in disordered families, that factious demagogues, and turbulent rebels, and tyrannical oppressors, are trained up to be their neighbor's torment, or their country's

scourge. It is there that the "thorn and the brier," to use the elegant simile of the prophet, or the "myrtle and the fir-tree are reared, which are, in future time, to be the ornament and defence, or the deformity and misery of the land." These words are proved truthful by reference to the present condition of society, and to the records of past history. Ancient Greece and Rome placed the highest renown on the forum and the battle-field — in the career of the senator and the soldier. And it was their boast, as we learn from the classic writers of antiquity, that sons were nobly trained in the family for the service of their country. The studious were encouraged to aspire after the fame of the scholar and orator, and the ardent and fearless to win the laurels that wreathed the brow of the warrior. The Grecian and Roman both entertained false notions of human glory, and were impelled by a wicked ambition in their efforts to win it, but the fact to which reference is had clearly proves the important relation which the family holds to the state. And did space permit, the annals of Greece and Rome might furnish illustrious examples of statesmen and generals, reared in the quiet family with special reference to the offices which they afterwards filled with honor.

The Family is a state in miniature, of which the father is king. It contains all the elements of the body politic, developed and developing. There are the future artizans and agriculturists who will wield the utensils, the statesmen and rulers who will hold the destinies, and the ministers and conservators of truth who will watch the altars of our land. There is every passion, and hope, and feeling which ever kindled in the bosom of humanity, existing, indeed, in embryo, but fast growing into vigorous and manly exercise for a nation's weal or woe. When John Adams was engaged in the instruction of youth, in the city of Worcester, in the year 1756, he said, "that it awakened in his heart peculiar interest to regard his school as the world in mine-

ture — that before him were the land's future presidents, governors, legislators, divines and counsellors. He had only to imagine, what might prove true, that this one was a prospective ruler, and that one a legislator, and the other a minister, in order to stimulate him to that course of effort without which youth for those respective spheres would be lost." His remarks would have been equally true if he had spoken them of the Family. The following is an illustration of this truth. In the year 1782 there were born in four families, residing in three different states, four distinguished American statesmen, viz.: — Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass, and Martin Van Buren. Then, those families were undistinguished from the great multitude of families around them. Yet, as we now regard the influence which those gifted statesmen have exerted in the council-halls of the nation, we learn that those families sustained a very important relation to our government. Within them were prospective legislators and statesmen, daily receiving impressions to fit or unfit them for the important trust to which they were unconsciously advancing. Could those parents have been gifted with a prophet's ken to discern the public career of those whom they were disciplining, perhaps, with too careless hand, it would have rolled upon them an overwhelming burden of responsibility. They would have had a most impressive view of the relation they sustained to the national government. And what family can say positively, that it may not hold a relation to it of equal importance!

Not less important is the relation of the family to the state in respect to evil. To send abroad unprincipled and irresponsible agents to trample upon human laws, and set at defiance civil authorities, is a very undesirable relation to sustain. The eye may now rest upon the wretched victims of vice and crime, whose lives are more than a perpetual nuisance to society, a dreadful blight and curse upon its

dearest interests, living to peril the peace and purity of the world, to spread the elements of discord earth-wide, and to introduce the reign of anarchy and moral death. To be the occasion of sending one such pest into society may well attach a fearful obligation to the household bond. To hazard thus, by proxy, the peace and prosperity of the Commonwealth, and corrupt the morals of communities by an irresponsible progeny, is an issue from which every noble and patriotic parent desires to be delivered.

The stability of government resides in the *virtue* of the people. A territory stretching from sea to sea, a fertile soil, and exhaustless mines of gold and silver, do not make a people prosperous. Proud and populous cities, wise and prudential statutes, mighty armies and navies triumphing on land and ocean, do not ensure a permanent government. Nor, even, can education, and the spirit of true liberty, alone, sustain a nation, and transmit its institutions unimpaired to posterity. This is done, if done at all, by the tried *virtue* of the people. Good citizens, and not wealth, power, or political organizations, give stability to government. Parties may organize, education and politics combine, and every possible intellectual, political and secular agency cooperate for the success and glory of a nation, but its days of prosperity are numbered if there be not a goodly share of virtue in the hearts of the people. So speaks reason and observation. So speaks the past. So speaks the present. There is but one voice, and one experience, and one illustration upon this subject. History declares in the rise and progress, the decline and fall of governments, that their stability resides in the virtue of the people.

But when, where, and how are good citizens made? Are they made after the adult character is formed? By no means. What kind of citizens they shall be is determined before they attain to manhood. While under parental discipline it is decided whether they will be loyal or not. Here, if ever,

they learn that obedience, and cultivate that virtue, which are the sure promise of loyalty to the state. He, who is disobedient in the family, will be likely to be disobedient in the state. If he has no respect for parental government, he will have none for civil government. If he defies a parent, he will defy a ruler. In short, the discipline which is required to make him a good son, is necessary to make him a good citizen. Early in life, long before he understands the nature of his duties as a member of society, this training of his heart to virtue must commence. To be virtuous in manhood, he must be virtuous in youth. If his early life is corrupt, there is very little hope that his later life will be pure. Hence, if the permanency of a government resides in the virtue of the people, and if the people are virtuous only when their early discipline was correct, then, the success of a nation depends upon the character of its families.

Much has been written concerning the causes of crime and pauperism in our land. Foreign emigration, intemperance, loose laws, judicial leniency, all have been loaded with the curse of creating this mass of corruption and want. But these are only *secondary* causes. The true, original cause lies back of them, in the family. The great masses of delinquents crowding our Alms Houses, Reform Schools, and Penitentiaries are furnished by undisciplined, godless families, or very defective religious ones. They come not from the well-trained households of rural or metropolitan districts. Hence, the remarks of Dr. Payson: "Could we trace the public and private evils which infest our otherwise happy country backward to their source, I doubt not, we should find the most of them proceed from a general neglect of the education of children. With this neglect those parents are chargeable, who suffer their children to indulge, without restraint, those sinful propensities, to which childhood and youth are but too subject. Among the practices which have this dangerous tendency are a quarrelsome, malicious disposition, disregard

to truth, excessive indulgence of their appetites, neglect of the Bible and religious instruction, profanation of the Sabbath, impious and indecent language, wilful disobedience, improper associations, want of scrupulous integrity, and idleness, which is the parent of every evil." True, we find an immediate cause of much of the sin and degradation we witness in the drinking and gaming saloons, the theatres and brothels where the vicious congregate; but then, how many resort to these dens of infamy for the very lack of that early training which is so salutary to lead in virtue's pathway! Foreign emigration pours a host of paupers and criminals upon our shores, poor, wretched, vicious men and women, to fill our alms-houses and jails; but come they not from lands, where a well-trained, christian family is almost unknown? Were they not born and bred in the midst of vice and crime, and disciplined to quench the risings of every noble aspiration? And are they not now the members of households in which there is scarcely any recognition of the duties and responsibilities of the family relation? So that, while we lament over the evils of foreign emigration, we are compelled to say that we are suffering from *such* an emigration, because other lands are the abodes of *such* families. After granting all the exceptions possible, we are compelled to concede, that the true, original cause of pauperism and crime is found in the family.

We have spoken of the strong attachment of mankind to Home. This makes men *patriotic*. It is a golden link which binds their hearts to their native land when travelling in foreign countries. It is a note of alarm when the pestilence sweeps along the shores, loved ones being the first to rise before the mind's eye. So, when the tramp of invading armies has been heard, a thought of home has inspired the volunteer, or the enrolled soldier, more than the loud battle-cry "*to arms!*" Dear relatives, whose hopes and happiness depend upon the issue of the conflict, are the first

objects that rush across the mind when war threatens a land. Wives, children, brothers, sisters, parents, the thought of their being exposed to the violence and lust of a victorious foe nerves them for deeds of noble daring, and invests them with fortitude and power beyond the inspiration of fife and drum, or the glory of a conqueror's name. "*Remember your wife and children*," exclaimed a commander to his army, cowering before the teeming ranks of the enemy; "**REMEMBER YOUR WIFE AND CHILDREN!**" and with the celerity of light, the spirit of a dauntless heroism flew from heart to heart, and the army rushed to the conflict with renewed courage, and won the day.

It is doubted if there is recorded the instance of a person displaying a marked degree of patriotism in the time of our country's peril, who had not a family. We have had many noble examples of the love of country, but how much less noble they might have been without a previous love of the family! There is love of country, doubtless, in numerous instances, solely because there is love of home with its kindred.

There is one historical fact which serves to illustrate with considerable aptitude this part of the subject. At one period of Grecian history, family discipline was accounted of little value, and the Spartan lads were submitted to a public training as the children of the people. To all intents and purposes the influence of the household was set aside, or nullified, and the lads subjected to the best discipline that could be instituted to fit them for public service. But this, with many other plans of theirs, equally chimerical, proved a splendid failure; showing the absolute necessity of the family influence in forming character to be useful in the state, or any other sphere of human effort and responsibility.

THE RELATION OF THE FAMILY TO THE CHURCH. The domestic constitution appears exceedingly important when

we contemplate its relations, as above, to the commonwealth; but it transcends this view of mere secular and political importance, and assumes a *sacred* character, when we regard its relations to the Church of Christ. The family is the nursery of the church. Within its pale there is going on a training through which the rising generation are made more friendly or hostile to the truth — are the more hopeful candidates for Christ's Kingdom, or the less likely to be won. The next generation both of the friends and the enemies of Christ are now the children which are the pride and hope of earth's countless families. Whether they shall join the sacramental hosts, or scorn to respect the truth of God, depends very much upon the influences which mould character in childhood and youth. This sentiment finds a response in every christian heart. In every community there are families from whom the church do not expect to receive converts to their fellowship. If one does break away from the worldly interests which there concern him, he is regarded as having resisted, with manly independence, such influences as have secularized the hearts and destroyed the souls of thousands.

In the early history of mankind, the family was the only church of God, called the "Church in the House." Here was the altar, the incense, the voice of prayer, and the song of praise. Here was all the religion, with its simple ordinances, which was found upon the earth. And over this constituted "Church in the House," the man of God, not forgetful of his duties as husband and father, presided as the prophet and priest. Had not sin corrupted the source of human thought and feeling, and hatched its cocatrice's eggs in human hearts, an organized christian church would have been unnecessary. Each family would have been a living church, as a city upon a hill. There God would have had his altar, his ordinances, and his "beloved." There truth would have lived, unchanged and unremoved by the march of time. And there piety would have survived, in the pu-

city of its early faith, amid all the mutations of terrestrial things.

Facts may be cited, almost indefinitely, to establish the connection of the family and church. In one town during a revival-season, in 1812, seventy-nine persons were added to the church, and all but four were the members of pious families. In another town, as the fruits of a revival in 1811, one hundred were added to the church, eighty-eight of whom were from pious families. In yet another town, four-fifths of the converts, during a revival in 1815, belonged to religious households. In another still, nine-tenths of all the conversions during a powerful work of grace, in 1831, were connected with pious families. And thus in nearly every work of grace which refreshes christendom from time to time, it will be found that very few are gathered from families in which the parents are not religious. The great mass of the additions to Christ's flock are from the families of the church. The history of every revival will prove this from accurate statistics.

Revivals occurred in Amherst College in 1827, '28, '31, '35, '39, '42, '46, in which some hundreds were converted, and in Wabash College in 1838, '41, '43, '46, '47, '48 and '49, with results equally encouraging. The forty years preceding 1848, Yale College was visited with twenty revivals, and the number of hopeful conversions in a single one was one hundred. Among the converts were Hopkins, Edwards, Dwight, Bellamy, Evarts, Cornelius and Nevins. The first sixty-five years in the history of Dartmouth College witnessed nine extensive revivals, and during the first twenty-five of Middlebury College, every class but one shared in the outpouring of the Spirit. How many hundreds were converted in all these revivals, we cannot say; but we can assert with confidence, that, be the number more or less, four fifths of them were the children of the church. It is recorded that of sixty-three admitted to the church in Yale College,

in 1802, all but eight of them were the sons of pious parents. The *whole number*, (twenty-two) who were received to the Communion in 1808, had either a christian father or mother, or both. And of seventy who professed religion, as the fruit of the revival of 1831, all but ten were the children of pious parents. Thirty students were hopefully converted in McKendree College, Illinois, in 1850, all but three of whom had praying mothers, and a large portion of them praying fathers also; and six of them were the sons of ministers of different denominations.

An inquiry was instituted not long since, with regard to the students connected with the Andover Theological Seminary, eighty in number; and it was found that only "four of the students were born of parents neither of whom was pious, that of six, the mother only was pious, and that of seventy the father and mother both were pious." In another Theological Seminary all but six of the members were reared in religious families. A similar inquiry instituted in relation to all the Theological Schools of the land, of evangelical principles, would, doubtless, present similar results.

Of the large number of devoted ministers, breaking the bread of life to the many saints in christendom, and the missionaries of the cross, bearing the glad news of salvation to the perishing, how very few are the offspring of parents neither of whom are devoted to the Lord! Probably ninety-nine hundredths of them came forth from households where one parental heart, at least, was in true sympathy with Christ.

Such facts as these show that God has put his seal of approbation upon the religious family, and now points us to it as the agency, which, by grace, is to replenish his blood-bought church. Other families throng, with their godless members, the ranks of Christ's enemies and persecutors, and swell the number of the "tormented" to a fearful aggregate. But the families of the church, dear to God by the bonds of the everlasting covenant, are to furnish the mass of the

trained sons and daughters of salvation; so that the question: how fast the truth shall advance from land to land, and how soon the cross be planted upon every heathen shore? finds its truest answer in the character of the families which abide in christian countries.

Some months since the author listened to the interesting plea of an agent* in behalf of perishing children, in which he argued that our efforts in the conversion of the world have been wrongly directed. The drift of his argument was somewhat as follows: "We have been laboring in the Lord's vineyard a great number of years, yet how few, comparatively, are converted! In many christian communities the admissions of converted sinners to the church scarcely keeps pace with the removals by "death's doings." Talents, learning, wealth, time, all are devoted to the salvation of men, yet how slowly does the work of conversion advance! At this rate of progress how long a time will elapse before the world will be converted to God! There is error somewhere in this great and glorious enterprise. We believe it lies in our overlooking the salvation of children. We have commenced at the wrong place to convert the world. This great moral machinery is operating mainly upon adult minds, while childhood is almost wholly neglected. Men established in their sinful habits, with a cultivated hostility to the gospel, or blinded by gross superstition, are labored with, while children, so susceptible to religious impression, are left to harden by sin, and advance to maturity with increasing enmity to the truth, before they are made the special objects of christian regard. In this way, the young pass the season which is most favorable to bring them to Christ, and are not wrought upon by the church until they are far less likely to be converted. May not the error be found here? Is it not the part of wisdom to convert the children, that, by and by, there may be no adults, comparatively, to be converted?

* Rev. Mr. Pierce of the American Sunday School Union.

While adults may not be neglected now, ought not our christian efforts to be directed more and mainly to the salvation of the young?"

The sentiment met with a response in my heart, as it doubtless will in the heart of every christian. It is philosophical, and true to the claims of human nature. Take care of the children, and adults will take care of themselves. And it exhibits, in the most comprehensive view, the importance of the relation which the family sustains to the militant church of God. See it, ye living heads of families, and know that God intended by the precious bond that makes your members one, to ally the household closely to his church. You number FIVE MILLIONS nearly in this land alone, each one of which is an integral part of the aggregate of hatred and love for Zion. Ye have it in your power to say what shall be the character and strength of the visible church, when the next generation are obliged to sustain its ordinances, and perform its work.

One characteristic of THE FAMILY ON EARTH, which might have been cited before, deserves here a passing notice, by way of magnifying the importance of what has already been urged. It is not a DEPENDANT. Neither government nor possessions give it laws or existence. "It may live and flourish," says John Angell James, "in all its tender charities, and all its sweet felicities, and its moral power, in the cottage as well as in the mansion; under the shadow of liberty, and even under the scorching heat of tyranny. Like the church, of which it is in some respects the emblem, it accommodates itself to every changing form of surrounding society, to every nation and to every age, forming with the church, the only two institutions ever set up by God, as to their frame work. Like its kindred institute, it remains amidst the ruins of the fall, the lapse of ages, and the changes of human affairs, the monument of what has been, the standing prediction of what shall be. Tyrants, that

crush the liberties of a state, cannot destroy the constitution of the family; and even persecutors, that silence the preacher, and scatter the congregation, cannot hush the voice of parental instruction, or extinguish parental influence. Religion, hunted and driven from the place of public concourse, would still find a retreat, as it often has done under such circumstances, in the household of faith; and *there* would keep alive upon the family altar, that holy fire, with which the sacrifice of the temple, under happier auspices shall be offered. Neither families nor the church of the redeemed shall ever be entirely lost, whatever changes the world may yet have to pass through; 'but, blessing and being blest, will, of themselves alone, one day introduce the millennium.'"

If a correct view of the FAMILY ON EARTH has been presented, the duties which grow out of the important relation deserve to be carefully studied. They cannot be esteemed too sacred or important. They cannot be revolved too long, or too prayerfully. They cannot be discharged with too much concern or fidelity. To neglect or trifle with them does not issue simply in personal detriment, but in disaster to state and church. In the following chapters these duties are discussed as they naturally issue from remarks already made. The sentiments of this chapter are considered a sufficient basis for all that follows.

If the truth is contained in the foregoing paragraphs, SOCIALISM is an enormous sin. It abolishes the family, to group the sexes together in large communities. Under the pretence of reform or social improvement, it annihilates the family relation, and thus mines away at the very foundation of the social organization. It destroys the germ of the state and the nursery of the church. It blasts the brightest hopes of the nation. It denies the material of which to construct a prosperous commonwealth. It "nips in the bud" the expanding affections of the soul. It quenches the

flow of the heart's sweet charities. It removes one of the most powerful motives to toil and industry. It tempts the lusts of depraved human nature, and provokes the passions to wanton exercise. Socialism is thus the plotting antagonist of a pure and peaceful society, and its adherents are the enemies of mankind.

There is a delightful inheritance in the relations of an *unbroken* FAMILY ON EARTH. Before the dire hand of misfortune or necessity has scattered abroad the members, or the scythe of the fell destroyer cut them down as the grass, when the reciprocal flow of love causes hearts, —

“ Like kindred drops to mingle into one,”

and, especially, when the spirit of true religion pervades and regulates the entire fellowship, the FAMILY ON EARTH presents a scene of the purest social enjoyment this side THE WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN. But how frail the tie that “makes the members one!” How weak the “earthen vessel” which contains such joys! How soon this cup of joy is dashed in fragments at our feet!

“ Heaven has confirmed the dread decree,
That Adam's race must die ;
One general ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.”

A few fleeting months and years pass, and how changed ! Yea, in the very morning of the blissful union, sudden as the lightning's flash, death lays his finger upon one warm heart, and it is motionless as marble. A vacancy occurs, and the household is wrapped in gloom ! The destroyer only lifts his wand, and the bright vision of delight vanishes as “a thing of air !” In a moment the earthly Eden is overshadowed with a cloud of sorrow, and a period is put to unbroken fellowship, till grace reunites the severed family in

the Paradise above, where necessity dissolves no union, and death trifles not with a tie.

" We are all here,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said —
Soon must we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit round,
Some other circle will be found.
O, then, that wisdom may we know,
Which yields a life of peace below;
So, in the world to follow this,
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all — all here!"

CHAPTER II.

THE CONJUGAL RELATION.

"Then come the wild weather—come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow;
Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain."

LONGFELLOW—*from the German.*

IN the lighted parlor gathers a joyous company, and none more elated with hope than he who is about to take, and she who is about to become a bride. Important era in the life of the youthful pair! What years of joy or sorrow, what chapters of hope or despair, what unfolding destinies are hung upon the utterance of these brief words!—You have now presented yourselves, as the partners of each others' decided choice, to have sealed your marriage vow. And, in the presence of Almighty God, and these witnesses, you promise to receive each other in the mutual relation of Husband and Wife—to love, cherish, and respect each other in all the vicissitudes of your earthly toil—in sickness and in health, in prosperity and adversity the same—rejoicing with each other in joy, and sympathizing with each other in sorrow—thus remembering your plighted vow till these bands are broken by the hand of death.

TILL THESE BANDS ARE BROKEN BY THE HAND OF DEATH! In five flying minutes is consummated a union for a life-time of weal or woe! What responsibilities crowd this conjugal relation as we think of the marriage seal thus set for LIFE! None but God himself can sunder the tie thus suddenly created! Even though the union be blasted by the blight of misery, and riving discord tear the heart-strings as spider webs, it is done for LIFE.

Ponder it, ye BRIDES and BRIDEGROOMS at the altar of God! Ye make a choice that compasses the whole of your

earthly career and unites your destinies, if not your hearts. Darkness may cover your pathway as a murky cloud, and on ye are to travel together amid the uncertainties of the future. For ye have stood in solemn attitude before the Searcher of hearts, and made the irrevocable pledge to be one, —

“Till death us do part.”

Then ponder well the momentous import of this life-relation. Open your ears to the voices that will echo from every scene of domestic experience, coming up, loud and clear, from the depths of anguish in the soul, and bursting out from every brilliant avenue of joy, and pealing like a trumpet along the outstretching paths of wedlock, — *for life!* Listen to the stirring truth, embracing all that ye have, and are, and hope for, in this earthly lot, until ye catch the meaning, and your hearts awaken to the appeal — *FOR LIFE!*

Often men are inconsiderate in assuming the duties of this sacred relation. Rash are the steps that bring a host to the threshold of wedded life. Because of this, ten thousand who marry for an earthly paradise, awake, when the dreams of the “honey-moon” are over, to find themselves in an earthly purgatory. They “marry in haste and repent at leisure.” Says FOSTER, “Alas! many an enamored pair have courted in poetry, and after marriage, *lived in prose.*” Nor is this true alone of the young and inexperienced — the throng of brainless upstarts and dandies that infest society — but also of many of the learned and wiser ones. If not really inconsiderate, they have, nevertheless, taken to themselves companions unsuited to their wants and ways. Socrates, the famed philosopher of ancient Athens, was thus unfortunate in his wife, Xantippe. In all his toils she tormented him by her impertinence, her peevish disposition, and harsh invectives. And all have doubtless read of that amusing incident in his life, when this *unwomanly* woman, after com-

ing down upon him in a hail-storm of invective, poured a pail-full of filthy water upon his head, to which the amiable sage coolly replied, "*after thunder rain generally falls.*" John Wesley, the eloquent and gifted preacher, was wedded to a woman who proved herself a perpetual torment to him in his sacred calling. Goaded by her cruel jealousy, and her yet more cruel temper, she beset him at every point, and followed him even with a persecuting spirit, until he was compelled to leave her to her sin and folly. And MILTON, the mighty English poet, had not lived long with his wife before a difference arose which ended in separation, though she afterwards returned and begged pardon on her knees. It is supposed that this contributed materially to his writing that pathetic scene, in *Paradise Lost*, in which Eve addresses Adam for pardon and peace.

But we need not pass the precincts of our own neighborhood to become familiar with the numerous "jars" in families consequent upon hasty alliances. The *scold*, the *fret*, the *drone*, the *torment*, the *tyrant*, are epithets that express the reigning discords in families. There is "the old man's pet," and "the young man's slave." There is "the lazy man's drudge," and the "proud man's doll." There is the "worn woman's master," and the "jaded man's thorn." There is discord, war and bondage in the marriage state. Many a wife has driven her husband to the practice of dishonesty and fraud, to the saloon of the gambler and the doom of the drunkard, by her pride, extravagance, idleness, fretfulness, or all. And many a husband has crushed the gentle spirit of his wife, and sent her down, heart-broken and sad, to an early grave, by the neglect and cruelty of his faithless heart.

How sad the perpetual union of a pair between whose hearts there are no blest affinities! With no delight in each other's society, yet compelled to abide as one! Mutual enmity, perhaps, rankling and burning in

their hearts, and yet tied together for life! It was the custom of a certain Emperor of Tuscany to punish offenders by binding the living criminal to the body of a dead malefactor, face to face; and the wretched culprit bore about the loathsome and dissolving carcass, until he died in its foul embrace. Fit symbol of the way God often punishes the offender in the marriage life, binding him to a companion from whom his heart has become strangely alienated, even to dreadful loathing, yet compelled to submit to the union, and bear about with him the hated one until released by death. No severer punishment could be inflicted upon man or woman for an inconsiderate alliance. There is meaning in the old proverb, "better be half-hanged than ill-wed."

It is wise, then, "to weigh well what we can only once decide" — to ponder the DUTIES that are involved in this CONJUGAL RELATION. The sentiment has become proverbial, — "he who is about to marry should consider how it goes with his neighbors." From the results of this sacred connection, witnessed on every hand, much may be learned concerning the duties of husband and wife.

Solomon, the wise, has given us the beau ideal of a wife. Why he has given less prominence to the husband, in this regard, may be a query. Perhaps, the reason lies in the fact, that the former contributes more to the joys or sorrows of domestic life. How frequently are the misfortunes or success of men ascribed to their wives! The prosperous man has an *economical* and *industrious* wife; while the wife of the unfortunate one is an *extravagant* and *faithless* woman. Hence, the Irish saying, "a man must ask his wife's leave to be rich."

The following is Solomon's description of a model wife, and which good Matthew Henry calls, "A LOOKING-GLASS FOR LADIES." "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil."

She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life. She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth, also, while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field and buyeth it, with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selloeth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchants. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth in wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

Without commenting on this beautiful portrait I remark that, —

The first DUTY of the conjugal relation is MUTUAL LOVE. We were made to love. ROSSEAU said, "were I in a desert I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections. If I could do no better, I would fasten them on some sweet myrtle, or some melancholy cypress, I would love it for its

shade, and greet it kindly for its protection. I would write my name upon it, and pronounce it the sweetest tree in all the desert. If its leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and if it rejoiced, I would rejoice with it." Thus love is "a fragrant blossom that maketh glad the garden of the heart."

I have seen a couple at the hymenial altar when the future seemed so auspicious, as scarcely to admit that a cloud could ever darken the brilliant horizon of life. Apparently, the young hearts united anticipated no other than halcyon days—that they would always walk amid flowers of pleasure, and sit in bowers of peace, and listen to the music of the "birds of paradise." But there came a day of clouds and darkness, and a tempest swept the ocean of their joy, and billows heaved upon its depths of pleasure. It was a day of trial; such as is likely to be the lot of every wedded pair, however cheering the prospect to their expectant hearts. For more is usually anticipated by "the two hearts one" at the altar of marriage than is enjoyed. The matrimonial state is hailed as an Elysian land, where sighs are all hushed, and tears are all wiped from the eyes. But there came the trial-time; and LOVE was the angel-hand that buoyed them above God's whelming billows. And in every instance of trial in the marriage state, this is nature's grand supporter—second only to a living trust in God. Alienations dip every shaft of sorrow in poison—render every trial more bitter and insupportable. LOVE diminishes by dividing them between two faithful hearts.

No power can exceed that of confiding LOVE. It throws a mantle of charity over a multitude of sins. It blinds the bride to the faults of her spouse. It magnifies to the husband the virtues of his lovely wife. It compels them both to believe a *lie*. That is, it hath power to allure and charm with virtues in each other which are only *imaginary*. It causes each to see such qualities in the other—such be-

witching charms — as neighbors do not witness. And it even presents defects under the false coloring of alluring virtues. As Shakespeare has it, —

“ *My love* doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,
Have grace and favor in them.”

And it is well that in this perpetual union, LOVE hath power to blind us to each other's faults. It spares us many hours of disappointment and dreadful discord.

Both husbands and wives have studied how to “manage their companions.” And many have been the expedients to which the deluded victims of disappointment have resorted to enjoy their own way, and avoid collision. Unwise and unhappy planning! To dream of harmony when the affections are wickedly withheld, and unkindest alienations embitter the feelings of the heart! Come, ye partners in cold neglect and strife, and learn a lesson from the lips of LOVE and she will teach you “HOW TO MANAGE A HUSBAND,” and “HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE!”

Inconsistent with this duty of mutual affection are many of the objects for which some of the wiseless ones are known to marry. We wonder not that the woman, who marries a man solely to have a *home*, should be punished by finding her home a type of hell. It is not surprising that he who marries a woman for a doll, “to be placed in a glass case and set in the parlor to look at,” should be compelled to utter bitter lamentation at the last. We are not astonished that wo betides the man who is more enamored with the beauty than the virtues of his bride. And yet with the countless warnings that are read in unhappy matches and blasted hopes, it is still true, that thousands are allured by this “Will o’ th’ Wisp,” so that the maxim, as it goes, is accordant with truth, “she that is born a beauty is half-married.”

How surely will misery attend a marriage that is consummated for money!

"Look not only for riches lest thou be mated with misery."

It is the poet's warning; but in it is more *truth* than poetry. If no grander motive than this fires the heart in this life-alliance, all the ills that curse any banded son and daughter of Adam are not too great a punishment for so black a crime.

"That LOVE is sordid which doth need
Gold's filthy dust its fires to feed;
That acts a higher, nobler part,
That comes, unfettered, from the heart."

Beside a union so base as this, how grand and ennobling the reply of the Greek bride, who was asked what fortune she should bring her husband; "I will bring him what gold cannot purchase—a heart unspotted, and virtue without a stain, which portion is all that descended to me from my parents."

MUTUAL CONFIDENCE is demanded by the conjugal relation. Love lays the foundation for it, and a careful watch preserves it. This confidence ought to extend to the minutia of domestic life. Companions should be to each other confessors and confessees. The business, the cares, the trials of each should be unburdened to the other. Even to the characteristic *faults* that blemish each other's soul there should be a frank disclosure. The wife may not think it worth the while that her husband be apprised of all her plans, and especially with some that have to do with Mrs. A, or Mrs. B; and she may even think that a man is an ignoramus in all that pertains to female duties; and, therefore, it were foolish to give the information. On the other hand, the husband may feel that a woman can understand very little of his affairs should he disclose all his plans of business—

that the compass of her ability lies in "basting meat, taking stitches, and rocking babies." And here begins a mutual distrust. Here falls the spark that kindles to a flame the tinder of discord. It is seldom that we find a matrimonial alliance entirely felicitous, and all because such unkind suspicion banishes implicit confidence from the altar of home. "At the gate which suspicion enters, love goes out." It were far better, in ordinary circumstances, that a woman forego even a benevolent act than to perform it, as is often done, unbeknown to her husband. And it were wiser for the husband to lose the opportunity to win his thousands than to conceal his plans from his wife.

Deception is wholly inconsistent with this mutually confiding spirit. It is the incipient step to many painful collisions. The disclosure of a single instance of this, on the part of one of the companions, tends to destroy the confidence of the other.

Secrets should find no welcome to the heart of wife or husband. Sad stain upon the character of him or her who covets them! "None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation." Beware of the partner who smiles upon the favoring of secrets! Better be wed to the open-hearted, who carry their frankness to the extreme in revealing what they know. Either husband or wife will rue the day it is disclosed, that a *secret* has been treasured in the heart. It tells the other, in the silent language of disclosure, "my confidence in you is not complete."

Jealousy is the saddest breach of CONFIDENCE to be made. It is a rush of distrustful feeling, that like a torrent, dashing and roaring over its broken embankments, sweeps away the buds and blossoms of peace, and tears up by the roots the sturdiest oak of friendship. God himself hath said that "*jealousy is cruel as the grave.*" It buries the confidence

and happiness of the wedded pair in a common tomb. The cradle of jealousy is the sepulchre of domestic bliss.

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE is indispensable in this relation. Excellent as may be the characters of both the parties, neither of them has married an angel. The lesson "TO BEAR AND FORBEAR," must come into their "preaching and practice."

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

Strange, indeed, would it be, if, as the months roll on, no imperfections should be manifest in each other's character. For nothing is wholly pure and perfect this side the throne of God. The snow-white lily that unfolds itself to the morning sun, may have an imperfect petal. The sparkling diamond—a fortune-treasure in itself—may have a tiny flaw. And the sun, the reflection of the Creator's glory—bath spots upon his burnished disc. And it were strange if blemishes did not stain all human characters, if defects did not mar human conduct, requiring all to learn the difficult lesson, "TO FORGIVE AND FORGET."

"For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the check with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible, still,
At once to FORGIVE AND FORGET." *

Hence the need of mutual forbearance in the marriage state, upon the principle that both have faults. The husband should look upon the blemishes of his wife as he regards the spots upon the sun; and *vice versa*.

MUTUAL GOOD TEMPER is another duty of the wedded. There are "*moods*" in matrimony as well as in grammar—the equable, peevish, fretful and scolding moods—and the *temper* is in one or the other. The first is known by the peace that flows like a "sea of glass;" and the others by the withering look or the flash of harsh invective. One severe reply ever breeds another, until the domestic altar is made the rostrum for enacting the famous drama, "TIT FOR TAT." And all lookers-on come to feel that Wolcott, in his Peter Pinder, is not so wrong after all.

"Wedlock's a saucy, sad, familiar state,
Where folks are very apt to scold and hate."

A *good* temper is less expensive than a *bad* one; and the kind words which it prompts, may be uttered without blistering the tongue. They cost little, and slip out from the heart without alarming the conscience. They neither break nor bruise anything, nor wound a heart, though they sometimes *burn* by heaping "coals of fire" on erring peoples' heads. There are passionate words, and sarcastic words, and idle words, and vain words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and great swelling words; but they all slink away for very shame before the *kind* words of a mild and equable temper. "Tart words make no friends." The following lines were sent to Matthew Henry, the Commentator at the time of his marriage, by his venerable father.

"Love one another; pray oft together; and see
You never both together angry be;
If one speak fire, t'other with water come;
Is one provoked? be t'other soft or dumb."

A scold for a companion is the bane of domestic bliss, and worst of all if it be the WIFE. Habitual *scolding* renders either party unloving and unloveable. Mr. A wonders that

his wife is so mute and unsocial as the shades of evening are gathering. And Mrs. B is at her "wits' end" to learn the reason her husband dislikes her company, and spends his evenings at the tavern. But, in both instances, the reason lies in the fact that they are habitual *fretters* or *solders*. Many a man has been driven to the tavern, and his cups, and to a drunkard's grave, by a peevish and fretful wife. And many a wife has had her heart and hopes crushed, and been plunged in mental misery, by a similar cruel spirit on the part of her husband.

The following incidents are illustrative of an equable temper. A married man was spending the evening as usual with his jovial companions at the tavern. The conversation, in the course of the evening, was directed to the faults of their wives. One of the number declared, after a tart discourse upon the provocations of married life, that *his* wife was, nevertheless, a woman of remarkable good temper, and added, "were I to take you gentlemen home with me at midnight, and order her to rise and get you a supper, she would be all submission and cheerfulness." The company were incredulous, and a wager was staked. So about midnight they started to make the experiment. Being admitted, "Where is your mistress?" said the husband to the maid servant who sat up for him. "She is gone to bed, sir!" "Call her up," said he. "Tell her I have brought some friends home with me, and desire she would get up, and prepare them a supper." At once "the woman obeyed the unreasonable summons, and received the company with perfect civility; told them she happened to have some chickens ready for the spit, and supper should be prepared as soon as possible. The supper was accordingly served up; when she performed the honors of the table with as much cheerfulness as if she had expected company at a proper season." The husband won the wager, and such an exhibition of good temper resulted in *making him a better man*. It is one of

the rewards of obeying the Apostolic injunction, "*Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord.*" Such a wife, amid the varied scenes of domestic life, is a kind of moral talisman. She reminds us of "a certain aquatic plant which spreads its top on the surface of the water, and with wonderful elasticity keeps the surface still, if the water swells or if it falls." "*In her tongue is the law of kindness.*" She is like the statue of Memnon in Egypt, giving forth delightful sounds with every rising day, whether in sunshine or in storm. She reminds us of the heavenly temper of our mother Eve, in her reception and entertainment of the angel Raphael. so gentle, so kind, so cheerful, so lovely. Not every husband is thus greeted with a smile, when he *unexpectedly* brings home even an angel, at a proper time, to dine.

Side by side with this example of an excellent wife, we may place the following example of a husband as happy in his temper. Bishop Cowper had been eight years in collecting materials for his Dictionary. One day, in his absence, his wife, who was afraid he would injure himself by his arduous studies, gathered up all the manuscript notes he had been so long collecting, and in the kindness of her heart committed them to the flames. It was all done to save the good man's life. When he returned, she told him what she had done. Satisfied of the kind motive which prompted her to do it, he coolly replied in these brief words, "*Woman! thou hast put me to eight years' study more.*" The reply was more dignified and christian, and accomplished more than a storm of anger.

A few kind words and oily sentences are not sufficient to atone for a general habit of fretfulness. The rose parts with its lovely hues, and the daisy droops upon the hill-side, if only one sunny day in seven pours genial rays upon it, and the rest is driving storm. There is need of continual kindness in this blest and delicate relation, to welcome peace.

And to this end mutual yielding is needful. For "in love's wars, he who fleeth is conqueror."

MUTUAL ATTENTION is yet another duty of the conjugal relation. It has been said, that, "a woman can bear any thing better than a slight." As much may be said of man. Neglect, on either side, may awaken suspicion and jealousy. Both, however, should be careful not to construe every instance of apparent indifference into intentional neglect. The husband has more connection with the world — its numerous cares and anxieties — its failures and sad reverses. The same flow of cheerfulness will not always speak in his eye, and throb in his heart. His mind is sometimes intensely absorbed in his worldly affairs, and often jaded and tired by disappointments, so that he may not always return at evening to his family with his wonted joy and cheerfulness. He may omit an accustomed word of greeting. He may be unsocial and silent. And yet this may not be neglect. This the wife should have good sense enough to see and understand. There is a time to talk and a time to be silent — a time to laugh and a time to reflect — a time to be merry and a time to be sober. On the other hand, the silence or sadness of a wife, her want of interest and attention, should not always be construed into designed neglect by her husband. Abundant reasons for this may exist, and these should first be sought.

There are many practices in married life inconsistent with this mutual attention. One only will be named. *The husband often spends his evenings unnecessarily away from home, at the tavern or shops.* It is not a very flattering compliment to the social character of his wife. If he prefers the company of his joking neighbors, in tavern or store, to that of his chosen wife at home, there is something wrong in his views and feelings respecting the conjugal relation. Were he compelled to sit solitary and alone, through the lengthy evenings of winter, while his wife is "making merry"

at the neighbors, methinks he would be heartily sick of home, if not of her. "It is a poor rule that won't work both ways." This leads me to remark in close connection with the above:—

A JUST APPRECIATION OF EACH OTHER'S TRIALS is involved in the duties of married life. While it is frequently true that a wife supposes her husband has no trials, it is very generally the case that the husband *knows* his wife has comparatively few. Here, then, let us tarry for a moment and consider.

The husband has cares both at home and abroad; the wife only at home. He has domestic duties to perform, and the still more pressing ones of his business to discharge. He must provide for his table—furnish his family with necessary clothing—secure and bargain with domestics—furnish fuel to warm his habitation—oversee the culture of his garden—and attend to other "et cetera;" while his regular business demands his attention, at the same time, abroad. He has laborers to obtain and counsel—materials to purchase and distribute—markets to watch and visit—plans to devise and study—goods to sell—collections to be made—accounts to be settled—disappointments to be met—and numberless cares and responsibilities of his avocation to bear.

The wife sits queen of the domestic circle, but not without her trials. Every day brings them to her lot. They are new every morning, and fresh every evening. Let us count her trials in a single day. Breakfast at an early hour to accommodate her husband about his business—Hattie and Willie to wash and dress—Ann, the fretful Irish girl in the kitchen, to flatter and direct—to officiate at the table, pour coffee, and wait upon the clamoring children, all at once—by this time, the babe is awake and screaming in the cradle—he must be washed, and clothed, and fed, while other duties are suspended—the other children to be pro-

pared for school, faces wash
—now breakfast finished,
bread—table to be clean
and dusted—baby crying
ing, singing—door-bell
cation and apologies—
adjust and morning dress
—in burst the children

—Hattie has torn her apron, and
and cut his face—bedlam reigns for a minute—
kind words, and peppermints, by a kind of miracle, produce
quiet, just as the husband comes to dine—all is peace and
happiness, so that he begins to think his home is as free from
trial as Paradise—the same scene over and over, and worse
too—Willie is coming down with the measles—the other
children must have them too—and then the mumps, whoop-
ing cough, and chicken pox—what sleepless nights and
anxious days—watching, dozing, sweating, worn, weary,
sad—poor woman's unequal share—the husband away
about his business.

Be not regardless of a woman's trials, O, man! Appreciate a man's trials, O, woman!

MUTUAL INDUSTRY, or devotion to the interests of each party's sphere, belongs to the conjugal relation. This is a strong link in the golden chain of matrimonial bliss. Apollo could convert a tortoise shell into a charming harp because he was up with the breaking morn. But NARCIS-SUS, "idly gazing at his own features reflected in the placid mirror of a fountain, until fatally and foolishly enamored of his own inspired charms, perished there, an image of *indolence* and vanity."

An industrious woman wedded to a lazy man, or *vice versa*, is sure to be an unhappy alliance. Indolence or idleness, on the part of either or of both, breeds a host of ills to mar the harmony of connubial intercourse. The Turkish

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at the neighbors, but as true in matrimony as elsewhere. "The if not of her. This is all other men, but idle men tempt the devil." ways." This

the above Eugene "informed a confidential friend that, in the A JURY of his life, he had been exposed to many POTIPHARS, involy all of whom he had proved a JOSEPH, merely because he ly had so many other things to do."

A slothful, indolent, prating, gadding woman is both a moth and a mortification to a sensitive husband. And a lazy, loafing, shiftless man is an onerous burden to a faithful, toiling wife. For either party to feel that he or she is compelled to toil with industrious hand, while the other *gads* or *lounges*, is a sore festering at the heart of the conjugal relation.

COLLATINUS boasted of the industrious habits of his wife — LUCRETIA; and one day while banquetting with several princes, he laid a wager, that an unexpected visit to their wives would find *his* partner busily engaged with her domesticities. The wager was accepted, and away they rode to Rome, where they found the princesses revelling at a luxurious banquet with their friends. From Rome they hastened to Collatia, the residence of Lucretia, where they found her, late at night, engaged in spinning amid the circle of her maids. Her husband gloried in the triumph he had won through her domestic virtues.

It was the pride of Augustus Caesar that his wife had a hand in making his imperial robes and costly girdle. "And Tanaquil, the wife of Tarquin, wrought woollen robes so well, that long after her death, her spinning implements, together with a robe of her manufacture, were hung up in the Temple of Fortune;" a constant lesson of INDUSTRY to Roman maids and matrons. And the favored Jewish husband, in the days of Solomon, did "*safely trust*" in his companion, because she eat "*not the bread of idleness*," but "*worked willingly with her hands*."

Among these mutual duties we would not forget a regard.

to **LITTLE THINGS**. These are of vast importance in married life. A single word, a trifling act, has power to bless or mar a match. A *hint* may start suspicions and jealousies enough to destroy the happiness of the wedded pair. And a single act of kindness has power to span the future with the rainbow-promise of hope.

"A pebble in the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak forever."

What harsh words and alienations have grown out of the *naming of a child*! Both parties asserting that they are not at all particular, yet indirectly contending for some favorite name! One yielding with apparent cheerfulness, yet reluctantly at heart, to be dissatisfied for life, and disclose the inward feeling by "*flings*" over the little one's christian name! Such a trifle has flung its darkling shadows over more than one matrimonial alliance.

A niggardly, stingy spirit, united with vanity in respect to dress, greatly lowers the wife in the esteem of a generous husband. A too rigid economy in furnishing the table—poorer provisions served up for the servants, simply that more may be expended for silks and satins—cheating the stomach to adorn the back—this is an exhibition of a mind so shallow, and a heart so empty, that any noble man must view it with contempt. It may create a family quarrel.

Inattention to the relatives of husband or wife is often the cause of alienations. If the wife is indifferent to the kindred of her husband, cold and distant in their reception, and all life and interest in waiting upon her own, it will not escape *his* notice. On the other hand, if the husband manifests little interest in the relatives of his wife, while he is all attention to his own, it will not escape *her* observant eye.

And here mutual jealousy may arise, and harmony be destroyed by a family eruption.

Little words of unkindness often make a sad breach in the family. Sometimes the husband, jaded and fretted by his business, is unfitted to appreciate the toils of his excellent wife; and he complains of the food, "too plain" or "too rich;" "the bread is poor and miserably baked;" the meat is cooked "too much" or "too little;" a "button is off his shirt;" his "pants are never mended;" and nothing is right, but all wrong. And again the wife complains of the servant, and complains of the toils of house-keeping, and intimates that her husband is not exactly what he should be, and closes with a pitiable sigh over the trials of the marriage state. And thus from little words and ejaculations, uttered without thought and consideration, there grow discontent and strife, until the parties wrangle, and curse their wedding day.

Nearly all family disputes commence with **LITTLE THINGS**. Some peccadillo affair is made the theme of warm discussion, as if it were a case of life and death, and eloquence and passion storm around it, until love and concord are no more. Says JEREMY TAYLOR, "Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other at *the beginning* of their conversation. Every little thing can blast an infant blossom, and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken."

But no matrimonial connection can be truly felicitous without the benign and sanctifying influence of **RELIGION**. This sweetens the temper, and hallows the affections, and purifies the heart. This leads to mutual faithfulness, kind-

ness, and attachment from the highest and holiest principle. This brings the loving couple to the throne of Grace, where the heavenly influence of Prayer is shed over the thoughts of the mind and the feelings of the heart. This enjoins mutual LOVE, CONFIDENCE, and ATTENTION, and a long train of lively graces belonging to wedlock's "STRING OF PEARLS." This converts the little petty annoyances and vexations of life into aids to mutual devotion, proving them to be blessings in disguise. The pearl-oyster, by some mysterious secretion, converts the fretting grain of sand, that is forced within its shell, into a costly gem to adorn the neck of beauty. So RELIGION converts the little, irritating occurrences and trials of wedded life into pearls of priceless worth; so that each one's heart is richer for their existence.

The SCRIPTURES speak as follows upon the *duties* involved in the conjugal relation. To husbands the counsel is:—"Husbands, *love* your wives, *even as Christ also loved the church*, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. So ought men to love their wives, as their own bodies. Let every one so love his wife *even as himself*." "Husbands, love your wives, and be not *bitter against them*." "Ye husbands, give *honor* unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel." To wives the Divine lesson is:—"Wives *submit* yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church. Therefore, as the church is *subject* unto Christ, so let the wives be to their own husbands, in every thing." "Let the wife see that she reverence her husband." This is God's HOUSEHOLD CHARTER—a charter of "womens' rights" as well as mens';—love and protection on the part of husband, and reverence and submission on the part of the wife. He

shall not stretch out over her the sceptre of a lordly master, nor must she crouch in servile obedience to be his slave. "Love and lordship like no fellowship." His shall be the rule of *love*, and her's the submission of the same confiding spirit. It is *such* a husband who *deserves* a wife. It is *such* "an obedient wife that commands her husband."

Such are the leading *duties* involved in the conjugal relation — a union all of whose thrilling destinies will not be opened to our view until we stand amid the solemn verities of the last great assize. There is meaning, then, deep and touching, in the sacred bonds of marriage. It is not all an irresponsible delight to make the plighted vow, to add another to earth's widely scattered homes, to become the constituted and united head of a family, and to train children that bloom like "olive plants" around the festive board. There is trial, discipline, and great responsibility here. Character, hopes and happiness are here involved. And the illustrations of this truth, all along the thoroughfares of life, are a swift witness against the inconsiderate and rash, who take a partner for life with as little sense of obligation, as they add an acre to their lands, or an article to their wardrobe.

YE WEDDED ONES! before the same altar where your connubial bands were tied, ponder the *duties* of this life-long relation! Ye have made the vow to be one in interest and affection that ye may swell the number of happy HOMES, whose bright associations refresh the sinking heart of many a wanderer, and around whose altars concentre scenes such as the tongue of CICERO could not truthfully describe, or the brush of RAPHAEL paint. Ye are to make a HOME! — a green islet upon this "sea of trouble," inviting the tossed and weary voyager of life to its crystal waters and ambrosial shades — a sheltering refuge for the victim of misfortune, fleeing before the storm of adversity as a bird to its nest in the mountain-pine; a bright spot (than which earth has not

a brighter) to the traveller in distant climes or the exile in lonely banishment, the earthly Bethlehem of his hopes. O, make it the nucleus around which a cluster of hearts, with hopes brighter than the burning seven of Pleiades, shall gather from their scattered pathways to take sweet counsel, and trim their lamps for the bridegroom's coming! Live ye as one together in all that appertains to love and duty, and your early friendship will grow and mingle with advancing years, as two trees, planted near each other, interlock their spreading branches and blend their foliage, as time rolls on.

THOU FAITHLESS HUSBAND! forgetful of the marriage-vow, and looking down upon thy "second self," as the "weaker vessel" in an humbling sense, thou hast yet to learn that in much she is thy superior. In her keen perception, her common sense and sound judgment, in her refined taste and lasting fidelity, she excels thee by a lengthy stride. Thou hast more *head* than she, perhaps, but she hath the larger *heart*. Her strong affections live amid all thy coldness and neglect, as when first she became thy bride. More faithful and confiding she turns to thee with a trusting spirit when thy own base heart is treacherous as the sea. She loves on with the ardor of her *early* love through all the storms that gather on thy brow, and all the tempests that thunder on thy tongue, and all the alienations that rankle in thy heart. Yea, if *drunkard* were thy name, and thy visage blotched and ulcered till the human were well-nigh stricken out, and thy manliness were gone, and thy body sinking to decay, she would love thee still, and her warm affections would cling to thy wasting self like "ivy to the falling tower." Pattern of fidelity! Love's traitorless defender amid a wreck of hopes! Then, regard her not as the "weaker vessel" in any inferior sense. She was not "taken from thy head, to rule thee; nor from thy feet, to be trampled on and crushed; but from thy side, to be *equal* with thee; from beneath thine arm, to be protected; and near thy heart, to be beloved."

I repeat, love her. Protect her. Confide in her. Think not she has too little sense to be consulted in thy business. Poor compliment to thee, if this be true, for a choice so wretched! What! have the world believe that you have chosen a *fool* for a partner? If not, love, cherish and honor her as thy "better half." Let the *face* of thy wife publish abroad thy conjugal fidelity; for it is a truthful saying, "observe the face of a wife to know the husband's character."

AND YE WIVES! sharers in the bliss or misery of married life; know ye for what these nuptial bands are tied? It is not that ye may flirt, or gad, or live at ease; but to counsel and comfort, reflect and toil — to be a help-meet in seasons of prosperity or adversity — to diminish trials and multiply joys. Listen to these quaint words of an eccentric counsellor. "There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet these three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town clock, keep good time and regularity — she should not be like a town clock speak so loud that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail — prudent, and keep within her own house. She should not be like a snail, carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo — speak when spoken to. She should not be like an echo, determined always to have the last word." Practice upon the spirit of this advice, and let the wedded life be seasoned with love, cheerfulness and content, making the best of the little ills and vexations of the domestic circle, and possibly the unfeeling, unloving husbands many not be so cruel after all. Let home be cheered by your smiles, and made joyous by the exercise of glad affections; let your husbands find in you confiding and unwavering spirits; let the duties of your respective spheres be discharged in good faith and cheerily; and HOME will be the spot dearer than all others to your toiling partners, hailed at the close of each wearisome day as the worn and jaded trav-

eller hails the oasis of the desert. Take heed to your demeanour; for it hath been said that "a man's best fortune, or his worst, is his wife."

HUSBAND AND WIFE! To-day a thousand endearments may promise, long, long years of this chosen union. Not a briar may spring in your path, nor a cloud gather in your sky, nor a sorrow reign in your hearts. But to-morrow your cup of joy may lay dashed in scattered fragments at your feet. The tie that now unites you may be severed, and the grave close over your perished joys. Love, as ardent as yours, has been disappointed and crushed in a single hour. Hopes, fairer than the rose of Sharon, in the richness of early bloom, have been blasted by death. I have seen the youthful bride, the pride and flower of her sex, and the joy and crown of her devoted spouse, committed to the dust within a single year after she laid her young heart upon the altar of love. I have seen the young husband, in the glory of his growing manhood, and in the unabated ardor of his "first love," fall as a flourishing cedar on the sides of Lebanon, and be no more. Thus the dearest relatives are unspared by the fell destroyer. Ponder the truth, and let it stimulate you to discharge with promptness your mutual obligations, that no regrets may wring the heart, when the loved object of your affection is consigned to the grave. Sad and bitter are those regrets that often rend the hearts of the living at the graves of the departed. The remembrance of some unkind word, some heartless neglect, some duty disregarded, often pierces the soul with many sorrows. *Be watchful — be affectionate — be kind — be faithful — be true.*

CHAPTER III.

THE PARENTAL RELATION.

"O children,—happy word of peace—my jewels and my gold,
My truest friends till now, and still my truest friends when old,
I will be every thing to you, your playmate and your guide,
Both Mentor and Telemachus, forever at your side!"

TUPPER.

DEVOUT and pious was Eli, the patriarch and high-priest of the Hebrews, the acknowledged servant of God, and one of the true and faithful; yet, at the very foot of the household altar "his sons made themselves vile," and went down to untimely and dishonored graves. Meek and holy was Jacob, the last of the "three illustrious fathers" of God's chosen people, the renowned and triumphant suppliant of Peniel, yet his sons, with a single exception, had a fame of infamy for their unfilial and unfraternal deeds. Humble and spiritual was David, the sweet singer of Israel, and the princely shepherd of Judea—type of the great "Shepherd and Bishop of your souls,"—yet among his children were numbered Adonijah, the unnatural and traitorous; Amnon, the profligate; and Absalom, the cruel and rebellious.

Hume was reckless of the solemn verities of religion, a gifted and distinguished champion of infidelity, yet he was the son of a godly mother, the child of many pious instructions and prayers. Aaron Burr occupies no enviable place upon the page of American history, given, as were his splendid genius and ripest energies to reproach his country, and his country's God; yet he was the son of the pious and devoted daughter of President Edwards.

Why is this? Is God unfaithful? His words are, "*Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" Yet, here are examples of the holi-

est parents having the most incorrigible children. Is the declaration false? This, by fair construction, encourages us to believe that a proper religious discipline tends at least, to produce the best developed characters in children. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he *will not* depart from it." If it be not a positive *promise*, the language is designed, certainly to create a positive *expectation* that a proper training of children will establish them in virtue.*

Surely the fault is not in God. And yet, it has been adduced as evidence of Divine Sovereignty—that the base Absalom was the son of pious David, and good Hezekiah the son of wicked Ahaz—as if there were little or no parental responsibility in the matter. We are far from denying sovereignty to God in this or other human affairs, but a glance at the facts in the several examples before mentioned will show that in the cases cited, if not in others, parental government was defective.

Eli's sons were ruined by his *excessive indulgence*. God expressly declared that dire calamities were visited upon his family, "because his sons made themselves vile *and he restrained them not*." The fearful alienation, and almost tragical scenes that characterized the family of Jacob resulted wholly from his *partiality* to Joseph. The guilty brothers saw it undisguised in the "coat of many colors." David also was chargeable with immoderate indulgence; for it is said of his son Adonijah "that his father had not displeased him at any time, in saying, Why hast thou done so?" With all his piety, he was also guilty of some gross immoralities, as a back-slider, which must have greatly hindered the force of his otherwise excellent example.

* This passage is frequently construed as a promise in the literal sense. Although the phraseology favors that view, yet the difficulty of reconciling it with known facts has led the author to doubt whether the usual is the correct interpretation. For this reason he has qualified his language as above

The mother of Hume, though a godly woman, and deeply anxious for his salvation, must have lacked the *firmness* and *decision* so essential in family government, since she afterwards embraced the infidel sentiments of her son, through his arguments and importunity. Of the mother of the infamous Aaron Burr, we may not speak as confidently, yet one fact deserves to be noticed. In infancy he was brought to the brink of the grave, (this his mother relates in a letter to her father, President Edwards,) and she besought God with great earnestness and distress to restore him to health, and "after a great struggle" seemed to be willing that he should die. Evidently before she thought herself resigned to the expected bereavement there was a hard struggle in her mind, and such an importunity at the throne of grace as lacks of reconciliation begets. Might she not have been too earnest that her own will should be gratified? Dr. Calamy relates that he once visited a culprit, waiting in his cell the hour of execution. He was accompanied by the prisoner's parents with whom he resided. In vain they exhorted the culprit-son to repentance and confession. He only replied like a fiend incarnate, "Sir, I scorn any thing of this nature, and would rather die." With this unyielding, malignant spirit he went to the scaffold and was executed. While his father stood amazed at a career so strange and unaccountable, he was reminded of a prayer which he offered for this son when brought nigh to the grave in his infancy. He became so importunate that his wife expostulated with him, but, nevertheless, this expression fell from his lips: "Let him prove what he will, if he is but spared I shall be satisfied." He could not avoid connecting that petition with the dreadful end of his son. We speak not with assurance, but simply inquire, may not the example of Burr and his mother belong to the same class with that cited by Dr. Calamy?

There may be exceptions to this truth, but facts show that there is a marked connection between the characters of men

and their early training. Their characters do not generally belie parental influence. When God desired a leader for Israel, "all the learning of the Egyptians" was not enough for his training, so He sent him back in a mysterious way to his humble and devoted mother. When He wanted a Napoleon to sweep as a scourge and judgment over the nations, he should be the son of parents who would encourage him to play the soldier in his childhood. When the world needed a Doddridge to bless it with his tongue and pen, God called him from a pious mother, who taught him religiously from Scripture-scenes, painted on the tiles of the chimney. Samuel was the child of an excellent mother. The parents of Isaac are of honorable mention upon the sacred page. Timothy is spoken of, as receiving excellent discipline at the hands of "his mother Eunice and his grandmother Lois." Washington's character bore the impress of parental training. And John Quincy Adams recognized with deep emotion the influence of parental discipline in the formation of his character.

Rousseau was the son of irresponsible parents, who neglected his early culture, and furnished him with little reading but fiction. Robbespierre was an unprincipled and violent demagogue of France, left homeless and parentless at nine years of age, and, of course, deprived of parental counsel from that early period of life. And Byron was a vile, surly, polluted, though gifted personage, but no worse than his coarse, ugly and unmatronly mother.*

Regarding facts like the above, which might be indefinitely multiplied, we insist that there is usually an absolute connection between the training of children and their destinies; and that if parents are faithful to follow the divine direction,

* Other facts presented in Chapter I, concerning the connection of the Family and Church, show the influence of early training upon the characters of men.

and "train up a child in the way he should go," they may certainly *expect* that, "when he is old he *will* not depart from it."

"Had doting Priam checked his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

There may be numerous examples of youthful recklessness where we can trace no lack of parental counsel after the divine rule, yet, if we could have a view of the whole training as it appears to the eye of God, we should probably discover sufficient reasons for the failure of parental government. Doubtless the most faithful and pious parents, who have shed the tear of sadness over the ruin of children, will discover, upon serious reflection, many defects in their family discipline. It may not be a wilful and deliberate violation of duty. It may be simply an error of judgment, a bare neglect amid a pressure of duties.* Yet a sin of omission may be attended with consequences as fatal as a sin of commission. An error of judgment may prove as disastrous as an error of heart. It does not, of course, equally reproach the character. If "*organic sins*" are discoverable anywhere, we apprehend it is here in this parental relation.

Parents may sometimes teach, exhort, and pray with all the faithfulness possible, and then conclude that so much is not dependent upon parental discipline after all, since their children wander into "by and forbidden paths;" when, perhaps, they have failed to demand implicit obedience, been too indulgent or too severe, neglected to cultivate the tem-

* We do not deny that there may be instances of such filial depravity as resists the most faithful parental discipline. But, doubtless, in numerous examples of fidelity, parents fail because they are ignorant of mental and moral laws. We refer those who doubt this position to the chapter upon the Philosophy of Character.

pers and habits of their children, or been petulant, wavering, and inconsistent themselves. It is not surprising that in such circumstances religious training is entirely lost. This ought they to have done without leaving the other undone. Surely we ought not to undervalue the force of parental discipline so long as omissions and neglects of duty are so numerous.

Also, when no delinquency can be discovered so far as discipline is practiced, there may be a lack of perseverance. The first wandering of a prodigal son does not prove that parental discipline is a failure. He may "come to himself," far off in the land of prodigality, and return to his father penitent and submissive. And it may be the result of parental discipline. Parents need to remember the history of Monica. How ineffectual, apparently, were her efforts to train her son for virtue and God! She saw him wax worse and worse until he became abandoned, licentious and devilish. Yet she followed him with her prayers and tears. In Africa he could not escape her, and he hastened to Italy. But to the gates of imperial Rome the fond and faithful mother followed him, with her supplications. Away he flies from Rome over the rising Alps, with as much fear and trembling as he would escape from a pursuing conqueror, but the heart of the doting parent rested upon the promise of the Eternal, and she wrestled with the angel of the covenant, until, at length, God arrested him in Milan, and made him a trophy of His grace. The world know him as the talented, excellent, and glorious Augustine.

Such facts exhibit THE TRANSCENDANT IMPORTANCE OF THE PARENTAL RELATION. The foundation of character is laid at the domestic altar. The child is the man in miniature.

"Childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day." *

Looks, words, demeanor, example, precept, spirit, all impress, mould, and seal. Most children are like their parents — light, trifling, gay, giddy, serious, thoughtful, moral, according as their parents are. Hence, the old maxim, “be patient, and you will have patient children.” They may differ in many of the inferior characteristics, and, also, there may be marked exceptions to this general rule, but they are like them in the leading qualities, the rudimentary elements of character. It is thus in opinions, conversation, education and religion. If the parents are coarse and rough in conversation, so will be their children. If they are fretful and scolding, if they are haughty and overbearing, if they are impure and sensual, so will be the children. A niggardly, miserly spirit often descends from father to son as by a law of progeniture. Sons and daughters have not higher and nobler aspirations than their parents. If the parents are literary the children do not belie them. Even in politics and religion they belong to the same school as the parents. We speak of what is true, generally, without denying that there are numerous exceptions. It is traceable all around us. We see it in the social circle, the school-room, and the commonwealth.

But there is a higher consideration to fire the hearts of parents with a quenchless zeal, and press them to a faithful watch. *To them God has committed an immortal soul in the beloved child.* They have in trust an imperishable mind, upon which they are solemnly pledged, by the ties of nature if not of religion, to make moral impressions for eternity. It is an indestructable tablet upon which they must write, whether they will or not, and the record will survive the dissolution of the world. A celebrated artist of antiquity spent two years in painting a scene, and, being dissatisfied with his work, he destroyed it and proceeded to the second attempt, when a friend accosted him with the inquiry, “why spend your time thus upon a single picture?” The artist

replied, "*I paint for immortality.*" So the parent with greater emphasis may assign as the reason of his ever-faithful efforts, *I train for immortality.* For when his tongue is palsied in death, and his lips are pale and speechless as Parian marble, and his heart is pulseless and still as clay itself, the soul of the child, with all its energies and aspirations, will live on in undying existence. Yea, when the sun shall sink in night, and the moon be turned to blood, and the "elements melt with fervent heat," that deathless spirit will live a harper in heaven, or a sufferer in hell.

"Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once, can never die."

Here comes the pressure of parental responsibility. Here the solemn injunctions of Jehovah fall upon the ear as the loud call for fidelity. An immortal spirit submitted to human hands and human wisdom to be trained for the skies! And shall it be decked with earth's dazzling finery, pampered with its sordid pleasures, and flattered with its golden honors, as if this world were its home, and these uncertain possessions its only inheritance? Let parents ponder the solemn charge! An immortal soul — rare material to be wrought by human hands! A priceless jewel! Trim not the casket and neglect the gem. By counsel, vigilance and prayer, train the unfolding spirit for usefulness and glory. Ye cannot commit the work to teacher, minister, or friend, and escape the fearful responsibility. Nothing can supply the place of parental influence, nothing atone for parental neglect. "Train up a child in the way he should go" is the mandate to yourselves, and not to others.

Hear the words of the Lord, "The words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart. And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou

risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thine house, and on thy gates."

Say not that children should be left to their own discretion in religious things so long as this statute stands upon the sacred record. For it makes the responsibility of their religious culture *yours*. Religion is the *first* and not the *secondary* concern of the household. It is to appear as "a sign" in your habitations. It is to be seen as "frontlets" on your brows. Its commandments are to be inscribed upon the very "posts" of your houses. So marked, so clear, so undoubted, must be the evidence that children are instructed religiously in your dwellings. There must be no mistake. Neighbors must not be in doubt as they visit you. The paintings upon the walls, the ornaments upon the doors must not be more conspicuous than the evidence that you "command your children to observe to do all the words of this law." It is not a random precept, a *sprinkling* of moral instruction, a *little* religion and much worldly counsel; it is "training," daily, hourly discipline — teaching, watching, guiding, commanding — unwearied, thorough, persevering schooling in the essentials of religion. They are not to read or neglect the Bible, attend upon public worship, or ramble in the fields, go to the Sabbath school, or refuse, just as they please. You are to train them "*in the way they should go*," and this is impossible unless you direct what they shall read, when and where they shall worship, with whom associate, and what they are to believe. There is no eluding this obligation. You cannot guiltlessly leave your children to their own discretion in religion. Command them to walk in "wisdom's ways," and they may be saved in heaven. Leave them to their own corrupt inclinations, and they will sink to despair.

But I hear one say, "I do not profess to be religious: I

have no hope in Christ, no altar at home, and no heart to give religious instruction. Do the same obligations rest upon me as upon the christian?" Certainly they do. The same commandments are given to every parent whether religious or not. If not religious at present, the first duty is to obey the command, "son, give me thine heart," that you may then obey that other command, "Train up a child in the way he should go." But is it true that you have no God at home? that month after month, and year after year, there are no lessons imparted in your family which recognize the existence of God and human accountability? Can it be true, that in this enlightened land there are households really without a God. Go to benighted India, and learn that every family has its household god. To the dumb and sightless deity every member is taught to bow and pay sincere devotion. Even the lisping child is taught to call upon it, and grow up to be a daily, earnest worshipper of the idol-god. What a lesson is here of the permanency of early religious impressions, and the force of parental influence in moulding the youthful mind! Children effectually taught, with scarcely one exception, to pay their vows to a block of wood or stone, with as much earnestness and sincerity, as the most devoted christian worships the living God! Well may you unbelieving parents revolve this fact. Have you no God at home? This you will not admit. You profess to believe in the existence and reign of the Lord Almighty. But in your household you never call upon Him, or teach your children to remember or respect Him. From all they witness in the domestic circle they would scarcely learn that God exists. And yet, you say that Jehovah is your God. O, be not less unmindful in the family of the God you recognize, than is the benighted pagan of his wooden or brazen deity!

Imagination delights to dwell upon the blissful scene that would be presented if all parents from this hour should obey

the injunction, "Train up a child in the way he should go." The haunts of vice would be comparatively forsaken. Many of the foulest crimes would be stricken from the calendar of courts. Halls of pleasure would welcome associations for intellectual and christian improvement. Midnight carousals, and bacchanalian revels of every sort, would fast disappear. God's people would cease to weep over the desolations of His heritage. The spirit would descend upon the churches like rain upon the new-mown grass. Families would rejoice to see the salvation of God. And faith would look with clearer vision to behold "the ransomed of the Lord return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."

That the age presents an alarming recklessness in respect to the discipline of children is too evident to admit of dispute. How little apparent responsibility! How small a trust with multitudes is the gift of children! What altercations, wranglings, and departures are tolerated in numerous families! In how many do children rule instead of the parents! In how many do the fathers *consult*, and not command their sons! How few heads of households seriously inquire how they must rule for the *future* good of their children! In how many do sons and daughters have their own way in respect to dress, pleasure, associations and religious things! Even in professedly religious families, how little christian instruction! How many of the children do as they please about observing the Sabbath, attending the Sabbath school, reading the Scriptures, and running the giddiest round of worldly pleasure! How few of them are furnished with religious books for daily reading! The excuse may be the necessary expense. But then, are not the sons furnished with ample funds for the ride, the frolic and the muster? Half the sum which the sons of some pious parents expend for pleasure would supply them constantly with the most valuable books. It would feed their minds

with useful knowledge, and their son with the bread of life. In how many christian families is the first, chief attention given to style, dress, fashion and things which merely add to appearances! In how many might a visitor tarry for a whole week, amid such displays of worldly counsels to children as would indicate that the body and its earthly inheritance were of more importance than the soul and eternity! Through an inexcusable lack of discipline hosts of sons and daughters are cast out upon the turbulent bosom of society every year, without even a poor apology for that protection which is symbolized in the ancient "ark of bulrushes."

Contrast with this motive, which ought to incite parents to fidelity, some of the prevalent motives by which they are actuated.

Sons are often trained *for the professions or mercantile business*, without any regard to usefulness, or any reference to the claims of God. Parents have a desirable calling in view, and with great interest they anticipate the day when their son will enter it. Their plans and purposes, the means of education and general discipline, have in view that calling in its earthly relations alone. Perhaps he is destined for the legal profession, and they are almost impatient for the time when he will rank high upon the roll of fame. Their joy will be full when they become witnesses to his eloquence at the bar. No pains or expense are spared to rear him for the desired vocation. And thus on through all the trades and professions of men, a multitude of parents think not of rearing children "in the way they should go," but to be pleasantly and honorably settled in some calling of life.

To appear well in refined society is sometimes the highest aim of parental discipline. Some parents greatly abhor the unpolished mien, untidy apparel and unwinning physiognomy, even though they conceal virtues of priceless worth.

Many a mother prefers to see her daughter wedded to a rich and fashionable young man, moving in circles of high life, even though his head and heart are empty as a meatless nut, rather than to one of ungraceful air, and scanty means, though rich in thought and sterling virtues. Masters of music and dancing, and mistresses of mantua-making and toileting, are employed to educate daughters, if not sons, "to show off" in what is regarded refined society. Were a visitor from another world to spend a week in some families on earth, he would scarcely think, amid the perpetual effort at display, that daughters have souls. How many parents might be addressed by their dying children in words which were actually uttered by a dying daughter to her mother. "These," (pointing to her costly apparel which she requested to be brought to her bedside) "these have ruined me," said she. "You never taught me I must die. You taught me that my errand into this world was to be gay and dressy, and to enjoy the vanities of life. What could you mean? You knew I must die and go to the judgment. You never told me to read the Bible, or to go to church unless to make a display of some new finery. *Mother*, you have ruined me. Take them away as a sad remembrancer of your sin and my sad end."

Dr. Cheever has beautifully said, "A florist will tell you that if you paint the flower-pot that contains a favorite, beautiful, fragrant flower, the plant will wither, and perhaps its blossom will die. You shut out the air and moisture from passing through the earth to the roots, and your paint itself is poisonous. Just so, mere external cultivation, superficial, worldly accomplishment, or a too exclusive anxiety and regard for that, injures the soul. The vase may be ever so beautifully ornamented, but if you deny the water of life to the flower, it must die."

Some parental discipline may be described in three short words, *to be rich*. It is not so much a pure and taintless

example, nor a fund of wholesome counsel, which is made the ruling object of life, as a large pecuniary inheritance. It is not established principles, strict integrity, pure aspirations and shining virtues, so much as tact at accumulation, and energy and enterprise in worldly business, for which some parents discipline their children. Shrewdness at striking a bargain, foresight and sharpness to anticipate fluctuations and discover fraud, are often lessons to be learned before honesty and truth. Even the little urchin, too young to number his coppers, is instructed to *hoard*, with a closeness that equals the miser's calculation. He has his little bank, which is provided with a place for *deposit*, but none for *discount* — a place for putting in, but none for taking out. There he is taught to deposit all he has, and *keep all he can get*. How few parents counsel their children to give! It is "lay up," "hoard," "keep," "provide for a rainy day, sickness, or age." It is not surprising that the treasures of our benevolent societies, and all other honorable societies, run low! No wonder children grow up to be selfish, and have to be reasoned with, persuaded, and urged to *give* when advanced to manhood and womanhood, and even when professing to have the grace of God in their hearts! Constantine employed the hand of his son, as soon as he was able to write, in signing pardons, and also conveyed through *his* mouth all the favors he granted. It was done to discipline him in deeds of charity. It was a truthful and noble recognition of the importance and power of the early culture which we advocate. It will prove true in nine-tenths of all the cases, that training children to *hoard* will make them stingy and niggardly in age, and blind them to personal duty in a world's salvation. The opposite, training them to sympathize with the benighted and suffering, and to contribute to the benevolent societies which contemplate their relief, will cultivate the tender sensibilities, and make them generous, kind, and noble in all their career.

To suffer the policy expressed in the phrase *to be rich*, to give character to parental discipline is unwise and dangerous, and perils the virtue, usefulness and happiness of the young. Those parents are wisest who prefer to leave to their children at death the benefits of a healthful training, rather than large possessions. A five dollar bill of the Fulton bank passed through the hand of the editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, two years since, with the following words written upon the back, "This is the last of \$3000 left to me by my mother, on the 27th day of August, 1846. Would to God that she had never left it to me, and that I had been learned to work and earn my living. I should not be now what I am." The fact is a commentary upon this unwise and dangerous policy — parents toiling to hoard for their children. It begets idleness, and leads to dissipation and ruin.

The Rev. Dr. Duff says, "I am prepared to say, that, in nine cases out of ten, the hoards of accumulated money given to children, by whom they were never earned, and who acquired no habits of industry, or thrift, or laboriousness, prove, in point of fact, rather a curse than a blessing."

Then, how ignoble the object beside the generous christian training which God requires at the hand of every parent. Wealth deserves not to be mentioned with virtue and usefulness. It is worthless as dust beside the riches of a good name, and a title to the favor of God. Groveling and sensual, indeed, must be that parent, who would not prefer that his son should walk safely and surely in "wisdom's ways," rather than be imperiled at every step by his inheritance of countless gold. That eminent statesman and patriot, Patrick Henry, left this passage in his will: "I have now disposed of all my property to my family: there is one thing more I wish I could give them, and that is, the Christian Religion. If they had that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they have not

that, and I had given them all the world, they would be poor."

A single sentence which has survived the waste of generations, and now collated with the proverbs of the past, deserves to be treasured by every parent, "GOLD GOES IN AT EVERY GATE, EXCEPT HEAVEN'S."

We have seen that the most devoted parents sometimes fail of success in parental discipline. One reason may be found in a *failure to appreciate the importance of first impressions*. It is generally regarded of little importance, and perhaps entirely useless, to train the child to definite habits.* The mother trains the *kitten* and *puppy* to know their places, to be neat and affectionate, and that *habitually*, but thinks it useless to teach the little son as much, as if he were not half as bright as they.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS are too lightly esteemed. Their force in determining character and deciding destiny is altogether underrated. They often survive the most impressive lessons of age, and inweave and immingle themselves into all the plans and purposes of life.

A gentleman, travelling in a destitute part of Vermont, tarried one night with a family from whom he received the following details. They had three sons dutiful and affectionate children, upon whom they expected to lean when descending the vale of life. But all of them, even in boyhood, imbibed a taste for a sea-faring life, and when old enough to go on board a vessel were determined to become mariners. The persuasions and entreaties of parents wrought no change in their determinations, and at length they bade adieu to home, and committed themselves to the treacherous deep. It was strange and unaccountable to the afflicted parents. For their habitation was far apart from the ocean, their sons had never seen even the shores of the Atlantic, nor been on

* See Chapter on Philosophy of Character.

board a ship. "How then," inquired the disappointed father, "did they imbibe a taste for a life on the seas?" The traveller, whose eye had been surveying a large painting of a full-rigged vessel upon the wall, sailing swan-like upon the silver tide, pointed to it, saying, "there you see the reason." It was the first time they ever had a view of the importance of *first impressions*. From early childhood those sons had been accustomed to gaze upon that gallant vessel painted upon a stormless sea, and the sight gave them rapturous views of the sailor's life. It settled their career, and decided their earthly, if not their eternal destiny. This even a picture did.

History abounds with similar facts. Sir Robert Peel's father determined in the infancy of his son to rear him expressly for the House of Commons. He would place him upon a table when a child, and promise him a reward if he would make a speech. Stimulated by the applauses which were meted out to him, he made such progress that when *eight years of age* he would address a company with considerable eloquence. As he advanced in years his father accustomed him to repeat every Sabbath, as well as he was able, the sermon to which he had listened. Doubtless this early training had much to do with his after eloquence, and his wonderful power in remembering the whole speech of an opponent so as accurately to recite it.

Linnæus was the most distinguished of modern naturalists. His father was a poor Swedish clergyman, and was accustomed to take him from earliest childhood with him into an extensive flower garden which he cultivated. There he imbibed an acute taste for every variety of plants, as he was reared to understand their names and properties. Probably these *first impressions* determined his character as a naturalist.

The early training of Byron and Scott materially differed. Both of them were deformed. Byron's mother was a rash

and heartless woman, with no sense of responsibility, and no special concern for her son's welfare. An inconsiderate and wicked *fi*ng at him, on one occasion, about his club foot, caused him to regard her with utter contempt. He grew up to hate her, and carried through life the unhappy disposition which she so essentially developed. On the other hand, Scott was early left an orphan, and was placed under the care of a maiden aunt, a woman well suited to fill the place of his departed mother. For his health she rode with him daily over the most charming and romantic portions of the country, and brought his mind into sweet familiarity with the works of nature, and through them with nature's God. In this way was probably developed that winning temper for which he was distinguished; and in those daily rides it is supposed he caught the spirit of pocsy from the charming scenery spread out to his view. The two examples present a striking contrast — the results of first impressions widely at variance.

Why, then, are not all impressions, mental or moral, more or less important in their relations to character and destiny? Why may not the wise and judicious counsels of parents impress the heart as lastingly as some tangible object upon which the vision may be fixed? Why does not a continuous religious training of months and years as really tend to determine the life in virtue, as a similar secular training does for a definite profession? If the daily view of a picture for successive years will decide the taste of a lad for the seas, then why may not a view of the Cross of Christ, intelligently and repeatedly presented, with the divine blessing create within him a love for the truth? If familiarity with the flowers in a beautiful garden will create and foster a love for botanical science, why may not parents through the aids of the spirit, enamor their children by leading them among the flowers of virtue, and rehearsing to them the glories that wait upon the graces of religion? If an humble gardener

can thus rear a Linnæus, why may not an humble *christian* rear a Brainard? If a retiring and affectionate female can educate a Scott, why may not the faithful, praying parent rear an Edwards or a Payson?

The opinion is too prevalent, that little children are unable to comprehend that kind of moral and religious instruction to which reference is had — that their reasoning faculties are not sufficiently developed to derive conclusions from any data whatever. The opinion is a fatal mistake, and is evidence that the operations of the mind in childhood are not carefully studied. For example, a little lad from the city spent a summer's day with his parents at the house of the author in the country. Soon after his arrival he began to make inquiries about my horse. Being assured that I did not keep a horse, he insisted that this could not be, because I had a barn. Barns are made for horses, therefore, he inferred, there must be a horse where there is a barn. He was, however, made quite satisfied that some persons, who do not possess a horse, own a barn. In a short time the lad was missing, but soon he came rushing into the house, under great excitement, declaring to his father that I did keep a horse. "Have you seen it, my son?" inquired the father. "No, sir! I suppose some one has driven him away," replied the boy. "But what new evidence have you," I inquired, "that I keep a horse?" "I have been into the barn," he said, "and seen hay and grain there, and some things they brush horses with," (meaning the brush and curry-comb.) This was conclusive evidence to his mind. The barn, hay, grain and curry-comb, were facts, from which he derived the conclusion, there must be a horse. The reasoning powers of an adult were never taxed more clearly, than were the boy's in this instance. His conclusion was a logical deduction from fixed facts, or established premises. It is an illustration of the process of reasoning *which even children will pursue.*

Dr. Beattie endeavored to impress upon the mind of his son the truth that God made him, in the following manner. He went into the garden in the spring when the ground was mellow; and in one corner he wrote in the mould with his finger the initials of his son's name. In the furrows he sowed garden cresses, and carefully covered them. Ten days after his little son came running to him to tell him that his name was growing in the garden. The Doctor appeared very incredulous, but finally consented to go and see. "Sure enough," said he, on approaching the spot, "your name is growing here; but then, what is there in this worthy of notice? Is it not mere chance?" And he turned and went away. His son followed after him hastily, saying, as he went, "It cannot have happened by chance; somebody must have contrived matters so as to produce it." "So you think," replied the Doctor, "that what appears as the letters of your name cannot be by chance?" "Yes," said he with firmness, "I think so." "Look at yourself," added his father, "and consider your hands and your fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you?" He replied in the affirmative. "Come you then hither by chance?" said the father. "No," the boy replied, "that cannot be; something must have made me." Here was clear, conclusive reasoning — such logic as might put to shame many men who have lived half a century without perceiving the beautiful evidence within themselves of the existence of a Divine Being.

It is of great importance to impress this one idea upon the infantile mind. Impress the idea of God, as our Creator, Preserver and Benefactor, upon the young heart, and here is the basis of personal accountability, out-gushing gratitude, repentance and faith. Let this idea remain a fixed fact in the mind, and the child, wandering wheresoever he may with advancing years, has in this a guardian angel. If he strays away into the paths of vice, this isolated sentiment

may provoke the conscience to administer instant and fearful rebuke. So long as his thoughts centre upon the truth of a reigning, all-seeing God, the silken bands of restraint are thrown around him amid temptations, and there is hope of his recovery. But when this fundamental truth is effaced from the heart, and the child advances to youth, and from youth to manhood, as if no God were in the heavens, effect will not follow cause, if we does not betide him.

Parents often believe that a child's time is worthless. If the value of time is to be estimated by dollars and cents, they may be right. But if the foregoing sentiments are true, as much, and possibly more value should be attached to the time of the child than to that of the man. For enough has been said to show that consequences of transcendent interest result from the training of childhood. If "the child is father of the man," as he most assuredly is, then time is more valuable to the little lad, than to the son in the prime of manhood. Here the soil is furrowed and the seed sown, and succeeding seasons only waft the gales, sprinkle the showers, and pour the suns which cause it to spring forth, bud and blossom, and ripen into a harvest of wheat or cockles in meridian life.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT deserves to be particularly noticed. We mean by this, the means adopted by parents to secure, at all times, implicit obedience. There are two prevailing modes of administering government in families, both of which are defective. One is to secure obedience by *hope of reward*, and the other by *fear of consequences*. Both tend to mar the moral character.

Parents, also, are prompted to demand submission by *impulse* and *principle*. The first rules in the heat of passion, the second in the calm of reason and consideration. The first is low, debasing, and unnatural. The second is elevating, unwavering, and glorious. The first causes children to deprecate parental government, and leaves them without re-

spect for its authority and sanctions. The second leads them to reverence its most rigid requisitions, and lovingly to yield a cheerful obedience.

There are, also, three ways in which parental government spoils children. The first is by *love*, as in the instance of Eli and David. The Elis are not much in the habit of sounding the word, no! It is with them, "why do ye such things? Nay; My sons; for it is no good report that I hear." There is no tone of authority in it. It is a kind of loving consultation, rather than wise and affectionate commandment. Love may blind the mind to wisdom and duty as effectually as wanton hatred. If a father disciplines his son into a Hophni or Phineas, it is of very little consequence whether he does it by love or hatred. Which will ruin by the speediest process, and develop the ugliest deformities, is not easily determined. I have heard an inconsiderate mother counsel the child to strike the plaything by which he was injured. It is not unusual for chairs and tables to be struck by parental counsel. The counsel is given in love. But if the venom of dislike rankled in a parent's heart, and he should display it to awaken a similar passion in the breast of his child, he would not more successfully make him one of the "baser sort" than he does by this way of love. The second mode of inflicting injury upon children is by *severity*, as in the instance of Byron's mother. The "tender mercies" of some parental discipline are cruel. The young and tender affections, starting forth like tendrils from the vine in early spring, are often crushed. Home is hated, and a roving disposition begotten. And childhood grows up unloving and unloved beneath such household despotism. The third way in which similar ruin is wrought is, by *love and severity* both. It is very difficult to rise above the control of feeling, which causes parents to be exceedingly tender to-day, and equally severe to-morrow. It is not, altogether new for children to be punished for deeds to-day, which go

unpunished to-morrow. It were nothing "new under the sun" for love's fairest promise to be unfulfilled in some moment of petulance, or for severity's unqualified threat to be unexecuted when love becomes ascendant. In some families it is "darling" and "dunce," "precious" and "plagues," "beauty" and "blockhead," candy and cudgel, in strange and ridiculous alternation. Such government must leave its impress in foul blotches and plague-spots upon the characters of the governed.

The more nearly parental government approximates to perfection, the more it will harmonize with the government of God. In other words, the best example of parental is most like the Divine Government. In the latter mercy and justice happily commingle. Justice is tempered by mercy, and mercy is regulated by justice. Both blend in sweet and harmonious exercise. And sooner will heaven and earth pass away, than Divine love be sacrificed to justice, or justice to love. Not one jot or tittle of either will fail, since both in their most delightful union are necessary to sustain the Divine authority. *That* must be sustained at all hazards, else the Divine Government becomes a farce, even more the subject of jest and mockery than the causeless occurrences of chance. So, in the complete government of the household, every exhibition of love or severity goes to maintain a dignified and necessary *authority*. This cannot be compromised without entailing irretrievable woes upon a plastic posterity. If love, as a rosy-wreathed pillar, can sustain the delicate fabric of family government, so much the more attractive may the structure appear in its bright and tasteful garniture. But if mercy be not sufficient to sustain a dignified authority, it were better that sharp and barbed severities, concealed by the wing of love, should come in with their needful force. That parental government which lacks *authority* is no government at all. And if it be not such *authority* as secures implicit and un-

conditional submission, it is not the authority to which God adds His peculiar blessing. For that parental authority which the Scriptures recognize is absolute and unconditional. It does not admit of *coaxing* or *frightening* children into obedience or of *paying* them for it. It demands it upon the high and holy principle of RIGHT. "Children obey your parents in the Lord." Why? "FOR THIS IS RIGHT!" This is right! Just as they are required to be upright and truthful, not because it will win the respect and admiration of men, and secure the favor of God, but because it is *right*. Every virtue has an intrinsic merit, independent of all its antecedents and consequents, determined by the wisdom and fixed eternally by the fiat of God. The child is not to love and honor his parents simply because he is commanded to do it, or because it is beautifully consonant with his juvenile relations, but because there is an intrinsic merit in so doing, designated by the appellation, *right*. For this reason he must be commanded to yield cheerful obedience.

The Scriptures recognize love as the essential element of government, human and divine, while yet they admit severity to its place. They make provision for *severe* expedients in parental government when all others fail, in such language as the following. "*He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.*" The parent who "spareth" severity to the detriment of his authority possibly inflicts as great an injury upon his son as he would by the indulgence of hatred. To resort to severity in *necessary* instances is more consonant with love than the exercise of leniency to the sacrifice of obedience. "*Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction will drive it far from him. The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame.*" Excessive leniency will not only ruin the child, but bring his parents to shame. The history of families reveals fearful facts to verify these words. More decisive pa-

rental chastisement would have saved some mental agony behind bolts and bars. Doubtless the wise use of some more rods would have spared some hand-cuffs and gallows. "*Withhold not correction from the child ; for if thou beatest him with the rod he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.*" This passage exhibits the connection that exists between family government and the salvation of children. By maintaining authority in the sense considered a soul may be saved from the second death. The solemn truth magnifies the importance of the subject under review. It shows that the moral and religious characters of children may depend upon their secured obedience. So that it becomes a matter of great concern whether they obey or not ; as important as the salvation of their precious souls. This is not an unestablished supposition of Solomon. It is a truth verified in countless families. It is appreciated by unperverted reason. There is most hope of the most obedient children. They become the most useful citizens, and are more likely to yield obedience to God. If trained to unconditional submission in the family, it will be comparatively easy to transfer, through grace, a similar exercise of grateful homage to God. Hence, a *rod* even may have some connection with *religion*. Without it, perhaps, the parent might be wholly unable "to train up a child in the way he should go." Such expedients as the above are Solomon's "*dernier resort*."

There is one mode of dealing with disobedient children by pious parents, too generally neglected, but suited to spare many severe applications and hours of unmingled sorrow. It is the GOVERNMENT OF PRAYER — leading the erring child away to the closet to implore the forgiveness of God, — against whom the greatest sin is committed. We have the testimony of some of the wisest and godliest men, that this expedient has subdued the stubborn heart when all others have failed. It makes prominent in the mind the great truth

that sin against man is a still greater sin against God. It familiarizes the transgression with the truth of accountability, not only to parents, but first of all to Jehovah. It brings the rebellious spirit under the most softening and hallowed influence—tones of sincere and earnest prayer. It excludes from the parent's heart the last trace of passion, and sheds over his demeanor the appearance of undoubted sincerity. More than any other mode of correction it is calculated to make the child feel that parental counsel is administered solely for his good. It sets disobedience in its true light—a heinous sin, and its punishment a solemn transaction. If any thing can bring the disobedient to repentance—a result ever to be sought—this expedient is suited to the end. And if it fail to subdue the heart, and bring the child to submission, it will still impart sincerity and solemnity to the parent's act, as he proceeds to apply “Solomon's last remedy.” Though the offender continue rebellious, and give his youthful energies to vice, he will not readily forget the closet. The gracious look of his praying father or mother will live in his eyes, the solemn tones of supplication will linger on his ear, and the moral impression of the scene survive in his heart, when he wanders dissolute on sea or land. If he had no associations but the stern word of command, the rod of correction, and the air of severity, to bind him to his home, he might never desire to retrace his steps. But that closet of wrestling prayer, bedewed with the tears of a devoted parent, that voice of supplication whose rising accents bespoke the strength of his heart's fond affections, and that kind benignant look which beamed upon the face of the suppliant—it all lives in the memory of the past. It haunts him in his dreams. It troubles him in his waking moments. It endears him to his home. It awakens bitter regrets. It *may* bring the wanderer back. Reader! if you have a son far away from your family group, a vicious stripling somewhere on the face of the earth, whose

impulsive and rebellious spirit you were wont to subdue by the voice of prayer in secret places, you may hope — hope strongly, that the prodigal will return.

Success in the moral training of children may be hindered by some things apparently unimportant. One is parental *inconsistency*. It is well nigh useless for parents to forbid their children doing what they practice themselves. The manifest discrepancy between example and precept will beget hostility to parental counsel. The father who is guilty of profanity cannot, consistently, rebuke his son for the same vice. If he neglects the house of God, he cannot plausibly command his children "to go up to the house of the Lord." If he uses intoxicating drinks as a beverage, he will appear exceedingly singular in counselling them to "touch not, taste not, handle not." The mother, who is habitually *scolding* her children will appear very inconsistent in reproving them for practising the same toward each other. Upon this point let a single fact speak. A little girl, less than six years of age, screamed out to a younger brother, who was playing with the mud in the gutter, "Bub, you good for nothing little scamp, you, come right into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off!"

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? Where do you learn such talk?" exclaimed the mortified mother, who stood talking with a friend.

Angelina answered in the innocence of childhood. "Why, mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I am scolding him, just as you did me this morning, that's all."

Discrepancy, also, between the counsels of parents is an inconsistency which works disastrous results. A fact will best illustrate my meaning. A pert little miss once declared to her Sabbath school teacher that she could not fulfil the Fifth commandment by obeying her parents, because one commanded her to do one thing, and the other directed her

to do another. "Just before I left home," said she, "mother told me to stay up stairs and study my lesson, and father told me to come down and play." "*A house divided against itself cannot stand!*"

Deception, in its most unexceptionable forms, is a serious obstacle to successful family government. It is the embryo form of downright dishonesty. To give a child an article of luxury, and instruct him to conceal it from his brothers and sisters, is no other than a lesson in the incipient steps of iniquity. It may prove the rudimental instruction of loathed chicanery and rascality. It is teaching the child to say in actions, which "speak louder than words," I have received no gift, when he has. This form of deception appears in numerous lessons that fall from the lips of parents. It also appears in the *manners* of parents themselves. When they are exceedingly pleasant in company, but fretful and morose at home; when they address their children in the language of tenderness in the presence of visitors, and at other times in the language of impatience and anger; when they express much delight to company at their coming, and when they are gone still more at their going; it is a kind of hypocrisy which a child must observe to his injury, if he possesses an ordinary share of perception.

Falschhood is not altogether excluded from parental government. How many parents have made a fair promise to their children, which they never designed to fulfil, in order to hush their cries, or silence their importunities! How many have as plainly threatened to punish them for misdeemeanors, without paying the least regard to their word when the offence was repeated! I have heard a father fairly promise a pleading son a ride the *next* time his horse was harnessed, if he would be contented to remain at home "this once." But the same promise was repeated the next time his carriage stood at the door; and the little son's reply was a just and withering rebuke, "*you told me so before!*" As

much as to say, "your word is worthless: I cannot depend upon your fairest promises; you do not talk as you mean, and my confidence is shaken." If his veracity were as clearly impeached in his dealings with a merchant, he would be an object of general distrust in the mercantile community.

How important is parental example! We have seen that children are generally like their parents — gentle or boisterous, lovely or fretful, moral or immoral, according as their parents are. You have seen the artist follow every line of the copy before him with the utmost care. First his pencil and then his brush, with graceful touches, delineates every point and mingles light and shadow in richest blendings till the whole appears in fairest proportion and exquisite beauty. And so complete is the imitation that the two, suspended upon opposite walls, seem the reflection of each other. The child is an artist of equal skill. He copies example. Hour after hour and day after day the unseen pencillings progress. Trait after trait, virtue after virtue, defect after defect are mingled as light and shade, until the last touch of the brush. And though the original be laid away in the dust, the child may have a perfect copy hung up on the walls of his memory.

Parents! By example you may live in the child. The clods of the valley may close over your lifeless remains, your sons and daughters be scattered over a continent, and your name stricken from the roll of memory, but your example may live in the deeds of your surviving offspring, as the lineaments of your face live in nature's fashioning upon their brows. Time's corroding finger may efface the epitaph that is inscribed upon your tombstones; flourishing villages and proud cities may rise upon the sequestered spots where your children were reared, and other sights and scenes darker or brighter than those of the present may dishearten or cheer the way-farer of future ages, but your example may

go down in the lineal descent to mingle with the mighty elements with which a remote posterity shall constitute a virtuous or depraved society!

How important is precept! It is the seed silently germinating in the soil of the youthful mind, shooting out its fibres on every side, and sending down its thrifty roots into the unknown depths of the heart. It is the life-elixir or insidious poison that purifies or taints the thoughts ere they appear in the embodiment of living acts. It is the saving influence that can bridle and direct the young imagination before it learns to grovel in the dust, or plumes its wings for "castles in the air." It is the material of enduring texture which runs through the tissue of life, and is incorporated into the whole warp and woof of character.

Even the isolated word or sentence, undesigned for the ear of childhood, has often the determining force of precept. It is caught by the ear, and held by the heart, and showed in the life. How quick is the prattling child, three years old, to catch and lisp an unguarded phrase! "Old Tom Jones," said a heedless mother to the inquiry, who such a caller was. And the little child, playing about the room, continued repeating, "Old Tom Jones." She called her playthings "old Tom Jones." Last of all she called her elder sister, "old Tom Jones." Whether "old Tom Jones" inflicted a lasting injury upon her mind, we have not learned; but we are confident that Mr. Thomas Jones would not have periled her character at all. It is not unusual for the smallest lads in the street to employ epithets, nicknames, and low phrases, which they learn in the household. Where is the community in which the children are not familiar with at least one "*old L—*," or some aged "*Jerry*," before whose gray hairs they ought to bow with reverence and not sound his name in mimicry, or some "*crazy Bet*" whose misfortune awakens no emotions of pity in their hearts because of the merry use they make of the appellation.

If, then, a single passing word may be seized upon by the young, and wrought into the essential acts of life, how forcible must be positive PRECEPT! Why may not the faithful moral lessons of the household be inscribed as with a diamond's point upon the heart? Why may we not expect that the child reared in "wisdom's ways" will not depart therefrom in age? Parents, value PRECEPT. Its price is far above rubies. Study to wield it with power. Handle choice words. They are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Impart ennobling thoughts. Counsel wisely, intelligently—for virtue, usefulness, and God.

It is vain to expect well developed moral and religious characters in children, unless *example* is thus closely followed by *precept*. An eminent illustration is on record. Montaigne, a distinguished French Essayist, was the son of wealthy and honored parents, who spared no pains or expense in his training. Every precaution was taken to develop his genius into fair and symmetrical proportions, and no less watchfulness to preserve him from the contaminating influence of corrupt associations. No positive lessons of a moral and religious character, except those which taught the distinction between right and wrong, were impressed upon his mind. His personal duties to God were untouched, in their relations to human accountability, and a future Judgment. But every precaution was taken to furnish him with pure companionships, and keep him apart from the vicious and dissolute. He was not permitted, as other lads, to company with every boy in the street, nor mingle in every scene of worldly pleasure. His associates, his books, his sports were carefully selected with reference to morality. And in order to sweeten his temper, refine his genius, and soften his heart, a band of richest music was employed to awake him from his slumbers at every morning's dawn. Its soft and charming melody filled his chamber with its rapturous cadences, and, as his eyes opened to every rising

sun, his ear caught these harmonies, suited to captivate and inspire his heart. Yet, he grew up to be a boasting *infidel*. All the studied efforts to preserve his social and moral virtue did not avail to complete his character, so long as there was wanting *positive* counsel concerning his duties to God. It were not sufficient to select his companions, his books, his pleasures, nor instruct him in regard to his obligations to his fellow-men; there were needed the lessons found alone in the word of God to establish him in religious principle, and make him a fond lover of the truth. He needed to know more of his own heart, more of God and His claims, more of the Judgment and eternity.

In the view we have taken of the parental relation not a word has been uttered which may not have a bearing upon the injunction, "Train up a child in the way he should go." We have spoken of physical, intellectual, and secular discipline, all of which may become an aid, or a hinderance, to the moral and religious culture of the child. The more unexceptionable the training is in these particulars, the more confidently may we hope that he will be persuaded to walk in the path of morality and religion. Many of the incidents usually regarded unimportant, have much to do with the perceptions of the mind, and the tendencies of the heart. There is more hope of the polite and respectful child, who addresses his parents with becoming reverence, than there is of him who employs the rough "yes" and "no," "I will" and "I won't." Even these little words are indicative of prospective insubordination. They are as ominous of ill in the history of the child, as bull-baiting and horse-racing in the history of adults. Hence, we insist that the entire discipline of a child, corporeal, intellectual and secular, has to do with the issues of that religious obligation which God has imposed upon every parent. In this regard parental responsibility should be pondered.

What motives urge the parent to study, and faithfully

discharge the duties of his responsible relation! It is not alone that society has a claim upon his fidelity, nor that his watch and counsel will promote the earthly happiness of his children, nor contribute to the felicity of his own declining life, that he is exhorted to consider the solemn trust; but more especially because a deathless soul tabernacles in the comely and beautiful body. His home may be humble in respect to the embellishments of wealth and the graces of literary refinement, from which no gifted son shall go forth to seats of science, or legislative hall, but it may furnish a better treasure to the church, and hopeful candidates for the kingdom of God. His humble efforts may offer to the world no pearl of genius nor gem of art, but they may add to the christian ranks "sons to be as plants grown up in their youth, and daughters as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace." He may not be able to confer upon them a legacy of wealth, nor a world-wide fame, but his words and his prayers may secure them a title to a harp and crown of glory above.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FILIAL RELATION.

"Honor thy parents, those that gave thee birth,
And watched in tenderness thine earliest days,
And trained thee up in youth, and loved in all.
Honor, obey, and love them; it shall fill
Their souls with holy joy, and shall bring down
God's richest blessing on thee; and in days
To come, thy children, if they're given,
Shall honor thee, and fill thy life with peace."

EDWARDS.

THE Scriptures greatly magnify the filial relation. It occupies a prominent place in the Decalogue. Its duties are the theme of frequent discourse throughout the Word of God. The following selection of texts exhibits the importance which God attaches to it.

"Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

"Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother; and all the people shall say, Amen."

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."

"Whoso curseth his father or his mother, his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness."

"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagle shall eat it."

"Children obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, (which is the first commandment with promise.) That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."

In such language do the Scriptures present the claims of the filial relation. They teach children to honor, love, fear, reverence, obey, please, provide for, and make happy their parents, as well as to regard their faithful instructions and example. They speak as if the duties of this relation were exceedingly important.

Nor is this all. The penalty inflicted for the violation of the Fifth Commandment under the Jewish economy shows by its terrible severity the light in which God regards it. The fearful threatening against the sin appears in the following language. "He that smiteth his father or mother shall surely be put to death. And he that curseth his father or mother shall surely be put to death." "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them; * * * And all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die; so shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear." A severe penalty, indeed, for the violation of the Fifth Commandment was this punishment of death! It is evidence that God regards the neglect or abuse of filial duties a matter of great concern. The Dispensation is changed, but the Fifth Commandment is as sacred and binding now as ever. It is as dear to God, as important to the family and the world, as it was four thousand years ago. The Commandment has abated none of its force in the march of time, and cannot be disregarded with moral impunity now, more than it could be then.

It is conceded that all parents do not equally deserve the love and obedience of their children. There are those who are immoral, tyrannical, and even cruel—those who appear exceedingly irresponsible in respect to all their family duties—those who set a bad and even debasing example before their children—those who have not the fear of God or man before their eyes—the unloving and unnatural parents, whose

influence tends to lead their offspring down to the abyss of woe — parents who ought to hang their heads for shame, and wonder God ever gave them a child. And yet, even here, the ties of nature compel children to give some heed to Divine instruction in respect to their duties. They are not to obey their parents when obedience will conflict with the law of God. The command is, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord;" that is, so far as they do not require you to disobey God. In all the remarks that follow upon this subject, it is taken for granted that the counsels and commands of parents are in harmony with Divine requirements.

Notwithstanding the solemn injunctions of the Scriptures relating to the subject, there is scarcely any relation of life so little regarded as the filial. It would be impossible to compute or describe the woe which has preyed upon the hearts and happiness of devoted parents in consequence of unfilial acts. Language cannot depict the sorrow which is even now "bringing down grey hairs to the grave," because of prodigals who return naught for a parents' blessings but ingratitude and rebellion. Since David wept for Absalom tears have never ceased to flow, in the closet and at the fire-side, over the heartless returns that children make for parental kindness. The graves that have been filled with broken-hearted parents in past ages, would cover an empire with their mounds. And the great company to be summoned to the Judgment-seat, whose chiefest sin is a violation of the Fifth Commandment — sin enough to sink the soul to everlasting night — we might almost say in truth "no man can number."

Would that an inspiration might awaken thoughts and dictate words of sufficient power to cause every reader to *feel* upon a theme of such intrinsic merit! Would that every child and youth, and every person blest with a living parent might appreciate these endearing ties of nature! Would that a sense of right and duty might arrest the un-

filial words and acts which even now pierce, as daggers, the fond parental heart! Would that the spirit of all which is embraced in the words *honor, love, confide, fear, obey*, might pervade every family, and cheer the aged in their descent to the tomb!

Doubtless a lack of consideration will account for much conduct which is inconsistent with honoring parents. Yet, after excepting this, there is witnessed on every hand an alarming disrespect to parents, from the moody, surly look, to the violent word and act of insubordination. Children and youth always transgress the Divine commandment on this subject if left to themselves. And even when generally observant of it, there are many inconsiderate words and deeds that are not in keeping with due filial regard. A few of these ordinary, and, perhaps, inferior inconsistencies will be named.

Opposing the opinions of parents does not become a child in minority. To call in question advice, as if unsound or unwholesome — to set up opinion in deliberate opposition to it, and discuss it as if with a tyro-companion — is not the respectful demeanor which the law of God requires. "Why require me to do this? Henry and James are not required to do thus. Other young men are not required to make an oracle of their parents. I know what is best for me. Such opinions are whims." Discussions of this character are not altogether unknown in families. And they are inconsistent with proper filial respect.

Addressing parents with *pertness* and *irreverence* is of the same character. A quick, sharp, short, uncheerful reply, with a careless, reckless manner to give it emphasis, savors of wrong in the heart. The youth does not fully appreciate to whom he is speaking. He has forgotten the Fifth Commandment. How much more winning and beautiful, how much more consistent with filial duties, the considerate, *happy and respectful address*!

It is not unusual for young men, and even lads to employ the phrase, "*old man*," to designate a father. It is not the fruit of a base, rebellious spirit, so much as of inconsideration. But stop, young man, and ponder this phrase! Let us turn it over and revolve it carefully, and see if it will do for the household as well as for the shop. Who is this "*old man*?" Is he some wretched vagabond, with rent clothes and tattered hat, and shoeless feet, a disgusting ugly victim of vice? Is he a fugitive from justice, who ought to be at Sing Sing or Botany Bay, or some dangerous lunatic just escaped from the insane hospital? Or is he some foul wretch in your neighborhood, whose loathsome vices have excluded him from honorable society, and for whom no gushing sympathy flows? No! He is thine own dear father. His likeness is daguerreotypied upon your brow. His blood runs in your veins. His affections twine your heart. His sympathies wrap your being. His loving heart holds you, soul and body. His life lives in you, and wastes for you. It is he to whom you apply this disrespectful appellation. Suppose you speak it at the fireside. Sound it in your father's ear. Let your mother hear it. Proclaim it to the visitor. Dare you? Repeat it with the Fifth Commandment. "**HONOR THY FATHER!**" "*Old man!*" How it grates upon the ear! How it shames! What thoughts it startles! How conscience lashes! Ay, in moments of calm reflection what bitter regrets arise for having said it!

Worse still, many a young man, or youth tells of the "*old woman*." And who is she? Is she some loathed Xantippe or hateful Olympias, a pest to the neighborhood, and a shame to her sex? Is she some disgusting shrew, the butt of biting ridicule, and the object of the town's contempt? The "*old woman!*" Is she some travelling victim of insanity, dangerous to be abroad, and at whose coming mothers lock the doors, and children hide? Then, perchance, the appellation may have some shadow of apology.

But no! She is thine own mother, without whose tender care, love, night-watching, solicitude, prayers and tears, you might have been straightened for the grave. The toiling, self-sacrificing woman, from whose breasts you drew existence, and whose quenchless love would part with houses, lands, and life, rather than with yourself—she it is, to whom you apply the rough appellation. Put it upon the lips of the low and vulgar, and let them pursue her in the streets, and shout it in her ears, "*old woman!*" Could you endure it? Would it not rouse your indignation, and stir your very soul to vindicate the mother who bore you, from such foul insult? Yet, how much less offensive this phrase would be on the tongue of a stranger, than on that of her own loved son!

There are baser forms of violation of the filial relation which are unmistakable, and always excite surprise. These need not be named. The above are cited as examples of what often occurs in thoughtless moments.

Consider some of the CAUSES OF THE NEGLECT OF FILIAL DUTIES. One is *no just appreciation of the toils of parents*. Very few children appreciate, at all, the labors and anxieties of parents in their training, until in manhood and womanhood they become parents themselves. Consequently, few cherish those grateful emotions without which the duties of the filial relation cannot be cheerfully and faithfully discharged. In mature years we look back with regret upon youthful disobedience, and wonder that our hearts could be so steeled against the kindness that we shared in the family; and we hasten to atone, in some measure, for short-comings, by marked and sincere attention to them in the decline of life.

Erroneous views of parental discipline is another cause of unfilial acts. Youth are wont to feel that the restraints of family government are needless, at least in a measure. They often imagine that parents are not interested in their

enjoyments, and are unwilling that they should share the usual pleasures of life. They regard some of their demands as the dictate of a silly "notion" or "whim," and not a desire to promote their highest welfare. Sometimes they indulge the sentiment that parents are unable to appreciate the wants of early life, and hence suppose that they can best select and make decisions for themselves. It all arises from the imposed restraints of family government, the real object of which they fail to see.

A desire to be independent is another cause of the violation of the Fifth Commandment. Many young persons imagine it to be wonderfully manly to do as they please—that a boy cannot be a man until he sets himself against a father's counsel, and opposes a mother to her face. He thinks it adds much to his popularity to have it known through the circle of his companions that he goes and comes when he pleases, and is his own master at home and abroad. And it may add to his popularity among the reckless, but it stains his character indelibly in the sight of the wise and good. The youth, or young man, in any community, who is known to dishonor his parents, has not the confidence of that community. He is looked upon as a fair candidate for ruin. Such independence, in the view of all considerate persons, foreshadows a degree of future viciousness positively alarming. It is likely to have a fall, and find itself hammering stone in a very *dependent* condition. We would point such mistaken sons to the filial regard of Joseph—the son of immortal memory. He stood near the throne of Egypt, loaded with honors, the admired of all admirers. But he was none the less a man when he sent for his poor, aged, and afflicted father, and fell upon his neck and kissed him, in the exercise of devoted love. He never appeared so noble as when he performed that warm filial act. You honor him for it. All honor him for it. Yet Joseph was *independent*, and doubly so, since he could rise above the

pride of his own heart, and the fear of men taunting him for his filial devotion.

Contrast, in this respect, Napoleon and Alexander. The former, apparently, lost his filial reverence and affection, when he ascended the throne. His proud heart was too base to entertain generous and tender sentiments of his mother amid the splendors of royalty. One day he met her in the garden of St. Cloud, as he was walking with his courtiers, and, instead of regarding her as a son, he extended his hand for her to kiss. She immediately presented her own hand, replying, "Not so, my son, it is your duty to kiss the hand of her who gave you life."

Olympias was the mother of Alexander, and had a disposition so unhappy that he could not employ her in any of the affairs of government. Antipater, Alexander's deputy in Europe, once wrote a letter to him, complaining of her conduct, to whom Alexander replied, "Knowest thou not that one tear of my mother's will blot out a thousand such letters?"

How ignoble Napoleon appears as a son beside Alexander in the same relation! History is true to the instincts of nature, and severely rebukes him for his heartlessness. He is less a man in the imperial purple without filial regard, than he would have been in obscurity with it. On the other hand, Alexander towers above his ordinary greatness, his fame spreads, and his memory is dearer, because of his warm devotion to his mother. There is more glory in the regard for his aged parent, than in a thousand victories like those of Issus and Tyre. Look at this striking contrast, ye unkind and disobedient, and be ashamed of your misnamed independence!

In close proximity to the above is yet another cause. Some regard expressions of filial love a *weakness*. With false and dishonorable views of human nobleness, they obliterate those loveliest sensibilities of the heart. Such may be properly

reminded of the meeting of the immortal Washington with his mother, just before his inauguration as President of the United States. The great man met her as a son. He bowed his head upon her shoulders and wept. He addressed her in the language of grateful emotion. His words were full of tenderness and affection.* Yet he made no compromise of his dignity and greatness. He was none the less a man. He was Washington still. Posterity have not pronounced it a *weakness*. It is recorded upon the historic page as an additional evidence of the great man's greatness. It ensures a tribute to his memory in the hearts of the virtuous free as enduring as the monumental pile which is rising in unsurpassed magnificence to transmit his name to remote posterity.

Often the providence of God elevates a child above the lowly condition of his parents. God gives him wealth and honorable position. He is intelligent and educated. And now, because of the large gifts of a kind Providence, *he becomes ashamed of his humble parentage*. The poor, unlettered pair who cared for him in infancy, and to whom he is yet dear as life itself, are well nigh forsaken. Possibly he may occasionally visit their retired residence, but he would carefully exclude them from the circle in which he moves.

The writer has been in company with a young man of winning appearance. The graces of refinement adorned his speech and person, and the heart was well nigh captivated with so fine a specimen of the gentleman. But, on learning that although the only son of his mother, and she a widow, his demeanor towards her was cold and heartless, all appearance of the true gentleman suddenly vanished. God once prostrated him upon a bed of suffering, and, when tossing from side to side with feverish excitement, he was glad to admit his humble, unrefined, but excellent mother to his room. But when an accomplished companion paid him a

* See the same more in detail in Chapter on Era for Mothers.

visit, his pride overcame what natural affection he had, and he passed her off for a *nurse*. Unfeeling wretch! We almost wonder that a bolt of divine vengeance did not send him instantly into eternity to meet an angry God. We wonder that conscience did not drive him to despair as he reflected upon his cruel deed. If such bondage to fashionable society, and such fear of refined associates, is not consummate *weakness*, then humanity is never *weak*. I often meet that young man, but my soul shrinks from him as from a loathsome viper. All his graces have dwindled away in my eyes, and he walks the streets a specimen of hypocrisy. It will not surprise me if some terrible calamity befalls him. It will be a merited judgment. And if he tosses at last upon the burning billows of woe for nothing else, he will, if unrepentant, for breaking the Fifth Commandment.

Contrast with the above the filial regard of Archbishop Tillotson. His father was a poor, plain man; and on paying him his first visit after he was inducted into his high office, he inquired of the servant if "John Tillotson was at home." The servant supposing him a poor, unmannerly traveller, ordered him from the door; but the dean, recognizing the voice of his father, instead of ushering him into his house privately, ran out exclaiming to the surprise of his servants, "it is my beloved father;" and falling down before him craved his benediction. Noble example of filial attachment! We are constrained to feel in reading it that such a man is fitted for so high an office in the church. Had he treated his aged parent with the unfilial spirit of the young man named above, the title of Arch-sinner would have become him better than Archbishop.

It has been already intimated that a *lack of filial regard betokens an evil heart*. The truth deserves a careful consideration. The severe penalty may have been attached to the Fifth Commandment, under the Jewish dispensation, because of the great sins which unfilial acts prognosticate.

Disobedience to parents is often the beginning of a criminal career. It is the seed of future and blacker vices. Insubordination in the family grows into insubordination in the state. He, who does not respect his parents, will not be likely to respect a ruler. He, who wilfully tramples upon the commandment, "HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER," will not hesitate, eventually, to disregard the whole ten.

It is recorded, that five persons were executed a few years since, one in Springfield and four in Boston; all of whom declared upon the scaffold, that their wickedness began in neglect or abuse of the filial relation. The Rev. Lewis Dwight, who is familiar with such statistics, says that "after faithful inquiry into the history of the numerous criminals confined in the prisons of the United States, in nearly all cases, their course began in disobedience to parents. The following is the language of a criminal awaiting his doom upon the scaffold. "My disobedience to parents has brought this misery upon me. My father gave me good instructions when I was a child, but I did not mind them. I would not go to school when he would have sent me. I would not go to a trade when he wished to have me. After my father died I would not obey those who had the care of me. I ran away from several masters. And now I have ran into the jaws of death." It is the thrilling language of a degenerate son's experience—the outbursts of his sincere heart when he stood aghast upon the borders of eternity. Hear, then, the voice of misery itself as it reveals the cause of its own existence! Listen, ye careless youth, to warnings that come from the very mouth of the pit—made solemn by the awful realities which await a guilty soul!

Such facts, which might be greatly multiplied, show that unfilial deeds are ominous of fearful reaches in transgression.

Public opinion regards this recklessness, in respect to filial duties, a sure omen of consummate future wickedness. The youth, or young man in any community, who prides himself

upon his disregard of filial duties, is an object of general suspicion. Mothers fear his contaminating influence upon their children. The manufacturer dares not commit important trusts to his keeping. The merchant fears to employ him in his traffic. The school committee receive complaints of his ill behaviour in school. Wanton depredations, committed in garden or orchard, are laid to his charge. In short he is an object of universal distrust, and men are not surprised to hear of almost any iniquity perpetrated by this family disturber. The fact shows that mankind really expect this sin in the household will lead to greater sins in the state.

Hence, it may be laid down as well nigh a fixed fact, that when a son is heard to address his mother with disrespect, or to do or say anything in opposition to his father's counsel, he has the disposition to take upon his soul, at some future day, the guilt of enormous sins. It is a truth of fearful import, and ought to impress the minds of son and daughter, and arouse parents to avert, if possible, the evils which threaten.

When children arrive at manhood and womanhood, having the maintainance of aged and infirm parents, a wilful disregard of their filial duties provokes the unsparing censure of all lookers-on. Our common humanity recognizes here a duty, the neglect of which can be palliated by no excuse. No mantle of charity is broad enough to cover a sin of such great enormity. But such examples of filial degeneracy are rare. Usually, on arriving at maturity, and becoming the heads of families, children hasten with overflowing hearts to bless the declining years of their parents. Then they begin to appreciate the kindness, love, care and solicitude, beneath whose reign their tender childhood was developed. It becomes a pleasure to solace the few-remaining days of those to whom they owe existence, to smooth their thorny pathway to the tomb, and prove faithful and

true to these filial bonds through all scenes of joy or sorrow, till parents lie speechless in the cold embrace of death.

It deserves to be borne in mind that the true character of a person is not what it appears to be in the community, so much as what it is in the family. Here the unlovely or shining attributes develop themselves unrestrained, and the person appears in his undisguised character. A disobedient son, or ungrateful daughter may appear in charming loveliness before a witnessing world. His or her intrinsic worth is not to be estimated by appearances abroad, but by the qualities which are prominent at home. Thus estimating moral character, deception will seldom mislead.

While lack of devotion to parents is ominous of future and greater evil, the opposite is ominous of future and augmented good. For filial love softens the heart and sweetens the disposition. It smoothes that common roughness of manner, and polishes that common asperity of character, which become revolting with advancing years. The son who sacredly keeps the commandment "HONOR THY FATHER AND MOTHER," is emphatically a "child of promise." There is needed no policy of insurance upon his morals to preserve him in the path of virtue. We ask no prophet's ken to descry the blessings that will crown his manhood. In this single virtue of his youth we may have the key to his future character. This antedates his future "rise and progress." This is the bright forerunner of a train of virtuous deeds that will adorn his life—the angel-herald of other graces which are sure to cluster around the faithful filial heart. Exceptions to this rule, dark and terrible, may arise; but we speak of what is generally true.

PROPER ATTENTION TO THE DUTIES OF THE FILIAL RELATION WILL NOT GO UNREWARDED. There is such a beautiful spirit evinced in this regard for parents, that without any practical demonstration, we should expect it would share the unqualified admiration of men. The Scriptures beautifully

exhibit this loveliness in the following figurative language. "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother. For they shall be an *ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. Bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck.*" Like the costly decorations that are employed to increase the charms of the human form, so shall these parental counsels, faithfully lived, be as the bright embellishments of taste and art to win the admiration of men. Yea, they shall outlast all that is rich and tasteful in artificial decorations; for the finery of gold and silver will tarnish, and jewels waste with material things; but these ornaments which adorn the soul are imperishable.

Enough has been said already to show that neither God nor man have been unmindful of this fidelity to parents. The glowing record that history makes of the faithfulness of Alexander and Washington to their mothers, shows with what benedictions this virtue is rewarded. The boy who stood upon the burning deck of a ship at the battle of the Nile, cried, amid the din of a thousand voices calling upon him to come away, "*father shall I come?*" But his father was already wrapt in the rushing flames, and the obedient boy waited for his bidding till he made his winding sheet a sheet of fire. Successive generations have paid a cheerful tribute of honor to the memory of the faithful boy.

In every age and nation we discover enduring memorials of the true in this sweet relation. The Chinese were wont to erect monuments, and rear triumphal arches in honor of children who distinguished themselves in devotion to parents. The ancient Greeks and Romans dedicated magnificent temples to those who ranked high for the same virtue. The Turks honor their mothers more than their wives. Their language is, "wives may die, and we can replace them; children perish, and others may be born to us; but who shall restore the mother when she passes, and is seen

no more?" The heroic manner in which Æneas bore his infirm father from the flames of Troy won him the title of "the pious Æneas." A Roman daughter, privileged to visit her imprisoned father, who was condemned to be starved to death, nourished him at her own breasts: the senate were so much impressed with this devotion to a suffering parent, that they decreed the father should be restored to his child, and that on the spot where the prison stood, a temple should be erected to filial piety. Titus Manlius, by his marked devotion to his father, saved *him* from a Roman prison, and won the supreme honors of the state. Caesar spared the infirm old Metellus from severe punishment out of regard for the filial piety of his son. For the same reason, Montesquieu rewarded two young Frenchmen, by delivering their father from the galleys of Tripoli, whither he was taken by pirates and sold for a slave. Gustavus III, king of Sweden, rewarded a poor peasant girl, toiling to support her crippled mother, "by settling a pension for life upon the mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death." The tribute which the historian pays to Epaminondas, one of the greatest generals and best men which Greece ever produced, is a fair illustration of the feelings of mankind upon this subject. He had declared that he derived more satisfaction from the thought that his victories would afford joy to his father and mother, than he did from the honors which men bestowed upon him as a triumphant conqueror; and in view of this filial love, Rollin says, "Nothing in history seems so valuable to me as such sentiments, which do honor to human nature, and proceed from a heart which neither false glory nor false greatness have corrupted. I confess it with grief, I see these noble sentiments daily expire among us, especially in persons where birth and rank raise them above others, who too frequently are neither good fathers, good sons, good husbands, nor good friends; and who would think it a disgrace to express for a father and a mother the tender regard of

which we have here so fine an example from the pagan above mentioned."

But no richer reward of filial devotion can be enjoyed than the satisfaction experienced in witnessing the increased happiness it affords to parents themselves, in their last days. No purer delight, save that which is spiritual, ever refreshes a parent's heart than this which results from filial attention. The living evidence of it to children regales their minds with delightful recollections when parents repose in the dust. It is one of those blest remembrancers which we live to cherish as we would an angel's visit. An Eastern lady about to start upon a journey, invited her three sons to furnish her with an expression of their love. One presented her with a marble tablet, having her name inscribed upon it; another brought her a large and beautiful bouquet; and the third thus addressed her, "Mother, I have neither marble tablet nor fragrant nosegay, but I have a *heart*; here your name is engraved, here your memory is precious, and this heart, full of affection, will follow you wherever you travel, and remain with you wherever you repose." Which was the more acceptable present we need not say. Which afforded the greater pleasure may be easily determined.

Age, I repeat, finds no sweeter fountain of bliss than that which is opened by the grateful devotion of children, excepting only the fountain of living waters. And how delightful to feel that we are the happy instruments of such joy to those we love. The reflection sweetens the future allotment of Providence, be it ever so darksome. It is a pleasant memory to bear amid the reverses of life, and carry with us to the grave. Pompinus Atticus was accustomed to express the satisfaction which he derived from his filial faithfulness, in the following eccentric manner. Though he had lived with his mother SIXTY-SEVEN years, he said, "I was never once reconciled to her, because there never happened the least discord between us; and, consequently, there was no

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ed of a reconciliation." It was evidently a source of great satisfaction to the distinguished Roman.

THE JUDGMENTS OF GOD GENERALLY OVERTAKE UNFAITHFUL, DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN. Rev. Philip Henry, once speaking to his children of the wicked son of a neighbor, who treated his parents with disrespect, charged them to mark the dealings of God with him. Perhaps," said he, "I may not live to see it, but do you take notice, whether God do not come upon him with some remarkable judgment in this life, according to the threatening implied in the reason annexed to the Fifth Commandment." But he lived to see the prophecy fulfilled by a very striking Providence. The Rev. Herbert Palmer, B. D., Master of Queen's College, Cambridge, said, "that he had noticed the effects of disobedience to parents, so that he scarcely ever knew undutiful children escape some visible judgment of God in the present life." A careful observation will satisfy the most incredulous of the truth of these remarks. Within the circle of every reader's acquaintance are undutiful sons upon whom is now resting the undoubted curse of God. The evidence is well nigh as striking and unmistakable as the mark that God imprinted upon the forehead of Cain. And it is a matter of surprise that the disobedient themselves do not recognize the pursuing vengeance of Jehovah, and flee to find a refuge in repentance from His consuming wrath.

Behold Absalom, violating every impulse of natural affection, and pursuing his father with a deadly hate, as if he were his mortal enemy! Follow his secret plottings to usurp the throne at the expense of his father's life! Trace his diabolical schemes as they become developed in the rapid evolutions of time—the foul machinations not only of a rebellious son, but of a parricide and murderer! And then behold him hanging upon the bough of an oak by the hair of his head, with the three swift javelins of the mighty Joab sticking in his heart—a wretched victim to his own

base ambition and cruelty — and say, if here is not a Divine judgment upon a disobedient and unnatural son!

Could my voice reach a disobedient son, I would address him thus; — “How dare you trifle with the commandments of God? How dare you resist the pleadings of such love as lives only in a parent’s heart? Has nature denied you the common share of tenderness and sensibility. Has contact with a wicked world stifled the loveliest emotions and changed your heart to stone? Care you not for the deep wounds which you inflict upon the heart of the mother, who bore you? Do you glory in running counter to the wishes of the father who would lay down his life to save you from the prison or the gallows? Tremble, then, for the deep depravity which lurks in your soul. Prepare to meet in your excuseless shame the scathing, withering maledictions of an incensed world. Expect, for the doom will surely come, to be banished from the hearts and circles of the wise and virtuous. Make ready for the fearful judgments that will descend upon your future days. Dread to behold and experience, in the course of Providence, your probable destiny of ill. Imagine yourself beside the coffined remains of those whom you now refuse to obey. Live for a moment in the melancholy hour that will leave you parentless, with no opportunity to whisper in the ear, *forgive!* Conceive of the regrets that will harrow your soul when you behold their eyes close in sorrow upon your disobedience, and the grave receive them to its cold and cheerless bed! Fear to meet the piercing eye of your Judge, and the retributions of the future world; for the penalty annexed to the Fifth Commandment bides your death!

Christ enforced by his pure example the duties of the filial relation. He was himself a perfect pattern of obedience to parents. No blemish marred the beauty of his filial character. No scenes in his chequered, suffering life caused him to neglect his duties in this relation. On till he was

thirty years of age he was subject to his parents — a dutiful son of the family, never weary of toiling for their bliss, never reluctant to obey their counsels. He cherished the grateful feeling of a son when in the judgment-hall of Pilate, remembered and provided for his mother amid the agonies of the cross.

CHAPTER V.

THE FRATERNAL RELATION.*

"A union in partition;—
Two seeming bodies, but one heart."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

"They were together night and day
Through all their early years—
Had the same fancies, feelings, thoughts,
Joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears;
They had a fellowship of smiles,
A fellowship of tears."

ARON.

THE Scriptures are comparatively silent concerning this relation in the family, as if a recognition of its important duties were taken for granted. The ties of nature are reason enough for an indissoluble bond of union between brothers and sisters. Humanity revolts at a disregard of the bond which God has instituted between these kindred hearts. Indeed, the feeling of abhorrence is awakened towards those families among the lower order of animals which live and die in quarrels. It is so unnatural and heartless, that every reflecting mind expresses profound astonishment at the sight. The fact that two individuals are children of the same parents, having kindred blood coursing through their veins, and common interests at stake, is sufficient basis upon which to rest all the fraternal obligations of which we may speak.

There is no sadder sight on earth, than that of brothers and sisters, dwelling together under the same roof, co-heirs by Divine appointment in the joys and sorrows of life, alienated from each other by reason of domestic feuds. There

* Strictly, the Fraternal Relation has reference to brothers only; in this chapter we give it a wider latitude and apply it to sisters also.

is no scene more lovely than that of brothers and sisters devoted each to the others' happiness, and vicing with each other in the works of mutual attachment. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon his beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garment; As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing; even life forever more." Yet, the brotherhood and sisterhood of families present often a singular exhibition of estranged hearts. These, in common with all the relations of life, share in the sad results of the fall. Every neighborhood can furnish one or more illustrations of the envy, jealousy, malice, strife, one or all, which have made the fraternal relation the occasion of much domestic sorrow.

I have seen brothers and sisters dwelling together in the same town, yet living apart from the ordinary intercourse of relatives, and even so alienated from each other, as to forego entirely the interchange of friendly visits. Nay, more; I have seen them arrayed against each other with a hostility that precluded even a friendly *recognition*, and allowed no word of salutation on meeting in the street. I have seen the wealthy brother, retired from the cares of a prosperous business, without a family of his own for which to provide, yielding himself up to the servile control of a penurious habit, and leaving an invalid sister to suffer in want, or find relief in the charity of others. I have seen another, a man in the state of "single blessedness," summing in his possessions some *twenty thousand dollars*, yet bequeathing all his property, at his death, to his native town, with the exception of a pittance to a suffering sister, for whom a sum ten times as large would have been a scanty provision. I have seen yet another, a brother to whom the Lord had given a competency of this world's goods, endeavor-

oring to make a maiden-sister's portion of the paternal legacy his own, by every possible "hook and crook" of the law. And I have read of another, a famed millionaire, who, among other gifts for the public weal, endowed a college, leaving to a needy brother only just enough to satisfy the demands of the law.

Such a lack of natural affection is a foul stain upon human nature, and merits the unqualified censure of mankind. We scarcely find its counterpart among the brutes that perish. Seen thus in manhood, it is decisive evidence of an unbrotherly youth, the legitimate fruit of unkindness and want of affection in early life. He, who in mature years can see a brother or sister suffer when he has the means to relieve, was, doubtless, a tyrannizing, heartless brother in his youth. Had he cultivated a tender and loving spirit in the morning of life toward those of his father's household, he would not have become an alien at heart from the same kindred-circle in age.

Among the causes of rupture and unhappiness in the fraternal relation may be found the following.

An unforgiving spirit. In the little community of home, forbearance is as necessary as it is anywhere in the wide world. Disparity in respect to natural and acquired endowments, varying tastes and habits, dissimilar temperaments and dispositions, conflicting thoughts and desires, will all be embodied in living acts, to engender strife, unless much is overlooked. Much transpires in almost any company of brothers and sisters to arouse the spirit of retaliation, unless each is forward to forgive. The quick, nervous, peevish brother or sister, who meets every breach of fraternal kindness and good-will with the frown and language of opposition, pursues a policy which is sure to banish peace from the family. The proof is found in every neighborhood. An unforgiving spirit is as prevalent with children as with strangers. Human nature does not

Always stop to inquire whether the offender is a brother or sister. Hot haste stimulates the mind, and it moves rashly. An overt act is resisted with angry words, and stormy rebuke, if not with blows. Here the warfare begins, and where it ends we cannot always tell, until we learn the disposition it cultivates for age. Possibly it may develop into a character as base and criminal as that described in the following verse of Dr. Watts :—

“ Hard names, at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs, and naked swords,
To murder, and to death.”

An unbridled *temper* mars the union of brothers and sisters. In childhood and youth this is a very general cause of strife. The views, feelings, or wishes are crossed, and in a moment reason loses its balance, and passion lowers and storms. Peace departs from the entire circle until the tempest of wrath is spent, and often for succeeding hours and days. It is painful to witness the frequent outbursts of wrath which occur among some families of children. Scarcely a day, Sabbath not excepted, passes over their heads without some signal display of uncurbed temper. In consequence, they live in quarrels, cultivate morose and turbulent dispositions, and never learn from experience the joys of true fraternal love. The memories of many adults will furnish, from their early lives, numerous illustrations of the disastrous influence of temper upon the intercourse of brothers and sisters.

What is commonly called *teasing*, or tormenting one another for some natural or acquired fault, is another cause of strife in families. A brother is bashful and awkward, and this gives rise to many a fling from a proud affected sister. Or a sister is vain and haughty, and this is the occasion of smart retorts from an unassuming brother. One is dull and

stupid, intellectually; another is peevish from constitutional weakness; and another is ungenerous; all of which often elicit biting sarcasm, broad implications, innuendos, and re-proofs, to create alienation and perpetuate conflict.

Envy sometimes acts a contemptible part. One brother enjoys a more eligible situation than another, because of some peculiar endowments or circumstances. More responsibility is laid upon him by the father. Perhaps he is in the store or counting-room, while his brother is on the farm, or in the workshop. He may be a student, and his brother a mechanic. Here envy finds abundant occasion to complain, and create discontent. Even a disparity in respect to moral elevation sometimes arouses this malicious propensity. On this account, envy broke the harmony that existed between the first two brothers. Envious Cain slew his brother Abel, and thus took upon his soul the fearful guilt of fratricide. Envy plotted this murder, and received at the hand of God its ill-desert. And it is too often true, that parental favoritism creates this envious spirit. A brother or sister is petted and indulged beyond the measure meted out to others. Envy, toward such an one, is sure to display its spite. Jacob had his favorite — Joseph. The brothers saw it and envied him his portion. His accumulated sufferings, thrilling almost beyond the tales of fiction, was the fearful result.

"O envy! hide thy bosom, hide it deep.

A thousand snakes, with black, envenomed mouths,
Nest there, and hiss, and feed through all thy heart."

Property inherited has destroyed the peace and harmony existing between brothers and sisters. From the moment the parents are laid in the grave, and the "clouds of the valley" close over their remains, there is frequently one perpetual scene of strife and contention among the children about the property. The memory of loving parents is lost amid the hard words, and harder feelings, and thoughts which

are engendered. A stranger would never guess that the alienated parties were the children of the same parents. Especially, would not his conclusion be thus favorable when he learned, what has more than once been true, that their animosity was indulged to such a degree, that neither would rear a monumental pile at the grave of the father. Property has been known to occasion such bitter feelings towards a brother, as to lead the disaffected one to refuse to attend his funeral.

Marriage has introduced discord into the family. A sister's husband, or a brother's wife, has some supposed or real peculiarity, and it becomes a "bone of contention." It is more difficult to exercise forbearance toward a brother-in-law or a sister-in-law, than toward their companions. Hence, the bitterness and hostility which marriage frequently occasions. Families, hitherto united, have parted with their mutual devotion at this point. It is natural for a wife to sympathize with her husband, and a husband with his wife, so that he or she becomes arrayed against the brothers or sisters who are unfriendly to *them*.

Strange as it may seem, *Religion* has been made the occasion of the sad results. A sister becomes a christian, and unites with the church. And now a brother turns persecutor, and follows her with ridicule and sneers. As if it were a real reproach to her character—a compromise of dignity, and a mark of weakness—he appears to be mortified and ashamed that such a step should be taken by a sister! He is fretted and harassed by it almost beyond endurance. His love abates, his politeness departs, and he treats her with cold neglect and unkindness! Such guilty wretches survive, even in the relation of brothers. It is almost too foul a blot upon humanity to believe, yet the lamentable truth is forced upon our observation.

In contrast with the above let us briefly notice some of the *virtues which belong to the fraternal relation*.

STRONG ATTACHMENT, This ought to exist as the fruit of natural ties. But if *nature* cannot love, then brothers and sisters ought to love from *principle*. The following extract from John Angell James is to the point. "A family of grown up children should be the constant scene of uninterrupted harmony, where love, guided by ingenuity, puts forth all its powers to please, by those mutual good offices, and minor acts of beneficence, of which every day furnishes the opportunity, and which, while they cost little in the way either of money or labor, contribute so much to the happiness of the household. One of the most delightful sights in our world, where there is so much moral deformity to disgust, and so much unkindness to distress, is a domestic circle, where the parents are surrounded by their children, of which, the daughters are being employed in elegant or useful work, and the elder brother some instructive and improving volume, for the benefit or entertainment of the whole. * * * * * Young people, seek your happiness in each other's society. What can the brother find in the circle of dissipation, or amongst the votaries of intemperance, to compare with this? What can the sister find in the concert of sweet sounds, that has music for the soul, compared with this domestic harmony? or in the glitter and fashionable confusion, and mazy dance of the ball-room, compared with these pure, calm, sequestered joys, which are to be found at the fireside of a happy family?"

Mutual politeness promotes a refinement of feeling, and manners which contributes much to the strength of the fraternal bond. This relates to the words and phrases, the temper and manner of address. It infuses a sort of fidelity into the entire intercourse, and surrounds it with an all-pervading charm. It is delightful to be a guest in such a family. In contrast with the coarse, unaffectionate modes of address so generally observed, it presents a most pleasing view of the family relation.

Brothers and sisters ought, also, to *confide their purposes and wants, their joys and sorrows, to each other*. This remark may not apply, without some qualifications, only while they dwell together under the paternal roof. If a brother is secret and sly in his various movements for pleasure or profit, and thus shows that he distrusts the other youthful members of the family, he has already furnished occasion for mutual recrimination. But if, on the other hand, he is frank and open to avow his intentions, and displays an honorable confidence in the fraternal circle, and this same feeling becomes mutual and general in the family, it is evident that affection, concord, and peace will happily thrive.

As the fruit of love there is often witnessed a *mutual devotion* among near friends, which is the most unselfish or disinterested of any thing to be found in this wicked world. This *devotion*, wherever it is seen, is the kind of consecration which brothers and sisters ought to make of all their powers to each other's happiness. It is a mutual study to contribute to the weal of the whole. It not only perceives, but anticipates wants. It is earnest in prosperity; it is profoundly self-denying in adversity. It is whole-hearted in health; it is more tender in sickness. It is the embodiment of love, kindness, generosity, sympathy, and kindred virtues, into loving acts.

There are other characteristics of a felicitous fraternal relation, some of which may be learned from the causes which disturb the harmony of families, already considered. If an *unforgiving spirit* is the cause of ruptures in the fraternal relation, then its opposite must be conducive to peace and harmony. If *envy*, or an *unbridled temper*, ever mar the otherwise peaceful intercourse of brothers and sisters, then their antagonistic qualities will contribute to their blissful companionship. And so the opposite of whatever tends to sever the fraternal tie will always prove a mutual blessing in the family.

It may be added that brothers and sisters ought always to

bear in mind the nature and importance of the relation they sustain to each other. Unless thought and profound reflection are devoted to the above essential requisites, it will be scarcely possible to meet the demands of duty. And yet, very little thought is expended upon this important subject by those who are most deeply concerned. How few brothers or sisters stop to reflect, that their conduct must partake of such a character, in order to promote their mutual felicity! How few study to learn exactly what they must do, and how they must feel, in order to avoid alienations and conflict! How few are principled to walk in a studied, specified course, in respect to these duties! The mass of children, older or younger, rather leave their fraternal conduct to be decided by the "spur of the moment." And not until these very important considerations are pondered with more concern will the harmony of households be promoted.

Let the above suggestions be put to consistent practice, and the family will possess attractions for every son and daughter. Fewer youth and young men would seek their evening pastime away from home, at the shops and stores, at the gaming board or theatre. Fewer sisters would "hunger and thirst" for the gay assembly, or the ball-room. The sister would not drive away the brother to haunts of dissipation, to find a happiness which could not be had at home; nor would the brother become the occasion of a sister's fondness for the soiree and dance. Home would become the centre of hopes, socialities, and pleasures, such as meet the wants of nature, satisfy the conscience and please God. So would the language which Shakespeare put into the mouths of two devoted sisters find a complete illustration:—

" So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem ;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart."

Sacred history furnishes an eminent example of devotion to fraternal duties. It is the familiar instance of Joseph. If a brother ever had a provocation to disregard the ties of kindred, and harden his heart against those of his father's household, so had he. Greater injuries were never inflicted upon a brother, and seldom upon a stranger. First seized when abroad upon an errand of kindness, with the intention of murdering him outright; then plunged into a pit to die a horrible death; and finally, all previous fell designs being forsaken, sold as a slave, without the hope of being delivered from perpetual bondage; this was the hard usage which Joseph experienced at the hands of his wicked brothers. We can scarcely conceive of wrongs more terrible to be inflicted or endured. The spirit which prompted such great cruelties, must have been malignant and fiendish in the extreme. Yet, through the whole, how amiable and gentle was the youthful sufferer! How meek, how lovely, how patient, how forgiving! How little like the retaliating, revengeful multitude of the human family! And after a long experience of hardship in the land of bondage, an experience calculated to make him more keenly alive to his injuries, how lovely, affectionate, and forgiving still! When the guilty brothers, driven by the pressure of famine, sought relief at his hands, after a kind Providence had made him ruler of Egypt, how true and faithful, how generous-hearted! Who can read the story of that pathetic interview—Joseph melted to tears, receiving to his embrace his murderous brethren, assuring them that he cherishes all the feelings of a brother still, loading them with provisions to carry back to their native land, and parting with them as lovingly as if they had never attempted to sever the fraternal tie—who, I ask, can read this without a more exalted opinion of a faithful brother? When he had the offenders within his power, and might have condemned them to an ignominious death, or consigned them to hopeless bondage or imprisonment, his

noble heart was moved by the impulses of natural affection to forgive their awful crime, and receive them to his bosom. There is nothing upon the pages of fact or fiction, that is more ennobling and glorious than this. It awakens the sentiment of approval in every breast, however untrue itself to the demands of the fraternal relation. It imparts superlative lustre to the character of Jos. ph., as similar fidelity will certainly do to that of any brother on the face of the earth.

Much might be written concerning the power of brothers' and sisters' influence over each other, and many facts might be cited by way of illustration. But we quote the following only. "That man," said a keen observer of human nature, pointing to a stranger in the crowd, "has been brought up in the society of intelligent and virtuous sisters." "Whence do you infer that?" said the person addressed. He replied, "because he exhibits that gentleness and delicacy of feeling, which result only from the influence of intelligent and virtuous sisters." The gifted Irving said, "often have I lamented that Providence denied me the companionship of sisters. Often have I thought, had I been thus favored, I should have been a better man." Though the above testimony relates only to a sister's, yet, the remarks would be equally true if spoken of a brother's influence.

Although these pages were not penned especially for the eye of *childhood*, yet, this chapter contains much which the child can understand. Before leaving the subject I would address myself briefly to any child whose eye may chance to fall upon these paragraphs. It is pleasant to see a family of little children dwelling together in love — to know that they are kind, and strive to make each other happy. All hearts are pained to witness strife, and hear complaints, hard words, and accusations among little children, especially if they belong to the same household. Dr. Watts wrote the following beautiful verse upon this matter, —

"Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

I doubt not that every young reader agrees with Dr. Watts. And if so, they will strive to cultivate as *ng* an attachment to brothers and sisters, as did the little girl who is spoken of in the following incident. A little girl in the island of Jamaica, where our good people *d* missionaries to teach the children, was in the school of Mr. Thomas Knibb. Her brother, a very active, but *guish* boy, violated the rules of the school by *swearing*, and, of course, had to be punished. His punishment was confinement in the school-room some hours after the other scholars were dismissed. While Mr. R. was locking him in, his sister, of whom we have spoken, went to him, with her eyes brimful of tears, and begged that *she* might receive the punishment, and that her brother might be released. Wishing to *see* whether the little girl was sincere, Mr. R. consented ; and, sure enough, she immediately took his place to receive the punishment ! "What a kind, excellent little sister," say all my young readers. Will *you* not love your brothers and sisters as ardently ?

May every youth who reads these page, have sufficient regard to his own *noion*, if not to the *comfort of his parents*, to lead him to be true in the fraternal relation. Reproach is cast upon the memory of the brother or sister who is known to disregard these important claims. They are less loved and respected. And so faithful has an observant public been in honoring the faithful in these endearing bonds, that even history makes a record of their virtue. It is recorded of Timolcan, the Corinthian, that he was a noble pattern of fraternal love. He contended on the battle-field with the Argives, and when his brother received a fatal

wound and fell to the earth, he leaped over the dead body, and with his shield protected it from insult and plunder. He was sadly wounded in the undertaking, but would not retreat until his friends had borne the corpse to a place of safety. We would not join the multitude to swell the cry, brave Timolcan! but, with a consistent posterity, we would do honor to his name, by joining the acclamation, EVER-FAITHFUL Timolcan! Youthful reader, if any truth is learned from the history of the past, it is that men will honor those who honor the fraternal relation!

A word to brothers and sisters in age! Time multiplies changes in the household group, and after a few years of earthly intercourse the parents pass away, while the children are married and become the heads of rising families. All the ties that remain of the original family are the *fraternal*. How proper that brothers and sisters, though living in different quarters of the earth, and having families of their own, should still maintain the same strong attachment to each other! How fit that the same kind expressions and offices of love should characterize their intercourse, and show a devotion which time nor age can obliterate! Darius, king of Persia, passed sentence of death upon Intaphemes, together with all his children and his wife's brother. His wife subsequently appeared before the royal palace, exhibiting every mark of inconsolable grief. Her repeated visits, from day to day, awakened the sympathy of Darius, who thus addressed her, in the person of his messenger: "Woman, king Darius offers you the liberty of any individual of your family whom you may most desire to preserve." To this she replied: "If the king will grant me the life of any one of my family, I choose my *brother* in preference to the rest." The king was so astonished at this announcement that he sent a second message to her as follows: "The king desires to know why you have thought proper to pass over your children and your husband, and to preserve your brother,

who is certainly a more remote connection than your children, and cannot be so dear to you as your husband." She answered thus: "O king! if it please the Deity, I may have another husband: and if I be deprived of these, may have other children; but as my parents are both of them dead, it is certain that I can have no other brother." The sentiment commended itself to the king, as it does to every adult reader embraced in the family circle.

In conclusion, God will be more likely to honor the fraternal relation by a *spiritual blessing*, when its important claims are observed with fidelity. In such a family Christ will find His trophies. When clothed in flesh, and executing His merciful errand on earth, our Savior honored an humble, but united family of Bethany with a visit. And, probably, in all the land, there was not another family, in which the fraternal duties were more faithfully discharged, than in that same family, consisting of Martha and Mary with their brother Lazarus. May we not regard the incident in the light of a sacred symbol, pointing brothers and sisters to those spiritual visits which the Savior now vouchsafes to make them, when their attachments are strong, and their harmony unbroken?

CHAPTER VI.

THE FAMILY SABBATH.

"Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
On other days the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely—the ground
Both seat and board—screen'd from the winter's cold
And summer's heat, by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves."

GRAHAM.

MARRIAGE was the first fundamental institution which God ordained in Paradise—the union of two hearts and destinies as the basis of the family relation. The second was the glorious SABBATH of rest—one-seventh portion of time to be sacredly redeemed from worldly cares and pursuits, and devoted to the worship of God. The fact is pregnant with meaning. That God should ordain the SABBATH immediately after the institution of MARRIAGE, implies a connection between the two, which may suggest its importance to the weal of the family. SIX DAYS OF SPECIAL TOIL FOR THE HOUSEHOLD—THE SEVENTH A DAY OF REST AND DEVOTION! If He, who created all things, has wisely adapted each object and ordinance to the place it occupies, then we must hail the SABBATH as the harbinger of timely good to the family.

Some of the delightful appellations which human genius has applied to this day are as follows—" *Help meet for the Family*"—" *Torch of Time*"—" *Light of the week*"—" *The poor man's Friend*"—" *Heaven's Antidote*"—" *Pearl of Days.*" They are not the epithets of extra-

gant rhetoric. They are fit appellations. The SABBATH, as we shall see, is "an help meet" in all the cares and duties that pertain to domestic life. It is the "Light," kindled at the altar of truth, which irradiates the scenes of the week. It is time's "Torch," flashing high above a world that is wrapped in moral darkness. It is the poor man's "Friend," beckoning him home after the toil and "sweat" of six wearisome days, to drown his lassitude in the communion of loving hearts. Of all the days in the string of seven, it is the priceless "Pearl" — the fairest, purest, brightest, that hangs upon the neck of time. It comes not too often, nor delays too long. It demands not too much of our time, nor takes too little. For it, fifty-two times in a year, the morning lifts her golden gates, and it comes to the waiting family with "refreshment for the body, and improvement for the soul." Fifty-two glowing prefaces to as many chapters in a household's annual history! Fifty-two oases gladdening their hearts annually in their journey through this wilderness of sin! Fifty-two precious stones adorning the bosom of a year, all to be appropriated to the family's spiritual wealth!

A view of the Sabbath, as it is now regarded by many of mankind, shows that its peculiar blessings are not generally appropriated to family improvement. Saturday night does not return all the heads of earth's scattered households, who might quit their secular pursuits, nor even fold all the lambs which have wandered from the flock. True, the din of traffic is hushed in the streets, and the sound of axe is not heard in the woods, nor the hammer at the forge; but it is not wholly that a Sabbath blessing may be shared in the family circle. Human depravity takes advantage of the liberty of the day to riot wantonly in the abodes of vice. Pleasure marshals her teeming hosts for outrage upon holy ordinances and for scenes of wild excitement. Profligacy makes it a gala-day, to pander to debasing passions, and wallow in the

mire of a beastlier beastiality. Hosts of pining wives and mothers dread the coming of the sacred day, because husbands and sons rest from their labors only to lounge in idleness, or revel in bacchanalian sports. Stages thunder along the highways; steamboats, crowded with the gay "lovers of pleasure," plough the lakes and rivers; and trains of rattling cars rush across the land; all bearing the members of numerous families upon errands of business or amusement far away from the peaceful home where the Divine benediction might fall. And thus, wealthy corporations compel hundreds of fathers and sons to violate the Fourth Commandment, or sacrifice the means of a livelihood if they insist upon the observance of God's Sabbath in their families. Want, on the one hand, and heartless tyranny, on the other, suppresses the gushing tenderness of many noble hearts, longing to tarry one day in seven at home. Then, too, what slothfulness, what indolence, what bargains, what book-posting, what letter-writing, what ramblings, what plantings, what visitings, what "sunday sicknesses," to sacrifice the blessing to the household, and trample upon the command, "Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates." This is Jehovah's counsel for His SABBATH IN THE FAMILY.

This day ought to be greatly magnified in importance to all parents, since it has much to do with the felicity of their households. Even if there were no judgment-seat, nor fearful retribution to meet hereafter, it comes, laden with temporal blessings, to every member, from the oldest to the youngest. If the family in its little community of interests, were to pass away with the extinction of terrestrial objects, the Sabbath, in its socializing and elevating tendency, would

still be its "Pearl of Days." A few considerations will abundantly establish this truth.

The Sabbath tends to cultivate domestic affection. There may be those who can command all the time they wish to spend with their families. Freedom from the cares of business, and a competency of worldly goods exempt them from the necessity of going abroad upon errands of labor. But the mass of men are obliged to earn a support by the "sweat of the brow." Six days in a week, from the rising to the setting sun, they tire with toiling for the maintenance of dependant ones. Thousands are away from home, from Monday morning till Saturday night, prosecuting their purposes in an honorable vocation. Nothing but imperious necessity could separate them so long from the fellowship of their kindred. Amid their excessive labors the Sabbath rises before them as a beacon of light, cheering their hearts, and reviving their "flagging energies" by the rest which it promises under its sheltering canopy. The prospect nerves the drooping arm of labor, and reconciles the heart to what might otherwise become a terrible allotment.

Others return from their daily avocations — tradesmen, husbandmen, and artisans in every variety of mechanical pursuit — with the going down of the sun, but rather to repose their limbs than to nurture the tender plant of domestic love. Worn and weary their lips refuse to counsel, and the happy converse is omitted for the rest which will gird the loins with strength for the duties of another day. A few swift hours of repose, and the breaking morning bids them away again to their wonted pursuits.

Some may be privileged to receive their meals at their own tables, but only to hasten away to their farms, or shops, or merchandise, as soon as each repast is hurriedly partaken. They have no time for affectionate intercourse with the beloved group.

The circumstances, also, in which multitudes are almost

compelled to labor, are unfavorable to the cultivation of a tender and affectionate spirit. In company, often, with the profane, vicious and profligate, they necessarily toil in a common occupation. Their eyes become familiar with sights, and their ears are saluted with sounds, and their hearts are impressed with influences, which are withering to the tender sensibilities of nature. Bonds of friendship are likely to be formed with jovial yoke-fellows, uniting their hearts by strong ties and weakening the more sacred bonds of home and kindred. Thus, there is danger of quenching the flame of love, and of making the laborer a more negligent husband, father, or son. There is danger of weaning him from the fireside circle and of blasting the buds of hope to which his smile is sunshine, and his sweat the timely dew. There is danger of tipping his tongue with venom, and turning his heart to stone.

Thanks, then, for the Sabbath of rest, that may gather together the absent members of the family to renew their friendships, and cultivate their affections! Without its weekly visits, how brief the opportunities a multitude would have to contribute to domestic felicity! How exceedingly small and uncertain would be the intervals of time to be snatched from secular business for the gratification of the affections in domestic communion! It is ever at the altar of home that the virtuous cultivate the goodliest part of their being, and find the purest springs of earthly happiness. The interchange of kindness, the various offices of love, and the numerous little acts of devotion, which pertain to the intercourse of relatives, all are suited to refine the feelings, and ennoble the man. Thanks, we repeat, for the weekly Sabbath which God has made for the members of every family to enjoy, and improve in devotion to each other, as well as to himself! On this day alone, can thousands satisfy the longings of loving hearts! It keeps in tune the heart-strings to make music for the domestic circle!

The Sabbath presents a favorable opportunity to parents for the moral instruction of their children. What has been already said respecting the secular labors of many parents through the week is sufficient to show that they have little time to impart needful moral lessons to their offspring. Many return from their daily pursuits after the younger members of the household have retired, too weary to counsel or instruct the older children, who are not at rest. Without the intervention of this sacred day there would necessarily be a lack of warning and faithful counsel to prepare for the perils that beset life's devious way. Young hearts would become developed without a love of those christian principles which alone can survive the assaults of this wicked world.

No season is so favorable to make deep and lasting impressions upon the mind as this "holy time." The day is associated with acts of practical piety, and the worship of God. A different class of feelings pervade almost every heart, when the rising sun announces the Sabbath morning. The glories of the Creator are beheld in the beams of every opening day, but the religious associations of *this* cause it to be especially impressive. There is power in the *silence* that reigns over the village whose din of traffic was hushed with the shades of Saturday night. After excepting the numerous instances of disregard for this holy day in riding, sporting, and toiling, it yet presents a striking contrast with secular days in the stillness which reigns far and wide. This impresses the young mind. It adds force to christian counsel. It tends to open the heart for the reception of truth. The parent may avail himself of this *first day* of the week, and of these sacred associations, to guide his children into paths of peace. Example may teach on every day, but on *this* day, precept and principle may especially be imparted. Moral perils may be pointed out; temptations, numerous and powerful, may be specified; the deceitfulness and de-

pravity of the heart may be exposed ; and the mind may be imbued essentially with the spirit of the Gospel.

The Sabbath School, with its excellent facilities for religious education, invites the young to share its advantages. Here the heart may come in contact with the great truths of Revelation, and the young be led into the path of life. A powerful auxiliary to parental instruction may thus be secured in this valuable institution. We cannot estimate its blessings to the rising generation. We cannot tell how much it contributes to fit them for usefulness and for God. We know not how far it equips them for conflict with the false hearts and principles of the world. But we may justly believe that it acts an important part in fitting them for the duties of the family and state. It not only teaches the young in all that pertains to moral and religious character, but it unteaches many of the lessons which have been lodged in the heart by wicked counsellors. The teachers of iniquity are more numerous than the teachers of truth. And the agency of which we speak is powerful to oppose their contaminating and destructive influence.

When the missionary goes to spread the Gospel through the Western Valley he begins the stupendous work by gathering the children together upon the Sabbath to study the Scriptures. The invitation echoes through the extensive forests, and, for miles around, the children respond by issuing in goodly numbers from the scattered cabins. The truth is lodged in their heads, hearts and hands to be borne home, from week to week, to their godless parents. Around this little school, as a nucleus, is gathered at length a church of Christ, and every Sabbath morning the ringing bell calls a cluster of christian families to the place of prayer. Enterprise and thrift converts the wilderness into a beautiful village, with its church-spire pointing heavenward, and its happy households the worshippers of Israel's God. The solitary place is made glad, and "the desert blossoms as the rose." It

is an illustration of the value of the Sabbath for the moral improvement of children in the Sabbath School. It is of no less value in the family. The *numerical* quantity of time thus afforded for parental instruction is seldom appreciated. Sons and daughters, from the moment they are old enough to receive moral lessons, are usually under the watch of parents *sixteen* years. This period embraces *eight hundred and thirty-two* Sabbaths, or more than *two and one-fourth* years of holy time. So that, if parents have not a particle of time to devote to the religious culture of their offspring, except the Sabbath, they will be forever without excuse, if they do not make their hearts rich in lessons of truth lodged there. God might have divided human life so that two and a quarter years of *unbroken* time should be sacredly devoted to religious purposes, and the remainder to the world. But His present arrangement of one day in seven is far preferable for the moral education of the young. A long period of uninterrupted mingling in worldly scenes would be likely to establish the habits in sin. On the other hand, the intervention of the Sabbath with every seventh day tends to break up unholy alliances, by bringing the mind afresh to the consideration of the claims of God. This wise arrangement does not leave the spirit to worldly influences long enough to be bound with triple cords, before it is aroused again to think of *righteousness and a judgment to come*. Parents have reason to rejoice in such a provision for the welfare of their children.

The Sabbath renders the family relation more enduring. He, who continues to toil in his accustomed occupation with no day of respite, will shorten his life, and go down more speedily to the grave. The Sabbath was ordained for a two-fold object—"rest for the body, and improvement for the soul." The first object has reference to the wants of the physical nature. The Sabbath is a law unto this part of our being. It has its unavoidable penalty. The fire will

not more surely burn the hand which is thrust into it, than this law of the Sabbath, habitually violated by labor, will inflict suffering upon the physical nature. The Sabbath "is to the week, what night is to the day" — rest for the worn and weary limbs. The following facts and views show that the laborer, who follows his pursuit without a day of rest, will soonest be overtaken by death.

Dr. Backus, of Rochester, N. Y., and seven other physicians, say, "having, most of us, lived on the Erie Canal since its completion, we have uniformly witnessed the same deteriorating effects of seven days' working upon the physical constitution, both of man and beast, as have been so ably depicted by Dr. Farre."

In 1839, a Committee were appointed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania to make investigations concerning the employment of laborers on their canals upon the Sabbath. In their report, the Committee say of those who had petitioned against laboring on the Sabbath, "they assert, *as the result* of their experience, that both man and beast can do more work by resting one day in seven, than by working on the whole seven." They add, "Your Committee feel free to confess, that *their own experience* as business men, farmers, or legislators, corresponds with the assertion."

Dr. Sewall says, "While I consider it the more important design of the institution of the Sabbath, to assist in religious devotion, and advance mens' spiritual welfare, I have long held the opinion, that one of its chief benefits has reference to the *physical* and *intellectual* constitution; affording him, as it does, one day in seven, for the renovation of his exhausted energies of body and mind; a proportion of time small enough, according to the results of my observation, for the accomplishment of this object. * * *

I have no hesitation in declaring it as my opinion, that if the Sabbath were universally observed as a day of devotion, and of rest from secular occupations, *far more work of body*

and mind would be accomplished, and be better done ; more health would be enjoyed, with more of wealth and independence, and we should have far less of crime, and poverty, and suffering."

Dr. Farre, of London, writes, " I have been in the habit, during a great many years, of considering the *uses* of the Sabbath, and of observing its *abuses*. * * As a day of rest I view it as a day of *compensation* for the inadequate restorative power of the body under *continued* labor and excitement. * * I have found it essential to my own well-being, as a physician, to abridge my labor on the Sabbath, to what is actually necessary. I have frequently observed the premature death of medical men from *continued* exertion. In warm climates and in active service this is painfully apparent. I have advised the clergyman, also, in lieu of the Sabbath, to rest one day in the week ; it forms a continual prescription of mine. I have seen many destroyed by their duties on that day ; and to preserve others, I have frequently suspended them, for a season, from the discharge of those duties." *

Now apply this to the proposition under consideration, *that the observance of the Sabbath as a day of rest will render the family relation more enduring*. A poor but worthy man is straitened to support his numerous family. Each member of it is as dear to him as life itself. He would labor nights to keep them out of the almshouse, and supply, by his own efforts, their daily wants. Pressed by the calls of his hungry children, and the intensity of his love, he devotes the Sabbath to worldly business. Like all other days it becomes a day of labor to save his family from the "pauper's home" If he persists in this incessant work, he will hasten a greater evil upon himself—a final separation

* For other facts and views of eminent Physicians see the Sabbath Manual.

from his family by death — and they will be left to the only alternative of the pauper's doom. Earlier in life the family relation will be broken, and its members driven from their endeared home. On the other hand, the rest of the Sabbath would give him a longer period to dwell in the bosom of his family and reap the priceless blessings that always abound even in a poor, but united household. The language of that heroic woman, who said to her husband when tempted to labor on the Sabbath for the maintenance of his children, deserves to be engraved on marble: "*If a man cannot support his family by keeping the Sabbath, he certainly cannot support them by breaking it.*"

THE INFLUENCE OF THE SABBATH ON THE FORMATION OF YOUTHFUL CHARACTER. If it is not improved to cultivate the moral virtues, like all other misimproved blessings it becomes a curse. To slight, or trample upon any important privilege inflicts an injury upon the moral nature, which the character, sooner or later, will exhibit. He, who deliberately sets at naught a law of God, fosters a spirit which promises little else than open immorality. This is as true of the law of the Sabbath as of any other law. For God has not ordained one which is not necessary to a complete and harmonious development of character.

We have only to present in contrast a family in which the Sabbath is regarded, and one in which it is not revered, in order to learn its power in moulding youthful character. In the former, labor and pleasure are laid aside; religious-reading and teaching are practised; the Scriptures are studiously consulted; the sanctuary is visited; the children repair to the Sabbath school; and quiet, order, decorum, and moral loveliness distinguish the day. In the latter, labor is suspended for idleness and pleasure; novels and secular papers are consulted instead of the Bible; the house of worship is unvisited; company is entertained; rides and visits are enjoyed, and children ramble in the fields. In

which family we discover most that is attractive and promising, I need not say. In which there is most virtue and strength of moral character we readily conclude, and time speedily proves. A few years hence, when the sons quit the antique mansion and go forth to some calling of life, the strength of religious principle in one case, and the lack of it in the other, will show where the Tempter finds the easiest prey. The following facts deserve to be pondered.

Judge Hall remarks, that "Of all the persons who were convicted of capital crimes while he was upon the bench, he found a few only, who would not confess, on inquiry, that they began their course of wickedness by a neglect of the duties of the Sabbath, and vicious conduct on that day."

Of twelve hundred convicts committed to Auburn State Prison, antecedent to the year 1838, about four hundred and fifty were sailors and watermen who had been wont to labor on the Sabbath. Only *twenty-six* of the whole twelve hundred had conscientiously observed the Sabbath.

"Of one hundred men admitted to the Massachusetts State Prison in one year, *eighty-nine* had lived in habitual violation of the Sabbath and neglect of public worship."

The warden of a large prison says, "nine-tenths of our inmates are those who did not value the Sabbath, and were not in the habit of attending public worship."

Dr. Rudge, once the chaplain to Newgate, remarked in an evening lecture, that "his official situation often led him to hear the confessions of malefactors, under sentence of death; and that in almost every instance, they ascribed their ruin to the desertion of the house of God, and the violation of the day of rest." *

When we ponder such startling facts as the above, we can appreciate the remark of that distinguished merchant, who

* See Sabbath Manual.

said, "When I see one of my apprentices or clerks riding out on the Sabbath, on Monday I dismiss him. Such an one cannot be trusted."

The convictions of nearly every parent, in moments of calm reflection, lean to the side of the truth which we utter. The young man leaves the home of his affections, where he has been taught to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." He has never been accustomed to devote its sacred hours to work or pleasure. He has grown up to respect this consecrated time, and all his views and feelings sustain the faithful keeping of it. With these sentiments and principles he bids adieu to home and friends, and goes forth to the stirring conflict of life. With deceitful enchanters in his pathway, and wily tempters at his side, and the song of syrens falling on his ear, he is to stand or fall, live or die, by the strength of his own integrity. Where is the parent who would not feel that the son, who loves the Sabbath, is safer amid these moral dangers, than the son who does not regard it? Who does not feel that this alone is a sort of pledge for his success in battling with temptations? that this armors him with "shield and buckler" against the wildest foes which plot his ruin? Value, then, the SABBATH IN THE FAMILY.

The *Sabbath promotes household piety*. On the other days the occupations of many leave little opportunity for the cultivation of family religion. There are multitudes employed in mills and manufactories, of various descriptions, to whom is not allotted time enough for their regular meals, (if they have regard to physiological directions) and much more for religious duties. The wants of the soul must chiefly be cared for when the body tires with exhaustion at the close of the fatiguing day. For them, in the language of Sherman, "God has anointed this day with the oil of gladness above all its fellows. What the sun is among the planets—what the market day is to the tradesman—what

a fair wind is to the sailor — what the tide is to the waterman — that the Sabbath day is to the soul."

Facts show that where there is no Sabbath there is no religion. There the Bible has no friends and lovers, the sanctuary is unbuilt, and family altars are unknown. Superstition enchains the mind, gross darkness covers the people, and purity appears not in the streets. Sabbathless lands are the "habitations of cruelty" and the "cages of unclean birds." The same is true of Sabbathless families. Even christian households, deprived from this hour of this day of days, would greatly decline in religious fervor, and possibly their altars of prayer would become extinct. For there are thousands of professing christians who make the incessant labors of each day an excuse for neglecting the weekly meeting for prayer, and many of those private duties which promote personal piety. If no Sabbath interrupted them in their laborious pursuits, their religion would consist, at best, of profession and form. But this day, in its weekly visits, removes all excuses, and makes plain the duty of cultivating religion in the sanctuary and at home. Even sweet peace, which the angel of mercy bears to the faithful worshipper in the house of the Lord, is carried away to be made a cheerful contribution to household piety.

On the secular days of the week the family appears especially in its earthly relations; on the Sabbath its *immortal* interests demand attention. The father is no longer known as a farmer, merchant, or mechanic; the mother lays aside, in a measure, her queenly-robes of house-keeper; and the children are unknown as school-boys and girls. All appear, on this holy day, especially as *immortal beings*, exhorted to ponder their accountability to God, and prepare for meeting the solemn verities of eternity. Six days have been devoted to the pressing wants of the body, the seventh is the "Sabbath of the Lord," to be spent in attention to the soul. The physical and intellectual natures

have been carefully nurtured through the week, now the *spiritual*, whose infinite capacities reveal the sublime dignity of man as an heir of immortality, deserves to be made the subject of reflection and prayer. What a season for burnishing the christian armor ! What a day to run for the prize ! What moments for guiding children to Christ ! What an opportunity to make all the family one in the Lord on earth, that they may be one in the skies !

They, who would abolish the Sabbath, would bring unparalleled disaster upon families. The blotting out of this day would reduce them to the most alienated and godless condition. Domestic love would expire in countless instances, for the want of a day in which to fan its dying embers. Children would grow up untaught in religious truth, and the seeds of vice would take deep root in their hearts, and thrive in rank luxuriance. To the lower classes, compelled to toil industriously for a livelihood, home would be divested of those attractions which the Sabbath's weekly visits throw around it. The bonds of sympathy, which the domestic fellowship of every seventh day creates, would be ruptured. The blest affinities of nature would dissolve away, and dismembered and scattered households be multiplied on every hand. And what is worse, domestic piety, amid the spreading desolation, would find no place for the sole of its foot ; and because religion would lose its altar in the family, it would have no enshrinement in the church, and no trophies in the world.

The enemies of christianity, in all ages, have well understood that the Sabbath is its strong fortress, and they have accordingly sought to destroy this. The battering-rams of infidelity have pelted away at its gates, while skepticism has waited impatient to spit its venom upon the soldiers of the cross, who lay under its walls. If they could abolish this sacred institution, and close the temples of God, and for the chiming of bells supply the music of fife and drum,

and the "tramp of traffic," their object would be easily accomplished.

Were the Sabbath merely a *human* institution, bearing not the seal of heaven, nor pointing to the gates of glory, even then we could not afford to abolish it. The family would still demand it as the harbinger of its brightest hopes, and the arbiter of its destiny. It would require it to cement a union of hearts, and perpetuate the harmonies of a blissful relation.

PARENTAL EXAMPLE upon this subject needs to be guarded. The heads of families will not see the other members more regardful of the Sabbath than themselves. If they indulge in light and trifling conversation, if they peruse the secular news-sheet or the novel, if they neglect the place of worship, if they ramble in the fields, or do, or say any thing inconsistent with the sacredness of the day, their sons and daughters will easily excuse themselves in doing the same. If parents desire their children to be blest by the recurrence of this day, they must accommodate their words, counsels, acts, yea, their entire example, to the spirit of the commandment, "**REMEMBER THE SABBATH DAY TO KEEP IT HOLY.**"

We close this subject with the following beautiful description of a really sanctified Sabbath throughout the world, by John Allan Quinton. If all families, in their distinct relations, duly observed the day, the glorious scene which he portrays would be witnessed.

"The flocks are wandering and gamboling in the dells; the cattle are grazing on the hill-sides; and the beasts of burden, freed from their yoke, are feeding on the open plains. The plough stands where it halted in its course across the furrows; but the husbandman has gone home to cultivate his soul. The sound of the axe has ceased from the forest, and the prostrate trees lie as they fell; but the woodman has gone away to ponder on the sudden death-stroke that may lay him low, or is on his way to the place

where the keen axe of truth will be levelled at the roots of his stubborn sins. The mills are at rest on every hill-top, but their inmates have retired to their habitations to garner up the corn of heaven." * * *

"Turn next towards the great city, rearing its roofs, chimneys, steeples, monuments, and huge masses of masonry in an atmosphere less murky and impure, than that which broods over it on the other days of the week. The swarms of industry are now hived. The mingled hum of busy multitudes, the heavy tramp of traffic, the rush of enterprise, the clamor of human passions, the noise of innumerable tools and implements of handicraft, the fierce panting of engines, the ringing of anvils, and the furious racings of machinery; the shouts of crowds, the brawls of drunkenness, and the plaints of mendicant misery, are all sunk into silence, and disturb not with a ripple the still Sabbath air.

* * * The tall ships at anchor in the harbor have furled their sails, closed down their hatches, and hid from all eyes the merchandise treasured in their holds, whilst the Bethel-flag waves amid a forest of masts, and they that go down to the sea, and do business on great waters, are below studying the chart of revelation, tracing the danger of their life's voyage, and anticipating the glad hour when, redeemed from every peril, and borne on the bosom of a favoring tide, they shall safely moor their bark in the haven of eternal life.

* * * The merchant has quitted the desk of his dusky counting-house, and is now in secret places, turning over the blotted leaves of his own heart."

"The gates of the temple of Mammon are shut, and the gods of gold and silver are forsaken by their week-day devotees. The chiming bells, sounding alike across country and town, are calling upon all men to cut the cords of their earth-bound thoughts, and low cares, and go up to worship at the footstool of Jehovah; and the tapering spires, like holy fingers, are pointing significantly toward the sky."

"And now the minister is descending from his study, his countenance impressed with a solemn sense of his responsibility; the saint is coming forth refreshed from his closet; the pardoned penitent is rising from his knees; the evangelist is on his way to his mission work; the Sabbath school teacher is pleading with his class, and the christian matron is leading forth her children to the mountain of the Lord's house."

"At length a new traffic fills the streets; a growing bustle stirs the air; a new scene expands before the eye, religious assemblies are gathering the major part of the population. They come from the spacious squares and the crowded lanes; they are seen issuing alike from the lordly palace and the plebeian hut." * * *

"Organs are pealing through the lofty roofs of cathedrals, and along the aisles of churches; anthems are swelling from scores of unseen chapels; the glad outbursts of thanksgiving and the hallelujahs of the happy are mingling in the air, and filling the clear vault of heaven with rich harmony. Then the holy breath of prayer goes up like fragrant incense, ascending to the sky; after which the manna of the word is scattered round the camp, and the doctrines of grace are distilled like reviving dew upon the parched hearts of men. Prayer and praise again succeed, and then—convinced by some eloquent Apollos, or conscience-stricken by some vehement Paul, or comforted by some consoling Barnabas, or melted by some fervent John—the assemblies break up and return, fervently ejaculating their gratitude for the priceless privileges of Sabbath rest."

CHAPTER VII.

THE FAMILY BIBLE.

"Star of eternity ! only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely !"

POLLOCK.

"The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace
The big *ha' Bible*, ance his father's pride."

BURNS.

THE SABBATH and the BIBLE, like the Siamese Twins, can live only in union. They are mutually dependent. The Sabbath is the "right arm" of the Bible ; and the Bible is the "right arm" of the Sabbath. Destroy one, and you destroy both. They *live* in each other, or they *die* in each other. The glory of the one is the glory of the other. The blessings of one are proportioned to the blessings of the other. And the neglect of one is usually succeeded by neglect of the other.

A family with a Sabbath is not thoroughly furnished without a Bible, and *vice versa*. If it has the former, it needs the latter to hallow and sanctify it. If it has the latter, it needs the former to cherish and prove it a blessing. A family without a Bible is a family without a Sabbath ; and a family without a Sabbath, although they may possess a copy of the Scriptures, is, in regard to all practical results, a family without a Bible. The gallant vessel fully rigged for the seas, and spreading its canvass to fair weather

and a favoring tide, will nevertheless go to pieces on the rocks or quicksands, unless provided with a chart and compass. So, without a Bible, the family will make shipwreck of its purity and brightest hopes, before it reaches the high destiny for which the interesting relation was created.

The Bible in the Family, then, is indispensable to its prosperity, and the blessing of God upon its members. Whenever it is properly appreciated, and placed side by side with the Sabbath in the household, there the loveliest virtues fructify as luciously as the plants once watered by the "dews of Hermon." As long as the ark of the Lord was deposited in the house of Obed-edom, the blessing of God rested upon it so as to impress the minds of all beholders. David, piously elated by a view of the benediction which fell upon that household, carried up the same glorious ark to his own loved city, that God might regard it with favor and make it a city to his greater praise. So every head of a family, beholding the moral beauty that unfolds at household altars beneath the light of the Gospel, may wisely bear away this Bible-treasure to his own home, sure that God will bestow His benison where the ark of His truth abides.

The family in its complete domestic constitution has its origin in the Bible. This volume presents it in its primeval state, and surrounds it with all those guards and monitions which are necessary to promote its purity, and perpetuate its existence. It walls around this sacred institution with the most positive commandments, and threatens the extinction of natural affection with direful penalties. It would have mankind value their homes above all other earthly possessions, second only to a better home in the skies;—the delightful sanctuaries where nothing that defiles shall enter—the beautiful grounds of social fellowship where the buds and blossoms of affection and hope promise fruit for church and state. To this end, the Scriptures exalt woman to a proper dignity and honor in the domestic circle. They

allot to the wife and mother a sphere of effort which no one else can occupy. They impose a weight of responsibility which at once supposes a high honor and importance to the place she fills.

How different where the Bible is unknown! Really, a land without the Bible would be a land destitute of homes. There would be none of those little gatherings of trusting hearts, scattered along the hill sides and dotting the valleys which are the life and hope of a nation. All the horrid sights and scenes of Socialism and Polygamy would start up unblushingly at noonday. Lust would revel in unrestricted liberty, and modest virtue would expire in the streets.

We speak thus positively of these dreadful issues, because such has ever been the exhibition where the Bible is unknown. Even learned and polished France, rejecting the Word of Life, rolled a tide of infamy over the domestic institution. Her language, it is said, is destitute of the word home, and rightly enough, since she has had few habitations that deserve the name. Wherever the Scriptures have not been circulated, woman has been degraded, and families, of course, wretched. She has been the subject of brutal wrongs, and has pined away in the most abject and cruel bondage. And now, in the nineteenth century, she is "hated and despised from her birth, and her birth itself esteemed a calamity—in some countries not even allowed the rank of a moral and responsible agent—so tenderly alive to her own degradation, that she acquiesces in the murder of her female offspring—immured from infancy—without education—married without her consent—in a multitude of instances, sold by her parents—refused the confidence of her husband, and banished from his table—on her husband's death, doomed to the funeral pile, or to contempt that renders life a burden;—such is her degraded and pitiable

condition, in almost all except christian lands."* It is a fact worthy of notice, that, there is not a school for the education of females among the millions of Mohammedans and Pagans scattered over the earth, except those established by the benevolence of christian people. And what is more, where the Bible is not, there is no bright Elysium, no hope of immortality for woman. We are told that "the Vedas, and the Shasters, and the Koran, are all for *man*. Their temples and mosques are for man. The hour of prayer is for man. The sacred days, and the festivals are for man. Heaven itself, their Elysium, their Paradise, is for man. No place is found there for woman. The houri of the Moslem is not the spirit of a departed female of the human race, but a distinct order, created for the sensual gratification of the faithful in the world of bliss. The woman has no need of prayer, of devotion, of religion. She knows not that she has a soul."

When men break loose from the wholesome restraints of the Bible, they run with Robert Dale Owen into disgusting socialism, which snaps asunder the marriage-bond whenever the parties desire, and herds the sexes together in large "communities," instead of uniting them in peaceful, pure, and affectionate families; or, if they do not go, heart and hand, with that *disorganizing* Reformer, they, nevertheless, attach little sacredness to the conjugal and parental relations. In just so far as they repudiate christianity, they come to regard a trifling cause sufficient to sever the matrimonial tie, and advocate divorce in civil courts, to a degree that sends rivers of pollution dashing and roaring over the land. We care not whither men turn to test the declaration, those men who reject the Word of God are the *first* to undervalue the marriage-bond, and the last to stem the pestilential tide which flows from unbridled indulgence. They

* Dr. Spring.

are least fit to be husbands and fathers—likely to wax worse and worse, until they become monsters in sin, to delight in vice, and glory in their shame. Blot out the Bible in our land to-day, and all the influences which it has circulated, and you open ten thousand sluices of corruption at as many fireside altars, to roll in streams of moral death from ocean to ocean. The family is then surrounded with no stronger bulwarks than are those of Mohammedan and Pagan countries.

It is evident, then, that whatever is pure, and peaceful, and lovely in the domestic constitution, is derived from the Bible. This contains the family charter of rights—the code of laws and regulations which are to work out its purity and perpetuate happiness. “Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church. Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. What God hath joined together let not man put asunder. Children, obey your parents in the Lord. And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” In such language do the sacred Scriptures address the members of households. Carry these divine statutes to the most benighted family of heathendom, and let the spirit of God write them upon the hearts of its members, and the domestic virtues begin to live and shine as in christian lands. Woman is elevated to her true dignity as the help-meet and companion of her husband. Affection solders the broken bands of wedlock, so that the conjugal relation is fruitful of mutual bliss. The hearts of parents are turned to their children, and the hearts of children to their parents, so that the parental and filial relations incite to a mutual and honorable fidelity. And all that pertains to the christianized household is renovated, and made delightful with the charms and loveliness of christian morality.

We may safely record it as a fixed fact, that wherever a

family is harmonious and thoroughly disciplined, the pleasing result has been secured under the transforming influence of the Bible ; and wherever rupture and strife have nipped affection in the bud, and severed ties that ought to have been co-existent with life, it has been in consequence of departing from the counsels of the same Book of Books.

The traveller on the burning sands of Sahara can tell where, in the distance, a perennial spring gushes from the earth, by the lofty palm-trees which wave their green tops above the surrounding barrenness. So may the christian observer descry where, in this fallen world, the Bible opens its fountain of living waters, by the moral thrift and purity that singularly contrasts with the decay and desolation around. In the family its influence is not less apparent.

A thought already advanced needs to be expanded. It is this : where there is no Bible, there is LITTLE OR NO DOMESTIC AFFECTION. Parents do not seem to be so strongly wed to their children, or children to their parents, as in christian lands. Some of the most cruel and heart-rending scenes, in the annals of the past, were enacted in households far away from the institutions of the Gospel. It would scarcely be possible to conceive of deeds on the part of the members of a family more devoid of affection than some of those recorded of households where the Bible is not.

Convey yourself in imagination over the sea to the green banks of the Ganges. The spicy groves, the delicious fruits, the balmy air, the charming scenery, all indicate that God created such a country and climate for the successful development of all which is lovely in the human soul. The river rolls before you in its might and grandeur, but teems with leaping and plunging crocodiles. The heathen mother whom you see with an infant in her arms is there to offer it in sacrifice to one of these hungry animals. With tearless eye and unfeeling heart she flings it into the open jaws of one of these hideous monsters, and claps her hands as its little body is gnashed upon by this terrible leviathan.

Leaving this scene of maternal cruelty, turn toward the crowd that is gathered in yonder vale. As you approach, you discover an aged matron lying prostrate upon the body of her deceased husband on the funeral pile. Beside her stands the eldest daughter, whose heart ought to glow with filial love too strong to admit of cruelty, to kindle with a blazing torch the fires, that are to wrap her living mother in their flames. With cool deliberation she applies the torch, and lifts her voice with the multitude in wild vociferations over the dreadful spectacle.

Run back in thought a single generation, and witness a scene in the Sandwich Islands, before the light of the Gospel dissipated the moral darkness. See that group of sons and daughters, who ought to rally around the infirm and aged parent, draggi forth from their habitation the decrepid father, and leaving him in solitude to perish, and become the food of birds and beasts of prey. Measure the bleaching bones of parents, scattered over the Hawaiian hills and plains, who were murdered by their unloving children in order to be rid of the burden of their support.

And with such a view you have a proof of the proposition, that *where there is no Bible, there is no natural affection*. The fountain of love is scaled up, and the family becomes the theatre for enacting the most tragical scenes. A man's worst foes are those of his own house; and the greatest calamity of his life may prove to be his connection with a numerous family.

But to prove that the fountain of affection is dried up in the household unblest with the Bible, we need not resort to lands of ignorance. We may refer to polished Rome, in her palmiest days. Says Dr. Spring, "such was the facility of obtaining divorces among the Romans, that the nuptial tie offered not the slightest resistance to motives of ambition, avarice, or irregulated passion. * * * Octavia, the daughter of the emperor Claudius, married Nero, and was

repudiated by him for the sake of Poppoea. Poppoea herself was first married to Rufus Crispinus; then to Otho; and at length to Nero, by whom she was killed by a violent blow, at a period when the trials of her sex should have been her protection. For his third wife, Nero married Thessalina, and to possess her person, murdered her husband. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was married first to Marcellus, then to Agrippa, and then to Tiberius. Livia Oristella was on the eve of a marriage with Caius Piso, when Caligula, enamored of her beauty, carried her off by force, and in a few days after repudiated her. * * * The extent to which the license was carried may also be learned from the poet Martial, who tells us that "when the Julian law against adultery was revived, as a preventive to the occupation of the age, within THIRTY DAYS Thessalina married her tenth husband, thus legally evading those restraints which the laws had imposed upon her."

The Bible is indispensable in the family *as a text book for children*. It is a cyclopedia of facts, and a picture-gallery of characters. The worldling thinks it unattractive, but he would scarcely dream that he had seen it, were its thrilling scenes painted upon canvass. An excellent writer says, "God knew that few would ever ask, what must I do to be saved?" till they came in contact with the Bible itself; and, therefore, he made the Bible not only an instructive book, but an attractive one — not only true, but enticing. He filled it with marvellous incident and engaging history — with sunny pictures from the old-world scenery, and affecting anecdotes from the patriarch times. He replenished it with stately argument and thrilling verse, and sprinkled it over with sententious wisdom and proverbial pungency. He made it a book of lofty thoughts and noble images — a book of heavenly doctrine, but withal of earthly adaptation. In preparing a guide to immortality, Infinite Wisdom gave not a dictionary nor a grammar, but a Bible — a book which, in

trying to catch the heart of man, should captivate his taste; and which, in transforming his affections, should also expand his intellect. The pearl is of great price; but even the casket is of exquisite beauty. The sword is of ethereal temper, and nothing cuts so keen as its double edge; but there are jewels on the hilt, and fine tracery on the scabbard. The shekels are of purest ore; but even the script that contains them, is of a texture more curious than that the artists of earth could fashion it. The apples are gold; but even the basket is silver."

To the gay and thoughtless this may seem like extravagant language. To them there may appear nothing of beauty and grace about the Bible, that they should be captivated by its charms. They skim over its pages as the fitting swallow skims the crystal surface of the lake. They afford themselves no more opportunity to survey the divine scenery than the traveller in a rushing railroad car enjoys to survey the natural. The gems of the Bible are "hid treasure," discovered and possessed only by *mining*. Once uncovered, and the mind may be admitted to spacious chambers filled with the diamonds and precious stones of truth.

There is a fabulous account of a land of gold, whither a hopeful adventurer, with hundreds from every clime, journeyed for the gathering of princely fortunes. In his eager searchings he discovered a subterranean cavern whose winding labyrinths had never been explored. Attracted by a few diamonds sparkling at its opening, the delighted adventurer entered, and rejoicingly stooped to gather the few scattered gems that shone at his feet; — when lo! his eyes were dazzled by the burning brightness that proceeded from an opening recess. He hastened on, and soon found himself in a chamber of pearls and all manner of precious stones, sending up their brightness from his feet, and pouring down the light of a thousand suns from above his head. On, on he hurried to learn the vastness of this resplendent

Chamber, but he found no end. The farther he explored, the more he saw to fill him with surprise—the richer diamonds shed upon him their more than pyrotechnic splendor.

So does the Bible reveal an exhaustless mine of mental and moral lore. The farther and longer we explore, the more we behold to excite our admiration. And could we live a thousand lives, in grand succession, we could never know the limits of its heavenly treasure.

But we must *search, dig, study*. The farmer “subsoils” his land and makes it rich to yield a double crop, by turning up the earth to the depth of fifteen inches below the surface. And the pearl-diver descends many feet through the watery element to gather his riches from the ocean’s bed. There is a kind of *sub-soiling* and *diving* necessary to discover the riches of the Bible.

That the Scriptures contain numerous incidents, lessons, and scenes, which may be made to appear captivating to children, is evident from the fact, that they become exceedingly fascinating when transferred to canvass by the brush of the skilful artist. THE DELUGE, by Trumbull—MOSES ON THE NILE, by Rembrandt—MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK, by Poussin—BELSHAZZAR’S FEAST, by Martin—MOSES RECEIVING THE LAW—PAUL’S SHIPWRECK—CHRIST REJECTED, and DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE, by West—THE LAST SUPPER, by Davinci—CHRIST IN THE GARDEN, by Guido—THE FALL OF THE DAMNED, and the RESURRECTION OF THE JUST, by Rubens—THE TRANSFIGURATION and the MADONNA, by Raphael—these are among the most distinguished pieces of the above-named artists. The beholder stands rapt in admiration as his eye rests upon these wonderful productions.

What examples of HISTORY are more bewitching and instructive than those of the illustrious patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob! What can be more natural and affecting?

than the history of Joseph, and the story of the Cross. What more simple and graphic than the narratives of Ruth and Esther, of Moses, David, and Paul! There is no need of beguiling the evening hours of children with the rehearsal of fictitious, meaningless stories, when the Bible furnishes truthful tales, romantic with incident, and pointed with a touching moral. It may demand of the parent more familiarity with the Scriptures to be able to describe graphically one of its scenes, but the effort to become thus acquainted with its facts and truths is amply remunerated by inciting the intellect and refreshing the soul. Let us here record one of these Scripture narratives as an illustration.

The Nile is a large river in the land of Egypt. Many years ago, a cruel king, by the name of Pharaoh, commanded all the Hebrew mothers to throw their little, infant boys into this river. The king did this, because he thought the Hebrews were his enemies, and if their boys were allowed to live, and grow to be men, they would be so numerous that they would be able to conquer his nation. But if he killed the boys, by and by there would be no men to fight against him. Now, the Nile was a river in which crocodiles and other dangerous animals lived in great abundance. So that every little child, thrown into it, would be immediately seized by one of these huge monsters. It was truly a very cruel act of the king, to compel loving mothers to cast their little babes into this stream to be eaten by the crocodiles! How their hearts must have bled as they kissed them for the last time, and gave them up to die in this horrible manner! How sad and desolate it left their homes!

There lived close by the banks of this river a family, who might have been poor, but as good as any other in Pharaoh's wide dominions. Soon after the king published his cruel decree, a son was born to these Hebrew parents. They looked upon the lovely creature, and then thought of the king's command to destroy the male children. Their hearts

were wrung with anguish. It was the saddest hour of their lives. How could they endure to see the innocent babe tossed into the Nile! How could they part with a treasure so dear and promising! The mother could not indulge the thought. So she took the babe and hid it in some secret corner of her house. For three months she succeeded in eluding the king's officers, who were on the alert to see if his decree was obeyed. Often its pitiful cries threatened to draw some vigilant officer to its hiding place; but the ever anxious mother would hush its voice by pressing it to her bosom, and loading it with carresses. But alas! the secret was at length divulged! Some one had heard the cries of the hidden child! It was noised abroad, as the parents verily believed, that a son was concealed in their habitation. What should now be done? If once discovered, it might be dashed in pieces before their eyes, and they, themselves, condemned to die for disobeying the unfeeling king. In her woful perplexity, the mother resolved what to do. She constructed an ark or basket in which the child might be preserved from the fury of crocodiles, and, if caught by the tide, should float upon the water, perhaps, till God should provide a way for its deliverance. Hastily she laid the babe in the basket, and taking her only daughter with her—a girl about twelve years of age—hurried away to the brink of the sweeping river. The banks were lined with flags. In these she carefully deposited the basket in which the infant lay, and, giving her little daughter suitable instructions, left her at a short distance to watch it, while she returned to her home. She evidently thought some Egyptian might discover the child, and take pity upon it. How full of sadness were those moments to that mother! How anxiously she must have waited in her dwelling, now looking out at the door, and then at the window, toward the spot where she laid the young child! But soon, as God would have it, a daughter of the wicked king went down to the river with

her maidens. As she approached the flags, she spied the singular basket, which she ordered to be brought to her. What was her surprise on opening it to find therein a little infant! The child looked up imploringly and "wept," as if to move the heart of the princely woman to pity. Its mournful cry the youthful princess could not resist. She felt that God sent her there to befriend the child, and she resolved to adopt, and call it her own. All this time, the little girl, whom the mother left to watch, was looking on, unobserved, at a short distance. With a modesty and tact which few girls of her age possess, she stepped forward and recommended a Hebrew woman to nurse the child. It was her own mother, and the mother of the infant too. But this the daughter of Pharaoh knew not. The suggestion was adopted; and, in a short time, the child was in the arms of its mother, no longer to be concealed, for it was now the adopted son of the princess, and its mother was known only as its nurse. Happy, thrice happy mother! The child was saved, and her habitation made glad with its presence! How remarkable the providence! How wonderful the goodness of God! Time rolled on, and the boy became a man, educated by the kindness of the princess in all the "learning of the Egyptians," and as good as he was great. He became the most renowned legislator and statesman of that primitive age.

Such a narrative is captivating as a tale of fiction, while it is truthful as the Word of God. It pleases and charms, while it teaches such weighty and important truths as the following; — *The mysterious ways of Providence* — *Good out of evil* — *The wicked snared in the work of their own hands* — *The humble raised to power* — *God's blessing upon the faithful*.

The Scriptures are abundant in similar scenes. They abound, also, in *characters*. If the parent would impress the child with the rewards of INTEGRITY and the importance

of FRATERNAL AFFECTION, there is the narrative of Joseph. If FILIAL REGARD is the desired lesson, there is the history of Ruth, on the one hand, with its delightful issues, and that of Absalom, on the other, with its direful calamities. If the object be to awaken in the child's heart an admiration for *human excellence*, there is the character of the youthful Samuel. Or, if it be to create a repugnance to immorality, and all that is debasing and unlovely in human conduct, there is the life of the unprincipled and abandoned Amnon. The Bible contains historical lessons, not only for every family, but for every *child* in a family; and not only for every child, but for the cultivation of *every desired virtue* in every child.

The writer once passed an evening in the family of a professed infidel. He was a reasonable, intelligent man, so far as it is possible for an infidel to be. He revered the Bible as a book of wisdom and pure morality. He advocated its reading in the District schools, and sent his children to the Sabbath school to study it. Yet he believed it to be uninspired—a work of consummate human genius. I gradually approached the subject which would most naturally claim attention in an interview with such a man—the divine authenticity of the Scriptures. His numerous family of children were sitting around the room in listening attitude, when he whispered in my ear, “I do not wish my children to hear me express my views: I do not wish they should believe as I do.” He afterwards frankly confessed that he desired the moulding influence of the Bible to be felt in his family—that if his children would love and reverence it, he should feel confident of their moral safety. I was delighted with this acknowledgement of the *Bible's power in the family*, coming, as it did, from a professed infidel. He spoke the sincere convictions of his mind. He had interest, deep and true, swelling up from the depths of his soul, in that group of immortal minds, and earth had not a book hallowed enough, in his view, to direct their unfolding powers, except

the Bible. If this could develop the characters of his children, he could send them forth with a glad heart, to battle with the emissaries of sin.

And such must be the feelings of every reflecting parent. Let the Bible be a work of human genius, no transcript of the will of God, and even then, the child who will fold it to his bosom, and bind its precepts to his heart, will rejoice his parents in the security with which he stands up against the rushing tide of worldliness. Its pure precepts and principles are better, in the prosecution of life's great errand, than splendid endowments, or the munitions of war.

Men feel a sort of safety where the Bible is found. A good story, which happily illustrates this point, is told of a christian gentleman and infidel, travelling in a sparsely populated district of the West. Their fears were somewhat excited by flying rumors that the region was infested with robbers, and that the general character of the people was suspicious. One day, night overtook them in a desolate place, and they were compelled to seek lodging in a dirty and dreary cabin. The strange appearance of their host excited their distrust, and they imagined that he was designing foul play. They resolved that one only should sleep at a time, and the other should watch. But while suspicion was on tiptoe, the lord of the cabin quietly took down a Bible from the shelf, remarking, "*it is my custom to observe family worship before retiring.*" I need not say that both of the travellers dismissed their fears and slept quietly through the night.

In the morning, the christian gentleman inquired of his infidel companion, if the sight of the Bible, on the previous evening, did not completely dissipate his fears. He frankly confessed that it did. Here was testimony extorted from a foe to the Scriptures, which shows their value in the family. A "king's arm," or a huge "blunderbuss" at his bedside would not have afforded him so congenial protection as did

the sight of that Bible. It matters not whether his feelings and professions accorded at the time or not, the fact remains the same. A similar feeling is very general. The mother has fewest anxieties about the son or daughter who makes the Bible a daily companion. The traveller infers that the inn, whose rooms are furnished with Bibles instead of dice, is a respectable house. The merchant, who sees the Bible roll out of his clerk's trunk, as he unpacks it, is well-nigh disposed to give him his confidence at once. The boy who seeks a home in city or country, has no better recommendation than his mother's "gift-bible" in his pocket. So a household, with a loved and revered Bible, has usually a good reputation.

The Bible proves the richest treasure in the family in seasons of trial. Men in all ages and nations have resorted to their religion for solace in adversity. Here, alone, they have sought to find relief for the oppressed and sinking spirit. But I need not dilate upon this topic, since it is discussed in a subsequent chapter.* I will simply present in contrast some of the death-scenes which have been witnessed in families with, and without the Bible.

Baxter exclaimed when he was about to step down into the dark valley, "I am almost well." Owen raised his hand, and said to a friend, "O, brother! the long-looked-for day is come at last, in which I shall see the glory of Christ in another manner than I have ever yet done." Martin, dying far away from his native land, in distant Persia, wrote in view of death, "I sat alone and thought with sweet comfort and peace of God, in solitude my company, my friend, and comforter." Evarts shouted "Glory! Jesus reigns;" and closed his eyes in death. And payson exclaimed in his conflict with the "last enemy," "the battle is fought! the battle is fought! and the victory is won forever."

On the other hand, Voltaire, who called Jesus Christ "the wretch," and poured contempt upon his Gospel, exclaimed, in the agonies of death, "I am abandoned of God and man. I shall go to hell." Mirabeau died, calling out, "give me more laudanum that I may not think of eternity, and what is to come." "O, eternity, eternity," cried the dying Newport, "who can paraphrase on the words forever and ever?" The expiring Altamont exclaimed, "Remorse for the past throws my thoughts on the future. Worse dread of the future strikes them back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Death is knocking at my door; in a few hours more I shall draw my last gasp; and then the judgment, the tremendous judgment!"

Precious, thrice precious is the Bible for the death-scene in the family!

The christian prays and toils for the salvation of this ruined world. The mighty work will be accomplished by making the accession of families, one by one, to the elect of God. The church does not number her trophies by nations, but rather by individuals and households. How, then, shall we hasten more surely, the redemption of mankind, than by giving the Word of God to every family? We may marshal troops, mightier than the forces of Xerxes or Alexander, to subjugate beligerent nations; we may spread the refinements of learning and the arts more polished than ever gifted the Grecian or Roman states; we may foster a patriotism more self-denying and sleepless than that of fabled story; but the Millennial morning will not break upon the scattered darkness of earth, and the consummation of christian hope be realized, until it can be said by a faithful and exultant church, *the Bible is in every Family.*

"Star of Eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the shores of bliss

Securely ! only star which rose on time,
And on its dark and troubled billows, still
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The eternal hills, pointed the sinner's eye."*

* Pollok.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

"Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of Mercy;
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence."

TUPPER.

"Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays,
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
And thus they all shall meet in future days."

BURNS.

WE have estimated the value of the SABBATH and the BIBLE to the family. The ALTAR OF PRAYER is the last, though not the least, in this trinity of household blessings. They have *separately* a positive and hallowing influence, but in union they have the power of a mighty "unity of three." As "the stem, the leaf, and the flower" produce the thriving plant; as "substance, coherence, and weight" give figure to the countless objects of earth; as "the beginning, middle, and end," fashion the immortal epic; as "the will, the doing, and deed combine to frame a fact;" so the Sabbath, the Bible, and the Altar are the three appointed unitics, which can fashion a model family only in their co-influence as "three in one." As the leaf and the flower are not the plant, without the *stem*; as coherence and weight are not the fabric, without *substance*; as the doing and the deed are not the fact, without the *will*; so the Sabbath and the Bible are not the blessing which God designed to the family, without the *Altar of Prayer*.

The duty of family prayer is not derived from direct Divine commandment. The Scriptures teach it rather inferentially. Reason enforces it. Conscience smiles approval. And, es-

pecially, the example of the faithful, in all ages since the advent of Christ, commends it to our regard. Far back in "the track of time" to the period when God's people were in "perils oft" for "the faith once delivered to the saints," we learn that the ALTAR was erected in the household. Morning and evening the dependant and grateful members gathered around it in acts of pure devotion. It was their "refuge in time of trouble" — their "fortress" and "strength," "the horn of their salvation," and their "high tower." The blessings, too, that have crowned the efforts of parents, who have faithfully observed this rite in the family, amounts to an affirmation that God regards it with delight. As it is the duty of the heads of households to avail themselves of all the possible agencies of moral power in moulding human characters, so it becomes their duty to "*rear an altar to the Lord*," if its influence is as sanctifying, through Divine grace, as facts and the nature of the rite clearly evince.

There is power in prayer. The Duke of Bedford was wont to say, "I consider the prayers of God's ministers and people as the best walls around my house." There is security in prayer, for it has power with God. It brings the "wall of fire" and the "pillar of a cloud" for defence. It pioneers in the moral conquest of the world, and multiplies Pentecosts. On the first Monday of January 1833, an extraordinary religious interest was manifest at the missionary stations in different parts of the world. Hundreds resorted to the Missionaries to inquire, *what they must do to be saved*. It was the beginning of a great religious awakening. On that day the churches of Christendom were assembled to pray for the nations that sit in darkness. The meetings for prayer were reported to be unusually solemn and interesting. Saints called upon God with unwonted fervor and faith. Some were said to "wrestle" with Him. Is not here a connection between prayer and the religious awakening in

heathen lands? May we not properly regard it, *cause and effect*? There is power, then, in prayer—power with God, and through Him, power with man.

“Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;”

It may possess the same power in the FAMILY as in the church or closet. “The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,” be he praying as a father or an elder, at home, or in the vestry. It will bless the suppliant parent as really as the suppliant church-member. It can bless the children as easily as sinners in the street. There is abundant reason, then, to decide with Joshua, “*as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.*”

The first effect of family prayer is, IT WINS THE CONFIDENCE OF MEN. The openly wicked, who sneer at the humble followers of Christ, may make themselves merry over this family rite, yet, after all, they have peculiar confidence in the man who sincerely assembles his family, morning and evening, for devotion. The godless wayfarer, tarrying for the night with a stranger in some dreary wild, thinks well of him if he bows with his household at the altar of prayer, before retiring for the night. His confidence may be misplaced, since hypocrisy assumes various disguises. But the ceremony is effectual to cause him to feel that he is enjoying the hospitalities of a worthy family.

The briefest visit to a family usually leaves some definite impression upon the mind. General appearances cause us to infer that one family is distinguished for this, another for that good or evil quality. As we meet the *individual*, a stranger, his countenance, demeanor, speech, one or all, force the mind upon a train of *inferences*. We have our opinions concerning him without trial or jury. Right or wrong, the mind *will* infer. So it is with the family. And

doubtless, every ninety-nine persons in a hundred, tarrying for a night with a stranger-household, will be very favorably impressed by the morning and evening devotions. They will set a higher price upon the moral reputation of the household.

More is generally expected of a family in which an altar of prayer is reared. Men wait to behold the influence of the sacred exercise upon parents and children. If the same godlessness and profanation of holy things is witnessed in the sons, as mar the moral beauty of other domestic circles, they are almost forced to doubt the sincerity of the supplicating father. This is no other than a tribute paid to the power of family prayer. It is virtually saying, "The Altar ought to elevate the moral character of every member of the household. It ought to multiply whatever is "lovely and of good report." It has power to mould a household into a model-family. It can restrain base and violent propensities, and guide the wayward footsteps of youth into the paths of peace."

Thus, by the inklings of even wicked men great importance is attached to family prayer, as a moral improvement, and an expression of moral worth. These intimations of mankind proceed from the honest convictions of the heart, so that we feel safe in stating the proposition, that prayer in the family, properly conducted, *wins the confidence of men.*

The exercise of prayer will unite the members of a family by stronger ties of affection. Prayer, in general, with almost magical influence, eradicates moroseness and enmity from the human heart. Two enemies will speedily become friends when praying for each other. Alienations are burned up upon the altar of devotion. No man will become our foe so long as he sincerely remembers us at the throne of grace. We are confident of sharing his warm attachment so long as we have a place in his prayers. Hostility to us cannot abide in his heart if he is a sincere suppliant in our

behalf. Nor, on the other hand, can we long indulge enmity to another if we make him the subject of earnest prayer. However much he may have wronged us, our hearts embrace him in the exercise of forgiveness and love, so long as the true spirit of prayer leads us to supplicate God's blessing upon him. Thus prayer eradicates sourness, jealousy, envy, bitterness and enmity, from the soul of the contrite suppliant, and fosters love, with its long train of celestial graces.

Prayer has this effect upon the worshiping family. We mean not that such enmity as described above arrays the members of households against each other. But there is a vast difference in the strength of the bonds of affection which unite different households. Says Dr. Alexander, "there are striking differences among families in regard to the simple quality of cohesion. While some are a bare collection of so many particles, without mutual attraction, others are consolidated into a unity of love. Many scattering influences are at work. Some of these may be referred to want of system and regularity; some to late hours; some to peculiarities of business; some to fashion; and some to the dissipation of vice." Family prayer tends to unite these varying elements — to increase the attractive force of affection — to consolidate these repellant parts into a beautiful oneness. The child can nowhere be so favorably impressed with the strength of a parent's love — a grace which children seldom appreciate — as at the family altar. For there it gushes out from the soul in unfeigned and unstudied expressions of tenderness, as the group of children are made the subjects of special prayer, and God is implored to care for their eternal interests.

Family prayer makes ineffaceable impressions upon childhood. Mind is well-nigh chameleon-like, taking the hue of whatsoever thing it touches. A word, a look, a deed is enough to inscribe an imperishable record upon its impressible ma-

terial. A *transient* act may impress it lastingly. And when that act is repeated day after day, and year after year, as is the fact with family devotions, the effect may exceed the arithmetic of human computation. The renowned Carthaginian, who desired to awaken in the bosom of his son an undying hatred to the Roman, led him to the altar in childhood, and there made him swear revenge to the Eternal City. The impression survived the changes and fluctuations of time, and brought the son, a foe, burning with unsparing hate, to the walls of Imperial Rome. So the christian parent may hope to wed the heart of his child as strongly to truth and God, by leading him daily with solemn and reverent mien, to the altar of prayer. It is there he receives his first impressions of the existence of God, and a future state of endless felicity or wo. There these fundamental truths of christianity gain access to his heart, without arousing its enmity as positive precept often does. There the spirit, in its childish simplicity, is made familiar with the oft forgotten truths of human accountability and dependance, without which knowledge, it dooms itself to perpetual aberration.

There is the law of association,* which embalms the scenes and events of early life in vivid recollection. It unites one part of human experience to another, so that the recollection of the one suggests the other. The old oak tree on yonder plat of green, beneath whose shade childhood and youth fellowshipped in the largest liberty, is the centre of a thousand bright remembrances, fresh as of yesterday's occurrence. The play-ground, the school-house, the lake, the bucket, the grove, the orchard, all are suggestive of numerous tragedies and comedies enacted there abouts. This law of the mind makes these early incidents a part of manhood's experience, and suffers them not to perish. In like manner,

* For the operation of this Law in another particular — the formation of character, see Chapter 12.

It spares from oblivion the sacred altar where the father bowed in prayer, and around which the children gathered with becoming solemnity. It renders it impossible to forget the family devotions, even in the remote period and amid the infirmities of age. The altar has a living history all the way along through life. Hence, we meet with the aged who revert with pleasing interest to the influence of prayer in the family upon their childhood and youth. It is one of the most vivid and delightful reminiscences of their waning life. Says a man of prayer, now ministering with holy hands at the altar of God, "My heart turns to the family altar, where first I knelt by a mother's side, and a father lifted his voice in supplication. Impressions were then made, which time has never effaced. With the first hour of waking, and the last hour before repose, the breath of prayer mingled. It arrested our youthful feet at the opening of each day, and lingered on our ear, as we laid our heads on the pillow. Like the still, calm twilight, it blessed the dawn and close of the day."

This law may be as effectual to cause the family altar to live in the recollections, as it is to render the associations of the Lord's prayer undying. And often the latter awakens pleasant associations among the memories of the aged followers of Christ. Far back, in the history of life, beyond the nights of care, and a "sea of trouble," it shines as a gem to charm them back to childhood. It is one of the bright memories of home and youth, no less than the fields where they roamed, and the woods where they sported. It mingles with the remembrance of a godly parent, who taught them to repeat it when first their infant lips began to articulate. Month after month, with the shadows of evening, it was the good-night lesson that responded to the wishes of parental love. Other scenes of life's morning may have been forgotten, "nor left a trace behind," while this lives on amid the recollections of age. The Lord's prayer

and parental fidelity are the wedded memories that descend with many believers to the grave. That man of fame, John Randolph, was heard to say, that he should have been an atheist, but for the tender remembrance of that scene where a pious mother bade him kneel by her side, and, taking his little hands in hers, taught him to say, "OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN." Equally salutary may be the influence of the family altar.

Dr. Scott, the Commentator, lived to see his numerous family of children professedly pious, and he declared it to be the fruit of his family devotions. "I look back," said he, a short time before his death, "upon my conduct in this respect with peculiar gratitude, as one grand means of my uncommon measure of domestic comfort, and of bringing down upon my children the blessings which God has been pleased to bestow upon them."

We have spoken of the distinguished Carthegenian, who made a warrior, if not a patriot, of his son, by leading him to the altar of his worshipped deity. And we can easily appreciate how it is that the household altar may contribute to inspire a love of country in the youthful breast. When the devoted father lifts his daily supplications in behalf of his beloved land, for her rulers, her institutions, her peace, and the ark of her hopes, his deep fervor proclaiming the strength of its hold upon his affections, the listening youth cannot fail to catch some of the patriotic spirit that bursts forth from the depths of the praying soul. He learns to love the land for which a parent so earnestly supplicates the blessing of God. He feels that it must have a claim upon his attachment, if it is worthy the notice and interposition of Jehovah. He associates its interests and destiny with the care and guardianship of God for which a parent's prayer ascends. So that PRAYER IN THE FAMILY may have somewhat to do with fidelity to the State.

Family prayer exerts an influence upon the church. Those

professors of religion who are neglectful of this duty, will usually be found more or less regardless of the ordinary means of grace. They are more likely to absent themselves from the place of social prayer, and stupify the conscience by opiates of mere plausible excuses. And they, who perform this duty coldly, with "half-a-heart," making the exercise formal and burdensome, are usually numbered with the dumb and inefficient of the church. There is such a vital connection between the altar at home, and the altar in the church. If the fire burns brightly upon the former, it will upon the latter.* If there is faith, fervor, and earnestness with the first, there is also with the last. Hence, a saint's activity in the church is proportioned to the interest with which his family altar is sustained. Religion will thrive or languish in the church according as it has a living or dying existence in the family.

There, too, the church is dear to every one of its praying members. Her interests are remembered at numerous altars in every village, as often as the household are gathered for devotional exercises. From a hundred firesides, possibly, in every thriving christian community, the voice of supplication is ascending in behalf of the blood-bought church, at the advent and close of the day. This agency is not employed in vain. "For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." The suppliant may prevail as surely at the home-altar as at the church-altar. If he may be as mighty in prayer as Jacob in one place, then he may be in the other. So that the church has a glorious auxiliary in the family worship which is observed throughout Christendom.

* That secret prayer is the life of all christian duties is not denied. We simply say, that whoever is faithful in the observance of family devotion, without any reference to the cause, will be found active in the church.

It is one of her strong dependencies — a mighty weapon of her spiritual warfare.

The influence of the family altar is blessed in affliction. When the heathen are surprised by sad intelligence, they wring their hands, tear their disheveled hair, cast ashes upon their heads, and fill the air with their loud laments. Often, the unbeliever, in this christian land, is inconsolable under the burden of his grief, and harasses his mind with hard thoughts concerning "the divinity which shapes his end." But the humble christian bows in sweet submission to the bereaving Providence, and, drawing nearer to the hand which holds the rod, cries aloud, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." He repairs for consolation to the Mercy-seat, —

"And seeks relief in prayer."

Happy retreat for the afflicted household is the altar of prayer! The distressed and sorrowing spirit is there soothed by the silent influences that are wafted from the presence of God! The deep wounds are healed by the oil of grace, and the keen anguish is mollified by the balm of Gilead!

The minister of Christ, to whom reference has already been made, gives us the following chapter of his experience upon this subject. "Away from home, I was suddenly, unexpectedly, called by an overwhelming calamity. Late in the evening, I arrived at the mansion, and found the household in silent, unutterable grief. Without a word we pressed each other's hand, and sat down and wept. Oh! the agony of that midnight hour! But father speaks; oh! how it reminded me of the morning of my first sorrow. "E——, we have had prayers, but, now you have come, we will pray again before we go to bed." We knelt, and amid breaking hearts, the voice of prayer went up. It soothed, calmed, and refreshed us. It was as the cooling dew on the parched plain. I looked on my father with deeper affection, that he

knew so well how to lead us to the fountain of consolation. It revived and strengthened all my former impressions of the worth of prayer, and the value of the household altar. In the sorrow which darkened my early home I was led to the Lord for grace and strength; and, in the trials of later days, I have abundant occasion to bless Him, for being thus early taught where to find the healing balm."

Such examples as the following exhibit the influence of family prayer in some of its various relations.

A distinguished merchant relates, that when he commenced business for himself he persevered for a long time in a conscientious observance of family devotions. Every member of his household was required to be present, clerks, apprentices, servants, and all. So long as he continued thus faithful, God blest him temporally and spiritually. At length, however, his business increased to such a degree, and his heart was so absorbed in accumulating wealth, that he excused his apprentices from the morning exercises, in order to save their time. Not long after he persuaded himself that the successful prosecution of his business demanded that he should make the morning prayer with his wife suffice for the day. Thus, household prayer was forsaken, and for a series of years the family were not gathered around the altar.

One day this unfaithful christian and parent received a letter from a young man who was his apprentice when he was accustomed to maintain family devotions as a duty. Not supposing that the family altar was forsaken, the young man wrote as follows. "O, my dear master, never, never; shall I be able sufficiently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! O sir, eternity will be too short to praise my God for what I learned there. It was there I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner; it was there that I first knew the way of salvation; and there that I first experienced

the preciousness of Christ in me, the hope of glory! O sir, permit me to say, never, never neglect those precious engagements; you have yet a family and more apprentices, may your house be the birth-place of their souls!" The merchant adds, "I could read no further; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled, I shuddered, I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded at my soul-murdering hands. * * * I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present I have been faithful, and am determined that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotions."

The Rev. James Hamilton writes, "Some years ago, an Irish wanderer, his wife, and his sister, asked a night's shelter in the cabin of a pious schoolmaster. With the characteristic hospitality of his nation, the schoolmaster made them welcome. It was the hour of evening worship, and when the strangers were seated, he began by reading slowly and solemnly the second chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The young man sat astonished. The expressions "dead in trespasses and sins," "children of wrath," "walking after the course of this world," were new to him. He sought an explanation. He was told that this is God's account of the state of man by nature. He felt that it was exactly his own state. "In this way I have walked from my childhood. In the service of the God of this world we have come to your house." He was on the way to a fair, where he intended to pass a quantity of counterfeit money. But God's word had found him out. He produced his store of coin, and begged his host to cast it into the fire, and asked anxiously if he could not obtain the word of God for himself. His request was complied with, and next morning, with the new treasure, the party, who had now no errand to the fair, returned to their own home. Perhaps, by this time, the pious

schoolmaster has met his guest within the gates of the city, outside of which are thieves, and "whatsoever maketh a lie."

The son of a venerable living clergyman of New England, accustomed, of course, to hear the morning and evening prayer in the family from his childhood, left his home, when about twenty years of age, for a city residence. He was amiable and lovely as the "young man" in the Gospel, and like him, lacked only "one thing." His new home was in a *prayerless* family. To him it was a new and strange thing to witness a family separating for their business in the morning, and retiring at night, with no recognition of the God in whom they "*lived, and moved, and had their being.*" His thoughts ran back to his father's household, and its sacred altar. Though not a christian, its absence made it precious. Thought crowded upon thought. Inquiry pressed inquiry. Conviction succeeded conviction. His heart bowed to Christ. The strange absence of the family altar, contrasted with his early home, brought him to the Lord. He lived as a christian ought, died at twenty-six in the triumphs of faith, and is now in heaven.

Such facts might be multiplied without limit, showing the influence of prayer in the family in yet other respects. The above may serve as a sufficient illustration.

The divine blessing, evidently, does not always abide upon families observant of this rite. The fact does not militate against the efficacy of family devotions; for the reason of the failure lies in the spirit with which the exercise is conducted, or in the discrepancy between prayer and practice. Those supplicating parents, who see no fruit of this daily exercise of prayer in the family, may belong to that class whom James addressed thus, "Ye ask, and receive not, because ye ask amiss." Error in spirit or matter renders prayer abortive. Or, their *practice* may give the lie to *prayer*. The want of harmony between the language and spirit of supplication, and the actual demeanor, may nullify

otherwise christian influence, and make the family alter a "hissing and by-word" with the ungodly members of the household. Prayer and practice are the two *halves* of a pure christian life. Their union only makes a *whole*. If the father prays for benevolence and practices covetousness before his children; if he asks God for tenderness of heart and indulges in frequent outbursts of anger; if he supplicates that he may become eminent for heavenly-mindedness, and yet is content to remain absorbed in worldliness; if he asks that his children may walk in a path of consistency in which he does not walk himself; if he prays that they may not set their hearts upon honor or riches, when he, himself, is plainly influenced by these transient acquisitions, if, at the Mercy-seat alone he seems to feel that his children have souls, and elsewhere that they have bodies only; if, in any manner and degree, his conduct in the world belies his sincerity at the altar; then, it is not strange that no divine blessing rests upon his household. Nor would it be a matter of surprise if sons and daughters who have understanding enough to perceive, and heart enough to feel that "consistency is a jewel," should nurture a singular dislike of holy things, even with the *noise* of a father's *wordy* prayers falling upon their ears. It might be added to the above, that the success of family prayer is hindered when one of the "united head" is unconverted. A harp with a broken string, and an organ with a dumb note, do not pour forth their full strength in volume and melody. Neither can a heart become so strong in the Lord when its "other self" feels no spiritual sympathy. Some one has said, though with quite too much hyperbole, that one of a wedded pair striving to advance heavenward, by this family rite, while the other is world-loving, is "like a bird trying to fly toward heaven with one broken wing."

Family prayer is much neglected by christian people. This does not arise from cherishing the sentiment that it is worth-

less. Other causes, which we shall briefly consider, operate to bring about such a result.

There is the pressure of business — no time to seek the blessing of God on the avocations of the day. The god of this world is served with such fidelity that he receives the whole time except what is absolutely demanded for eating and sleeping. While professing to believe that success cannot crown efforts in business, or prosperity attend the household, without the blessing of God, yet *some* neglect to seek it. How grossly inconsistent! The husbandman who expects to reap a harvest without rain or sunshine, the mariner who attempts to sail without a favoring wind, both acting against their professed convictions, are not more inconsistent than is the christian, professing to believe that without God he "*can do nothing*," yet acting as independently of Him in the duties and labors of the day, as if He did not exist. No time for family prayer? Was not time given *because* eternity is coming? Is time for *worldly gains* more valuable to the family, than for *moral and spiritual improvement*? Is time for earth and hell more precious than time for holiness and heaven? *No time for family prayer* will be a miserable excuse at the Judgment-seat.

There is also fear — the fear of man — a slavish, natural fear. It is often a great cross for christians to commence the duty of family devotions. Weeks and months the duty is neglected amid the reproaches of conscience. For it is very difficult, if not impossible, for christian parents to persuade themselves that no obligation in this respect is imposed upon them. They usually feel, that morning and evening, they ought to assemble their families, and commend them to the notice of a covenant-keeping God. But this natural timidity "lords it" over grace, and the altar is not reared. This cause of the neglect of family prayer deserves to be treated with less severity than the one named above. The fear of man has a place more or less prominent in the

experience of every christian, and many a *good* man has not the fortitude to lead his household in prayer. It is much to be regretted, if it is not to be rebuked. The neglecter is the loser. His family share the detriment with him. And after all the palliations we can muster, such heads of households may ponder to their spiritual profit the following inspired texts: "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment. He that feareth, is not made perfect in love." "And Saul said unto Samuel, I have sinned; for I have transgressed the commandment of the Lord, and thy words; because I feared the people, and obeyed their voice."

Others, still, excuse themselves from this duty, on the ground of being unlettered, destitute of a peculiar gift for prayer. The excuse implies that erudition, eloquence, or some other kindred endowment or acquisition, is necessary to acceptable prayer. If christians pray to be heard of men, it may be necessary to be both erudite and eloquent. But a "poor stammering tongue" may utter a petition more beautiful to God than literature or learning can dictate. He, who is learned enough to ask a blessing of a friend, is sufficiently gifted to ask a blessing of God. The child, who refuses to seek the counsel and guidance of a father, in the presence of others, because he lacks learning, is not more singular than the spiritual child, who, for a similar reason, excuses himself from the duty of family devotions.

Reader! Perhaps your name is enrolled among the people of God, and yet the voice of family prayer is not heard in your habitation. Children are growing up around you, knowing that your name is on the records of the church, and yet beholding that there is no recognition of the household God in their "own sweet home." To them religion is a matter of inferior consequence since it has no distinguishing "sign or seal" in the family. There is little to distinguish their father's household from those of their godless

neighbor's, now that the family altar is unknown. There is little, probably, to impress them with the important truths of dependence upon God, and an eternity of bliss or woe, when the voice of supplication is not heard. Fast as time in its rapid flight can carry them, they are hurrying to the Judgment-seat, and will soon be there. Every moment is pregnant with the decisions of life or death. Every influence, though silent and mild as an evening zephyr, contributes to turn the scale of immortal destiny. The voice of prayer will increase the probability of the salvation of these perishing souls. It may add only a small fraction to that saving influence which brings them to Christ, but *that fraction*, in the salvation of a deathless spirit, who can estimate? Thus, the highest motive to be conceived urges you to rear an altar to the Lord in your family. All that is hallowed in hope, all that is precious in a blissful immortality, all that is terrible in a hopeless hell, demands that the sound of prayer should fall daily upon the ears of your unconverted children.

Perhaps this volume may fall into the hands of an unbeliever, whose home, of course, is destitute of the altar. His children may say with the innocent child, who heard the voice of prayer in a christian family, "we have no God at papa's house." We are told that in Greenland, when a stranger knocks at a door, he inquires, "Is God in this house?" And he presumes to enter only when the answer is in the affirmative.

Alas! from how many dwellings would strangers turn away in every village of our land were this now to decide their entrance! No GOD HERE! From how many habitations would this response be given to the inquiry, "Is God in this house?" Reader, you know not how great is the loss which you sustain in being morally unfit to pray in your family. It is of more value than vessels of gold and silver to have God in your home. He is a better guest to

honor than a president or king. He can bless beyond all the potentates and powers of earth. When a family has lost its earthly riches, and is poor in the squalid poverty of the world, without a title to the lowest niche in the temple of fame, it is more prosperous with God for its guest, than the pampered family of Caesar.

Reader, perhaps you are some unconverted son or daughter, accustomed from childhood to listen to a parent's voice in family devotions. Year after year you have been borne in the arms of prayer to the mercy-seat; you have seen the struggles of a father's heart for the salvation of his household; and yet are unconverted! You are a sinner against the weightiest obligations. For every breath of prayer at the family altar has increased your obligation to love and serve the Lord. All the associations and influences of that household rite have been as so many whisperings of the spirit, exhorting you to be reconciled to God. Rest assured, that inasmuch as you have resisted more influences to remain in sin than the children of prayerless parents, so you are less free from charge before God, than they. Your praying parent may be slumbering with the dead. Those lips can no longer supplicate for you. Those hands can no longer minister to your happiness. That heart which throbbed with delight at the sound of your young footstep has ceased to beat. And those eyes, which were often wet with the tears of anxiety for your conversion, are closed till the trump of the arch-angel sounds. But the obligations, which the prayers of that pious father have imposed upon you, will never die. They will live on amid the chequered scenes of life with undiminished force. They will abide upon you in every sphere of existence, at home and abroad, in the house and by the way, deepening and spreading as time advances, to your dying day. They will go with you to the bar of God to mingle with the tones of *His* voice, who gives the sentence of final condemnation, or the welcome plaudit!

The reflections of pious parents, who have been faithful in the observance of this family rite, must be pleasant, when their children leave home to engage in the pursuits of life. Providence sooner or later breaks up these household connections, so far as to scatter the children abroad upon the various errands of worldly duty. Their hearts may be un-renewed, but they go forth with all the influences of prayer, which God can make powerful to reform, impressing their hearts. They may mingle in socialities and friendships where sin abounds, and temptation is fearful in power, but the sound of a father's voice in supplication has not yet died away upon the ear. One may toil in the marts of trade, in the midst of fraud and chicanery; is not hope inspired by the thought that he was reared where the great God had an altar? Another may move in a circle where the arts of fashion and pleasure tend to allure from the path of virtue; will there be no power in the recollection of a beloved parent wrestling with God for his moral safety? And yet another may make the home of his manhood upon the seas, exposed to the *moral* perils of the sailor's life, corrupt associations on ship-board and vices of every kind in port; what parent would not rejoice to have his son go to an ocean-life with the memory of family prayer abiding in his heart?

These thoughts run onward to the future. The time will come, according to the "sure word of prophecy," when the knowledge of God will fill the earth, and family altars will be reared in the habitations of every tribe and people. The voice of prayer may not be heard in every dwelling, but the habitations unhallowed by its utterance will constitute the exceptions to a general rule. Language cannot describe, nor imagination conceive the grandeur of that scene when families dwelling in every clime, and voyaging on every sea, will bow as suppliants to a common father; — when, instead of the strife and feuds, the heart-burnings and alienations,

the vices and frivolities, the thoughtlessness and gross sins of households, they shall gather in the exercise of love and gratitude around the altar, and there shall be one world-wide, universal concert of prayer, "OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN," as if the earth were a single dwelling, and mankind a single family, and God the glorious Head.

CHAPTER IX.

FAMILY AFFLICTIONS.

"There is a Reaper whose name is death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

LONGFELLOW.

"Hark ! they whisper—angels say,
Sister spirit, come away."

POPE.

SAD are the associations as we stand within a dwelling where lie the dead ! The once unbroken circle has now a vacant chair and an awful void. The tomb-like silence that reigns through each apartment tells that a solemn crisis is reached in the household history. Earthly ties are severed, and "love lies bleeding." The room in which the sacred relics repose, awaiting the hour of burial, is a kind of "Holy of Holies." Though the spirit is not there, yet the human form in which it tabernacled is dear even when dissolving back to dust. Softly we tread, as if our step would disturb the peaceful sleeper. And long after the remains have been laid in the "narrow house," the apartment is hallowed by the vivid associations that come thronging there. This is emphatically a FAMILY SCENE. It will occur in every household. It will destroy these numerous intimacies; for "*the land shall mourn every family apart.*"

Few realize the dread uncertainty of life. Even the lamented Heber, who wrote the beautiful lines,—

"Death rides on every passing breeze,—
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour,——"

did not realize that himself should illustrate their fearful import. Yet he entered the bath-room at Trichonopoly in perfect health, and was brought out a lifeless corpse. By a tie so frail are the joys of the family relation held on earth. It is true that "death rides on every passing breeze." A needle destroyed Lucia, the sister of Aurelius, while playing with her little son. A grape choked Anacreon, the sweet bard of ancient Ionia. A hair terminated the life of Fabrius, once a Roman consul. And a fly killed Pope Adrian IV. It is not alone in the wild tornado, or the raging pestilence that death sunders the ties of kindred. It is confined to no boundaries or seasons.

"Leaves have their times to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!" *

The emperor Mervanes had this motto engraved upon his seal; "Remember thou must die!" God engraves the warning upon the *foreheads* of dying men. Philip, king of Macedon, ordered his page to address him every morning in these words; "Remember, O king, thou art mortal!" God addresses not only kings, but every member of every family, and not only every morning, but every evening and every hour, "Ye know not what shall be on the morrow."

The history of families speaks of little else than death. *One-fourth* of all the members die before they pass the age of a single year, and only *two-fifths* attain to six years of age. THIRTY MILLIONS of our race die annually; about *eighty thousand* daily; more than *three thousand* hourly, more than *fifty* every minute; almost *one* every second. What havoc is here in earth's countless families! What

* Mrs. Hemans.

disappointments, blasted hopes, and repining love ! While I write, what severing of ties, what grief, what lamentation ! The earth is little else than a vast cemetery, and the sounds that are wafted to our ears are mostly the voices of the dead. For every moment some one of the human family is consigned to the dust, and the knell of death mingles its dolorous notes with the sighing of the bereaved. We wonder not that the ancient Egyptians were accustomed to carry their coffins to festivals in order to keep reminded of mortality, nor that the Chinese kept them in their private dormitories.

In the afflictions of families death is presented under various forms, involving much that is dark and incomprehensible ; and these hidden ways of the Lord are often called the MYSTERIES OF PROVIDENCE. A few facts will illustrate.

In the land of Moab, thirteen centuries before the birth of Christ, a poor but pious woman, named Naomi, took up her residence. Driven by relentless famine, she came with her husband and children from Bethlehem-Judah — a place distant by the space of one hundred and twenty miles, over a mountainous region, and since honored by the angelic heraldry descending to announce the Savior's birth to the watching shepherds. She came unwittingly to bury her husband and children in this heathen country, far away from the land of their birth, and the dust of their fathers. She came to learn a sad lesson of sorrow in a fatherless, husbandless, and childless home — to see whither the widow's heart will turn in her bereavement and haggard want, but to the widow's God. What a complication of woe ! Driven by famine from her early home to a land of heathen strangers, bereft of all her family in so brief a period, left penniless and alone to survive as best she could upon the scanty fare of penury ! Child of Providence ! The hand of God is laid heavily upon thee, and thou art ready to exclaim, "*Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy*

footsteps are not known." But thousands live to keep thee company in mysteries like these.

After a long and chequered experience Jacob arrived at Bethel with his family. He was one of the faithful few who hold on "in the even tenor of their way" amid all the vicissitudes of life—a man after God's own heart. Scarcely had he left that sacred spot before Rachel, his wife, for whom he served fourteen years in Padan-aram, died; and he heard from her lips "as her soul was in departing," the name, Ben-oni, (the son of my sorrows) given to her infant child. None more than Jacob deserved the blessing of an unbroken household. None more than the infant child needed a mother's watch. Yet the family was broken, and the child was made motherless. How many families could Jacob see where the death-blow would have fallen less heavily! How many from which the mother could have been removed with less detriment! Indeed, could he not have spared some other member of his *own* family far better? But the Lord saith unto him, "*My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.*"

The young man dies. He has laid his intellect and his heart upon the altar of God, and designs to become a reaper in the distant fields of the Lord, already white for the harvest. With unwearied diligence and the highest promise, he applies himself to the burnishing of his splendid intellect, and the cultivation of his noble heart. Around him cluster the brightest hopes of the family. But he dies. The flower of the household garden withers; the jewel is plucked from its crown; the star drops from its firmament. And yet the drone, the dissolute, the ignoramus, lives on in the same circle, the object of daily and hourly solicitude, the child of many fears and great anxieties; — lives to add not a drop to the cup of domestic bliss, nor a unit to the value of the social compact,

nor a name to the roll of the sacramental hosts, but possibly to bring down the grey hairs of his parents, in sorrow, to the grave. Mysterious Providence! cries the disappointed mourner, and, lifting his eyes to God, joins with the weeping prophet, "*Let me talk with Thee of thy judgment. Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper?*" and back the answer comes, "*Be still and know that I am God.*"

The infant dies. It has lived to utter no word against the truth, nor to lift its hand in wilful disobedience. Its unfolding mind has plotted no deeds of sin. Its little heart has not been stained by contact with a wicked world. No passions rankle in its breast. And it knows not an enemy in the wide, wide world. Its body is a beautiful casket and its soul a priceless gem. But the infant dies, and the desolate mansion rings no more with its laugh of gladness. Amid excessive sufferings, such as Theology does not attempt fully to explain, he goes down to the dust, while weeping parents and surviving children gaze in silent wonder and awe upon the mystery of death.

The gallant steamer* sails from the busy port. Warm hearts mingle on the crowded deck in anticipation of the annual festivities on the succeeding day. Yet a little while, and many will be welcomed to the home of their youth amid tokens of affection and hearty congratulations. But suddenly the huge fabric reels before the rushing tornado, and the boiling ocean tosses it as a feather from billow to billow. Now it trembles in every beam and timber, and anon it dashes upon the rocky shore, lining it with the fragments of the shattered wreck, and the mangled and dismembered bodies of men and women. There perish the young and beautiful. There the husband and father, returning after two years' absence, dies upon the very eve of the expected meeting. There the lover, on his way to greet his betrothed,

* The reader will recognize the allusion here to the Atlantic.

goes down to a watery grave. There a lad of fourteen is the only survivor of an entire family, left fatherless, brotherless, and sisterless in a land of strangers. Hundreds of hearts are filled with anguish as the sad tidings fly upon the wings of the wind. Inscrutable Providence! *"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"*

Such are some of the forms in which affliction comes to families. Men are accustomed to call them mysteries, and if rightly regarding a mystery, it may not be amiss. Here is much that is dark and terrible in human experience. We can give no better explanation, than that of the speechless lad at the deaf and dumb asylum of London. A clergyman asked, "Who made the world?" He took the chalk and wrote underneath the question, "in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." He then inquired in a similar manner, "Why did Jesus Christ come into the world?" A smile of delight and gratitude rested upon his countenance, as he wrote, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." A third question, eminently adapted to appeal to his feelings, was then propounded, "Why were you born deaf and dumb, while I can hear and speak?" "Never," said an eye-witness, "shall I forget the look of holy resignation and chastened sorrow which sat on his countenance, as he took up the chalk and wrote," *"EVEN SO FATHER, FOR SO IT SEEMED GOOD IN THY SIGHT."* It is the only explanation that can be given of many of the darkest scenes in our experience.

But though the family relation is subject to such sudden and irreparable rupture, the GOSPEL brings its sure and delightful compensation. It comes not to clear away all the darkness, nor scatter all the clouds, nor solve all the mysteries, but to offer consolation even when the ways of the

Lord are *past finding out*. The Rosicrucians sought to meet the stern necessity of death by discovering a medicine to render the body invulnerable to its shafts that man might live forever. But the Gospel offers no respite from the pangs of disease, nor seeks to elude the King of terrors. It comes with its solace to the bereaved family, no matter when or how death does its work. It makes the soul joyful even in tribulation.

Before proceeding to consider some of the doctrines of the cross which are adapted to console the mourning, a brief notice may be taken of the manner in which Christ treated this solemn fact—affliction.

JESUS WEPT. With the weeping family of Bethany he wept. Heartless stoicism teaches that it is human *weakness* to weep—that rigid insensibility to the loss of friends is alone evidence of true manliness. It would have you “feel the cold hand of death grasping those warm affections which are so deeply rooted in the soul, withering them up and tearing them away, yet shed not a tear.” It would have you assume this attitude of sullen defiance, and steel your heart against what is deemed the bolt of a stern necessity. But this unmans the man—unhumanizes humanity—unchristianizes the christian. The poet Hill defines the falling tear,—

“’Tis nature’s mark to show an honest heart by.”

And Goldsmith penned a still more expressive line upon the same theme,—

“In all the silent manliness of grief.”

This is christian. This is nature—human nature, perfect if you please, as in the sinless but *weeping* Christ. It is like the spirit of the Gospel that indulges our weakness, and never sneers at the natural expression of sorrow. **JESUS**

WEPT! The sacred sympathy of his soul burst forth in a flood of compassionate interest. The Son of God, the immaculate Messiah mourns at the grave where grieved affection droops. Surely, then, His followers may imitate His example.

Nor is this all. The *christian* family may find consolation in the assurance of CHRIST'S SYMPATHY for them in bereavement. The sympathy of earthly friends is invaluable in sorrow. The sympathy of Christ is far better. And it is the more needful because the death-scene seems to impart new energy and strength to the affections of the living. The last hours of an endeared friend most of all enshrine his name and virtues in undying memory. His sufferings, his words, his wants, enlist the affections with unusual devotion. Even where enmity may have soured and embittered them, it is all forgotten in the scene of sickness and death. The marble brow, the sunken eye, the patient spirit, the look of tenderness, the calm and cheerful mind, the dying counsel, the last word, the touching adieu, the unwavering trust, the final struggle, are hallowed memories to endear the dead to the living. The spot where their relics lie is "hallowed ground." We love to linger there in the still hour of twilight when the gathering shadows of evening invite to serious thought. There we plant the rose, willow, and cypress. We fence around the square, and thither conduct our friends to show them how sacred is that unconscious dust. We call the grave-yard, in which we guard and ornament the family enclosure, "God's Acre." Because of this fond endearment the SYMPATHY OF CHRIST becomes more delightful to the afflicted, christian family. The Saviour appears not as the champion of a heartless philosophy, but the friend, who "sticketh closer than a brother."

"THE LORD REIGNETH." This is the first consoling truth of the Gospel which we commend to the afflicted family. Men may trifle with the truth when the sun of pros-

perity shines, but the soul in sorrow loves to refer its trials to an overruling Providence. The aged tar may laugh at the humble christian's prayer, and call it superstition, when his vessel glides smoothly over the tide, but in storm and tempest he appeals to God, —

" Who plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Then the mind rejects the doctrines of *fatality* and *chance*, and longs to find a mighty agency beneath whose power "all things work together for good." Then the thought is delightful, that the eye of Jehovah pierces through the darkest clo to regard the sparrow in its fall. It does not wipe a tear to know the nature of the disease that invades a family and cuts down a member. But it *does* console to reflect that even the pestilence is under the control of Infinite wisdom and power. It is this precious doctrine of Providence which gives new character to life. "It scans the whole range of events from the greatest to the least, from the beginning to the end of time, and through all the limitless realms of the divine economy! And it sees nothing—it knows nothing—it admits of nothing, that can lift a successfully opposing arm against the Almighty in any department of creation. It knows no event of however surpassing magnitude, that moves not at His bidding; and none so small, as to escape His ever watchful eye, or wander beyond the sphere of his influence and control; and it thus leads us near to God in the hour of trial and affliction, and opens to the mind the blissful truth, that, as is the *character*, so will be the consummation of all the plans and purposes of God." It was this that prompted the afflicted patriarch to exclaim, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

It may be difficult for some hearts to feel that the darkest events of Providence, such as break the ranks of a

family and disappoint the most ardent affection are appointed in love. But it is no less true. The ills of adversity belong to the order of a kind Providence as really as the blessings of prosperity. God does not rule alone in the brightness of a summer's day, when the hills and valleys are robed in loveliness, and the soft breezes fan the opening flowers, and the bright waters invite the bleating flocks. But He rules in the blasts of winter, scatters the rattling hail, and piles the drifting snows. He rules not only when the balmy air sends life to every plant, and the sun pours down his genial rays, but, —

"He yokes the whirlwind to his car
And sweeps the howling skies."

He speaks in the booming thunder as really as in the hum of insects, and the sweet carol of the birds. His love pervades each scene, for He changes not. "GOD IS LOVE," in "the cloud and darkness," as well as in the sunshine.

So in the moral world, He changes not when He pierces the soul with many sorrows. In sickness and in bereavement His benevolent heart is moved by the same kind design. He means our good and His own glory. And who does not rejoice in the reflection that sickness and death are under Divine control? How fearful would be the gathering storm, if its gusts heeded no voice but that of chance! So disease, careering over the land, independent of the Divine will, would attack and consume its victims without a solace. He would leave the world in unmingled sorrow and anguish. How precious, then, is this doctrine that makes death itself a messenger of God! It stills the mental tumult, and leads the mourner to bow in sweet submission, *because* it is the hand of God. Richard Boyle ordered the following sentiment to be carved upon his grave-stone, "GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MY INHERITANCE." Even the corrupt and

sensual Meore, in an hour of trial, gave vent to his feelings in the following beautiful lines : —

“ O thou who dry’st the mourner’s tears !
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee ! ”

Sad consequences have resulted in severe bereavement where there was no recognition of this truth. Octavia, the sister of the emperor Augustus, survived the death of her son Marcellus twelve years, all of which time she spent in mourning, refusing consolation in her surviving children, and choosing for herself darkness and solitude. The gifted Cicero gave himself up to inconsolable grief when his favorite daughter Tullia died. He had proclaimed to men the value of philosophy, as the comforter of the afflicted. But it was no remedy for his own excessive grief. So he erected a temple to the memory of Tullia, and worshipped her as a goddess. And even the pious Dr. Beattie, who recognized this doctrine in theory, but failed to rest upon it when his sons were removed by death, suffered in consequence a temporary loss of his memory. His biographer relates concerning the younger son, that “ many times his father could not recollect what had become of him, and after searching in every room of the house he would say to his niece, “ you may think it strange, but I must ask you if I have a son, and where he is.”

“ I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.” This is the second gracious announcement of the Gospel to this world of the dying. Death is gloomy and revolting when we regard only its externals. Confining our thoughts solely to its power in severing the ties of life, we shrink from its cold embrace. Who that has stood beside the bier and gazed upon the motionless corpse, cold, stiff, and marble-like, has not revolted at the thought of death !

"And death is terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are his!"*

The closed and sunken eye that once beamed with intelligence, or flashed with delight; the pallid lips, once uttering sentiments of wisdom, and the pulseless heart—strange contrast with life—all awaken thoughts of sadness. When absorbed in this survey of a friend's unburied remains, let the doctrine of utter *annihilation* take possession of the mind. The spirit which once gave life and beauty to that form of clay returned to primitive nothing—now non-existent! All that is left of the once loved friend are the lifeless remains in the coffin! A union severed never more to be enjoyed! Ties broken forever! Death—the end of all hope—an eternal parting! If the pangs of sorrow can be increased, if a drop can be added to the cup of human bitterness, this doctrine is suited to such an end. Eternal silence to reign over the future! A dark cloud dropping down its folds of blackness upon the tomb! An indescribable chaos swallowing up life eternally! Boding night—endless—without a morning! Oh, what alleviation of sorrow to hear a voice breaking the deep silence of such a scene, "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE!" How sweet to hail Immanuel as he comes to destroy death—"to grapple with the mighty conqueror and break his tyranny in pieces."

If over the desolation of winter with its blasted buds, cheerless skies, and howling winds, no returning spring were to shed its genial influence, and clothe the earth with new forms of life, sadness would possess the soul as autumn buries the glories of departing summer, and heralds the rough blasts and drifting snows. But far sadder must be the heart

of him who commits a member of his own family to the dust with no hope that he will "*live again*."

But the soul shrinks from the thought of absolute extinction. The hart panteth not after the water-brook with more eagerness than mankind anticipate a future existence. Against the idea of becoming lost to consciousness at death some entertain the strangest and most absurd opinions respecting the condition of the soul hereafter. The history of these singular opinions illustrates with what earnestness the race have sought to escape from the awful forebodings which the doctrine of *annihilation* inevitably creates. To some hearts it were more congenial to reflect that the soul of a departed friend inhabits the body of a grazing beast or soaring bird.

We have said that the young man dies. You have seen him die—the young man of gifted mind, high attainments, and pure and generous aspirations. He is fitted for almost any office or calling, and can promptly meet almost any demand of his asking country. Yet alike with the unlettered and brutish, he falls in death. Who can believe that gifted mind, just expanding into its commanding greatness, and fitted to wield a mighty influence over the destinies of men, has become extinct? Who can believe that noble heart, with its pure desires and living virtues, has sunk to everlasting oblivion? Who can believe that regenerated soul, burning with quenchless zeal to advance the truth, and glowing with the purest passion—love to God—is lost in absolute extinction? None. Thought abjures the sentiment. Affection repudiates it. Religion abhors it. The imagination instinctively follows the spirit, as it enters the celestial land and its faculties continue to unfold in ceaseless and indefinite expansion.

The reader has been pointed to the dying child. Perhaps he has gone down to the grave from your own family. As you stood sorrowing over the stricken "*bud of being*,"

with the soft tones of its voice yet ringing in the ear, and the recollection of all that was winning and beautiful vivid as the reality, could you believe, for a moment, all that loveliness had perished forever? That there is no better, brighter world, whither such lovely beings go to dwell? No! For then would the giving of life be like weaving and straining the silver chords to see them snap asunder—like fashioning the “golden bowl” to see it dashed in pieces. No! “In my father’s house are many mansions,” and God hath one for the departed infant.

“*Thy brother shall live again!*” It was announced to the weeping sisters of Bethany at the grave of their brother. It was said to console them in their great affliction. “Thy brother shall live again!” He has not perished. He shall live as truly as he lived on earth;—live with all the faculties of his soul active as when he walked with you;—live in heaven—live with God: “LIVE AGAIN!” What words to revive the drooping hopes of men in this world of the dying—to swell above the silent dust of all that is loved and lovely! If Christ had left the throne to utter no other words than these on earth, still His mission to the heirs of affliction would have been glorious. A larger debt of gratitude would yet have been His due, than we owe to our best earthly benefactor.

Go to the chamber of the dying believer, and there learn how precious is this truth. Draw aside the curtain that conceals the last hours of a saint’s existence on earth. Hear his faltering accents of joy and peace—a man exulting as he grapples with his last, fierce foe. Victorious struggle! Look on, ye railing skeptics, God bids you look to witness joy in intensest suffering, hope refulgent as the breaking morn, and patience in the veriest agonies! Whence comes that peace so like a river? Whence this patient bearing? It is the fruit of the hope which he cherishes *to live again*. Hear his triumphant language. “I know that my Redeemer

liveth. I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"*It is good for me that I have been afflicted.*" This is the last consoling truth of the Gospel to which I direct the afflicted family. This dissipates many of the so-called "mysteries of Providence," and presents afflictions as "*blessings in disguise.*" They are no longer unmingled evils. This is not only the doctrine of the Scriptures, it is the lesson of experience and observation. It is taught by the pen of essayist and poet. One has said, "it is better to go to a funeral than a festival" — a sentiment derived from the proverb of Solomon, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." Even the heathen Demetrius said that "nothing could be more unhappy than the man who had never known affliction." Goldsmith gave the sentiment a place in the following stanza: —

"Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But, crushed or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around."

Prosperity is seldom, if ever, turned to such valuable uses as affliction. It is not in the full tide of prosperity that the kindliest graces of the heart are developed. The strongest bond of sympathy is created between co-heirs in affliction. On such a soil as adversity prepares, the benevolent emotions thrive best. Two hearts similarly afflicted have strong affinities. They sustain a relation to each other peculiarly tender. They maintain an intercourse peculiarly cherished. All their feelings are peculiarly fraternal. The widow clasps the hand of widow with singular devotion. The orphan meets a fellow orphan with such gushing

sympathies as strangers to the sorrow cannot exhibit. The bereaved parent condoles with his afflicted neighbor in the loss of his children as others cannot. Almost with magic charms this discipline of affliction brings hearts together. Nothing so effectually removes discordant elements from the household. Affection often glows with new and vigorous life over the corpse of a parent or child, brother or sister. By strong ligaments of sympathy it may sometimes unite the members of a family otherwise alienated and unhappy.

Here, too, is often ensured a thrifty growth in grace. The dross of human corruption is purged from the heart, while Christ, as the "refiner and purifier of silver" sits to superintend the process. However severe the ordeal of grief to which a person is subjected, if that alone will win the wanderer from the paths of worldliness, and cause him "to run with patience the race that is set before him," it must be accounted a "*blessing in disguise*." Indeed, did we know that a backslider might be aroused from his moral stupor, and made a burning and shining light by the death of some member of his family, and by that alone, with an ardent faith and an approving conscience we could supplicate God to send the necessary bereavement. We read of Manasseh, "when he was in affliction, he besought the Lord his God, and humbled himself greatly before the God of his fathers." The Psalmist declared, "before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word." And the great Apostle, in his letter to the Hebrews, says, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

When afflictions thus "carry us back to God, and purge the heart and life from sin, leaving both more pure, heavenly and humble than they found them; or when, better still, a long-continued and most bereaving trial leads a Christian to what it is said the pearl-oyster does, i. e., secrete from itself a pre-

cious substance to cover the irritating grain of sand or sharp bit of metal that has got within its shell, thus turning it into a gem, how blessed the effect, and who would not be almost willing to bear the trial for the sake of the resulting pearl."

Often affliction saves the soul. "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Examples in illustration of this truth accumulate on every hand. We cite but one.

Years ago, upon a promontory jutting out into the waters of the Atlantic, in a desolate locality and upon a rocky shore, stood an humble cottage apart from human habitations. When the storm-winds howled along that dangerous sea and the night grew dark with tempest, a friendly light was seen through the lonely watches beaming from the window of that humble dwelling. Now and then it would reveal a form passing and repassing behind it with quick and anxious pace. All through the stormy night the taper was kept brightly burning to cheer and warn the mariner. The sailors called it the "Lighthouse." There lived a widow, once godless, but now Christ-like. She had seen from her lonely habitation the vessel in which her husband sailed, returning from a long voyage, dashed upon the rocks by a pitiless gale. Then she saw her husband, within sight of his own home, his heart beating high to cross the threshold, swallowed in the boiling sea. She was almost near enough to hear his voice mingle with the roar of the warring elements, yet powerless to aid. Heart-rending affliction! But it brought her to Christ. She lived to save many mariners cast upon those shores in boisterous nights. With her humble fare she fed them, with her cheerful fire she warmed them, from her loved Bible she instructed them, and with the voice of prayer she daily interceded for them.

The Eastern shepherd, folding his flock at night, takes up

the new-born lamb in his arms and bears it away to the fold, sure that the careful mother will closely follow. So Christ has won many a procrastinating parent by first taking the child to His bosom in glory. The line of Parmel has many affecting illustrations:—

“Then God to save the father took the son.”

- How beautiful are some of the Scriptural allusions upon this subject! “They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing bringing his sheaves with him. The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.”

Here we may profitably contrast some of the proffered consolations of worldly philosophy with these delightful supports of the Gospel. The first to which the reader's attention may be directed is expressed by the phrase “*common lot*.” The idea more fully expressed stands thus;—this is the common lot of men; they are born to trouble; it comes in every form; others mourn and so must we. All this may be very true, and harmonize with Scripture, observation, and experience, but this alone will not administer comfort. Will it console the weeping mother, going with her heart oppressed with sorrow to lay her beautiful babe in the grave, to be told that other parents are called to a like affliction? Will it dry the tears of the afflicted wife, following the remains of her companion to the tomb, to hear the intelligence that thousands experience a similar bereavement? Not at all. Here is no recognition of the Divine hand. A heathen would say the same. A deist believes it with all his heart. And were no God upon the throne, as much might be said with equal truth. If consolation can

be found in such counsel as this, then we need no religious truth, no Word of God, no God Himself. We may live and die like the heathen, consoled by the fact, suited to awaken commiseration rather than delight, that multitudes are crushed by similar sorrows.

"We must be resigned to our fate." This counsel belongs to the same category as the above. There is no acknowledgement of the Divine government. It means, if it means any thing, that we should meet our earthly lot, whatever it may be, as fixed and unalterable, without reference to its meaning or its cause. We cannot help ourselves, so we must summon our natural fortitude and meet the shock heroically, as the warrior faces the mouth of a loaded cannon. Such counsel appeals to those elements of character that make a brave soldier on the battle-field, but not a christian at the Cross. There is less religion in it than there was in the old doctrine of the Fates, as taught by the ancient Mythology. The Fates were reported to be "three sisters, daughters of night, whom Jupiter permitted to decide the fortune, and especially the duration of mortal life. One of them attached the thread, the second spun it, and the third cut it off when the end of life arrived." There is more of a religious character here than in the counsel quoted above, because it recognizes an ever-watchful and overruling agency in human experience. It is more consistent with the relations of a dependant being, to acknowledge even an infernal agency in human destiny, than no agency at all. I would as lief die amid the darkness of this old, mystic doctrine of Greece and Rome, as amid the no lesser darkness that accompanies such miserable counsels of worldly philosophy.

"We all must die." The author once heard this sentence uttered in an afflicted family, over the very remains of a deceased member, amid the sighs and sobbings of agonized hearts; and it was uttered in a tone which indicated that

the speaker thought he had brought some "balm of Gilead" in the words, to bleeding hearts. Poor human comforter! He stood in the midst of weeping, and his sympathetic heart was all alive to administer consolation. He desired to speak some word, or utter some sentiment, that would dry a tear, or prevent a pang. But he had never been himself to the Cross, and how could he impart consolation? His poor, dumb mouth found no word or way of utterance till his worldly philosophy parted his lips, and bade him say, "*All must die.*" Oh, how impotent is man without religion in the house of mourning! He has not a thought, nor word, nor emotion, suited to meet the wants of grieving souls around him. How dare he live exposed with all his family to sudden and dreadful rupture by misfortune and death, with no unfailing refuge in trouble, and no covert from the storm! He can exclaim, "*common lot*" — "*we must be resigned to our fate*" — "*all must die*" — and this is the climax of his consolation! Such advisers in the habitation of mourning are like Job's three friends, "miserable comforters."

"*Thy Will be done.*" This is the mourner's language of submission, and is the hardest, last-learned lesson in the school of Christ. Yet it may be learned. The difference between the counsels of the Gospel and those of the world, as before considered, presents the ground of this cordial and complete submission. When from an overflowing heart the bereaved family can lift this triumphant prayer, they are ready to exclaim with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted."

In this petition we recognize the truth that, "*the Lord reigneth,*" and virtually profess to "rejoice." We voluntarily offer to resign the dearest objects we possess — wealth, pleasure, fame, friends, or life itself. We invite, yea, we implore God, if He pleases, to give wings to the last farthing of our possessions, to disappoint our hopes, to thwart our

cherished plans, to distress our families, to cut down a friend by death. And now, what though He send the blight and mildew upon our harvest-fields, did we not implore Him to do it, if he pleased? What though He withhold His blessing from the secular enterprise and it terminates a failure, did we not invoke Him to do His will? What though He take the parent, husband, wife, or child, and gloom and darkness cover our pathway, was not our supplication, "Thy will be done?" This may be its answer. Some of the rough gales that sweep the shores of time are but the answerings of a God who hears this prayer. With no uttered or imagined proviso or condition, with no reserved liberty to interpose a question, we pray, "Thy will be done."

A Sabbath school teacher was imparting instruction to his class upon this portion of the Lord's Prayer—"THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS HEAVEN." "You have told me," said he, "*what is to be done—the will of God; and where it is to be done—on earth; and how it is to be done—as it is done in heaven.*" How do you think the angels and the happy spirits do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?" The first child replied, "They do it *immediately*;" the second, "They do it *diligently*;" the third, "They do it *always*;" the fourth, "They do it *with all their hearts*;" the fifth, "They do it *altogether*." Here a pause ensued, until at length a little girl arose and said, "They do it *without asking any questions*." No commentator has ever given a better interpretation of this petition. This is true SUBMISSION—to bow "*without asking any questions*." Less than this is calling in question Divine equity.

Then, is not this lesson of *submission* a difficult one to learn? Is it easy in all circumstances to say, "Thy will be done," and say it in good faith? Suppose it is a bright morning of winter, and your hopes are bright as the morn-

ing; your children go out to learn lessons in the school-room, to return again at noon-tide hour as buoyant as when they left. You dream not that a lesson of sublimer import than theirs is to be submitted to yourself before the close of day. But in an unexpected moment there is a terrible crash, and hundreds of pupils are precipitated from a dangerous height amid wild shrieks of terror and stifled death-groans. The children whom you expected to greet in a few brief hours are brought home and laid corpses at your feet. You are childless. Is *submission* an easy lesson to learn? Can a graceless heart lift the supplication over this scene of death, "Thy will be done," believing that it were better that such a sorrow discipline the heart?

You are a passenger on board some ill-fated Atlantic. You are bound after a long absence to the place of your birth, where affectionate hearts are waiting to bid you welcome. A few more hours, and your feet will stand in the hall that once resounded with your voice, and hail a circle which needs your presence only to render its numerous relationships unbroken. But a furious storm tosses your boat upon the sea, and amid the crashing of glass, the roaring of waves, and the jutting of rocks, you yield up life in despair. Is it easy to say to the God who speaks, and the winds and waves thus obey Him, who commands and the elements hasten to destroy — is it easy to say in honesty, "Thy will be done?"

Yet the lesson may be learned. Who that has confidence in the character and providence of God, and truly believes that "all things work together for good to them that love God," cannot bow in meek submission to His will? So did John Elliot when he said, "I have had six children, and I bless God for his grace, they are all with Christ or in Christ, and my mind is at rest concerning them. My desire was that they should serve Christ on earth; but if God will choose to have them serve Him in heaven, I have nothing to

object to it. His will be done." So did the good Archbishop of Cambray, when his royal pupil, the young Duke of Burgundy, died. He said, "If there were needed no more than the moving of a straw to bring him to life again, I would not do it, since the Divine pleasure is otherwise." So have many others done.

"And he said, *These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*" Their sore afflictions win for them a "more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Their joy is sweeter for having sowed in tears. Their crown is brighter for having passed the fiery trial. The discipline of tribulation magnifies the glories of immortality. *The greater the trial, the brighter the crown!* To us who are looking for a "better country, even an heavenly," this is a grateful truth. It presents the embodiment of all that is hallowed in thought, all that is elevating in desire, and all that is precious in the consummation of hope. A few fleeting years of sorrow we "count all joy" if the resulting fruit is a richer reward at God's right hand. We can well afford to weep over disappointed expectation, and affection can afford to droop over the dust of the departed, if it shall add one drop to our cup of bliss in the paradise of God.

The purest earthly enjoyment succeeds the gloomiest hours of trial. The sweetest rest comes after the season of wearisome toil. The most refulgent sun shines after the darkest day. Hope's realization is more complete after long-delayed and suffering expectation. The long-absent mariner anticipates the end of his tedious voyage. His thoughts often wander over the treacherous waves to his home and kindred, and he sighs for his native land. But the unfavorable winds delay him in his course, and alternate hope and fear pervade his heart as sunshine smiles or tempests lower, all serving to magnify the happy meeting of friends which his imagination paints. Hours drag heavily, and the gales

seem to withhold their wafting influence as anticipation strengthens with the passing weeks. Nearer and nearer he approaches the desired haven, until at length the green hills of his childhood's home heave in sight, and his anxious friends welcome him to the shore. Who can measure his joy? It is greater because of perils and hair-breadth escapes. In this is a true symbol of the christian's life. He sails on smooth waters to-day, to-morrow the sea is rough. Now fear agitates his bosom, then hope brightens. He thinks of the pure abode of the righteous, but the land is not in sight. Anon it bursts upon his view, and the redeemed of God welcome him to its blissful inheritance. His reward is greater for the perils of the way. Now, his "joy is unspeakable and full of glory."

CHAPTER X.

FAMILY READING.

"She shuts the dear, dear book that made her weep,
Puts out her light, and turns away to sleep."

SPRAGUE.

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use."

DENHAM.

Books are companions, plenty as people, and as powerful to influence. They are the embalmed thoughts of men and women who are absent or dead. Through them we may visit all climes and ages, and fellowship with all sorts of spirits. A *good* book is a good companion. Next to fellowship with the living author, its influence is hallowed upon the mind and heart. A *bad* book is a bad companion. Next to the direct influence of its vicious author, it corrupts the moral being by sowing the soil of the heart with the weeds and cockles of "evil communications." If the principles, maxims, and counsels, contained in numerous books, were known to be embodied in the character of an individual, few parents would consent to his companionship with their children. And may not the same principles, maxims, and counsels, have equal power upon the printed page? If a living man is a dangerous associate because of his corrupting sentiments and conduct, then what must be the influence of his book, which is but a transcript of his own mind? If a man is a good or bad companion, so is a book. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," whether lived, spoken, or penned.

To every intelligent family, who give more or less attendance to reading, this is a matter of great importance. Read-

ing is no small item in the history of numerous households. How much it has to do with the formation of character therein we may not be able to determine. Doubtless it inspires sentiments, awakens emotions, cultivates principles, and forms tastes, which have much to do with both temporal and eternal destiny. At least, well-conducted reading becomes to all the members of a family recreation, amusement, and profit.

Sir John Herschel said, "Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me instead under every variety of circumstance, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history; with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him."

Happy family is that which has a taste for reading! Promising children are those who love to read for knowledge! But then, the exercise needs to be under the direction of care, discrimination, and wisdom. For a book may blast the brightest hopes of youth—gather clouds and darkness over the prospects of a family—bring parents sorrowing to an untimely grave.

It is not our object to impart counsel as to what shall be read, but to raise the note of warning against one kind of reading which is prevalent in every village of the land, especially among the young. I mean *novel reading*.

What is a novel? This question demands an answer. Is every work of fiction a novel? Surely not. All novels

are fiction, but all works of fiction are not novels. We have tales, as those of Marmontel — fables, as those of *Æsop* — allegorics, as that of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. These may be imaginative, fictitious, but they are not characterized by the deep-laid plot, the variety of characters, and the importance of the catastrophe, which distinguish the novel. The following definition of terms, approved by the best authorities, may aid to present a more lucid answer to the above question.

A *fable* is allegorical — its characters are imaginary. A *tale* is fictitious, but its characters are not imaginary; they are drawn from real life. An *allegory* is "a figurative description of real facts."

A *novel* is a more complex, thrilling, and bewitching kind of fiction than the *tale*. Its characters are more various; its contrivance to awaken the reader's curiosity, and keep him in suspense more marked; its events are more numerous and rapid; its stakes interests more marvellous; and its plot more intensely exciting. Of course, it appeals more strongly to the passions.

Romance is a kind of fiction in which the characters and scenes appear more extraordinary and wonderful than in the novel. Hence, it appeals to the passions with more force than even the novel.

With these definitions we shall be able to answer more distinctly the question, what is a NOVEL? There is a great lack of discrimination in writing and talking upon this subject. I have seen the plea set up for NOVEL-READING on the ground that Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* belong to this class. But our definitions make the former strictly an *allegory*, and the latter a *tale*. They widely differ from a novel. A NOVEL, then, is not every form of fiction. It is not fable, nor allegory, nor a tale. It is just what we have defined it to be above.

We do not, then, denounce all fiction as worthless and

pernicious. For some is profitable for counsel and reproof. We embrace in our view all that class of writings which the above definition of a novel embraces. And since *romance* is but the *novel*, made more wonderful and marvellous, we give to the term NOVEL-READING a wider latitude, and apply our remarks also, to this class of writings. Nor do we speak alone of this corrupting fiction, bound in cloth, sheep, morocco, or gilt, but we speak of it in whatever form it appears, whether in bound volume, in cheap pamphlet, or in the columns of a penny news-sheet.

That there is a marked difference between the moral character of novels against which we would raise the note of alarm, we do not presume to deny. *Ivanhoe*, for instance, is preferable to *Thaddeus of Warsaw*; and no christian would long remain in doubt which to put into the hand of a son or daughter, if compelled to give them one or the other. Yet, who would not feel safer, and far happier, in putting into their hands some work of science, history, or morality, than in giving them even the polished *Ivanhoe*!

That some good, christian men and women have written novels, we do not deny. But then, their works were never popular. The more marked the tone of morality upon their pages, the less eagerly have they been sought, and the sooner been consigned to oblivion. Were a writer now, however rich in reputation, even some world-famed Scott or Bulwer, to commence the preparation of novels for moral instruction alone, he could not meet the sickly wants of the novel-reading community. The *Religious Courtship* and *Thornton Abbey* by Defoe, bearing upon every page the evident design of the author, that of moral improvement, were never popular. And also, the works of Richardson and others, who have been ranked with this class of moral novel-writers, were never eagerly sought after by novel-readers.

Few are aware of the vast number of novels which are

scattered over the land. About six-thousand are offered for sale in this country alone, and many of these run through successive editions, until a copy of a single novel is found in ten and even twenty thousand families. The whole number of copies scattered over the land is, doubtless, far in advance of our present computation. Should a son or daughter undertake the reading of these six thousand novels, at the rate of two per week, more than *fifty-seven years* would expire before the stupendous work would be completed.

In addition to these bound volumes, there are "yellow-covered" pamphlets, and news-sheets, which no man can number, filled with pernicious fiction, and swarming like the locusts of Egypt in almost every village of the land. We read of newspapers, into whose columns are introduced French novels and similar trash, circulating in our land at the rate of twenty or thirty thousand weekly; and on the other side of the Atlantic, in the heart of England, at the rate of *One Hundred Thousand* per week. These are afforded cheap, as another device of the arch-fiend, that a burning tide of pollution may pour down into the lower strata of society to make poverty more terrible and revolting. Day after day, and week after week, this flashy and corrupting literature is mining away at the foundation of the social compact, by polluting immortal minds. Who can estimate the amount of sin and woe that spring up from these scattered sheets as the seeds of vice! Who would dare take upon his soul the responsibility of this earth-wide ruin, and go with it to the bar of God!

In order to add force to the remarks which follow, the following opinions of the wise and good upon this subject of novel-reading are commended to the reader's consideration.

Said John Foster, "viewing the vast rout of novels as they are, I do think they do incalculable mischief. I wish

we could collect them all together, and make one vast fire of them; I should exult to see the smoke of them ascend like that of Sodom and Gomorrah; the judgment would be as just."

Dr. Goldsmith, who was himself the author of a novel, gave the following advice to his brother. "Above all things never touch a novel or romance. How delusive, how destructive are those features of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness, that never existed; to despise the little good that fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and studied it more by experience than by precept—take my word for it, I say, such books teach us very little of the world."

Hannah More wrote,—"Many works of fiction may be read with safety, some even with profit; but the constant familiarity even with such as *are not exceptionable* in themselves, relaxes the mind that wants hardening, dissolves the heart that wants fortifying, stirs the imagination which wants quieting, irritates the passions which want calming, and above all, disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues and for spiritual exercises. The habitual indulgence in such reading is a silent, mining mischief."

The great and good Wilberforce said of the Waverly Novels, "I am always sorry that they should have so little moral or religious object. They remind me of a giant, spending his strength in cracking nuts. I would rather go to render up my account at the last day, carrying up with me the Shepherd of Salisbury Plain, than bearing the load of all these volumes, full as they are of genius."

Says Coleridge, "it cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought, by the mere excitement of mind and sensibility, may be justly ranked among



the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in and hurry off in quick and profitless succession; each indeed, for the moment of its stay, prevents the pain of vacancy, while it indulges the love of sloth; but altogether they leave the mistress of the house—the soul I mean—flat and exhausted, incapable of attending to her own concerns, and unfitted for the conversation of more rational guests.

Pollok says;—

“A novel was a book

Three-volumed and once read, and oft crammed full
Of poisonous error, blackening every page;
And oftener still of trilling second-hand
Remark, and old, diseased, patriot thought;
And miserable incident, at war with
Nature, with itself and truth at war,
Yet charming still the greedy reader on,
Till done. He tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreamy emptiness,
These, like ephemera, spring in a day,
From lean and shallow soiled brains of sand,
And in a day expired.”

The following facts show that the above sentiments are not extravagant or erroneous. The first exhibits the injurious influence of one kind of fiction which is regarded comparatively unexceptionable. It shows the power of a single book to mould the whole man.

Some more than three hundred years before Christ a precocious and ambitious youth was tutored in the school of Aristotle. The study which won his interest above all others was the Iliad of Homer—a work of fiction which the youth himself styled, “a portable treasure of military knowledge.” It was his daily companion, and his glowing imagination lived constantly in the scenes it portrayed. And when in the twentieth year of his age he ascended the imperial throne, he

was wont to sleep with his volume under his pillow by the side of his sword—a fact which strikingly illustrates the powerful influence that work of epic fiction had in creating in his heart a reckless love of victory, to gratify which the blood of unoffending millions was poured out like water.

Whatever may be said of Alexander's tendencies of mind and heart, or of the warlike preparations of the age in which he lived, it must be conceded that the Iliad of Homer had not a little influence in making him a man of unholy ambition, violence and blood. It wrought upon his imagination, nurtured his passions into a lusty growth, and flattered him with the future fame of becoming the mighty conqueror of the world.

But books of far more pernicious tendency, followed by a broader wave of woe, now accumulate in depositories and on parlor tables. Here and there is heard from the lips of out-speaking guilt, or bursting from the anguished heart, the confession of the ruin they achieve. Said a loving father, testifying in the excitement of open court against his daughter, who had brought ruin upon herself, wretchedness upon her family, and despair and death upon the man of her betrothal, "If my daughter has been in an unhappy state of mind, I attribute it to the impure works of Eugene Sue and Bulwer." To those soul-bewitching and lust-pampering authors he could trace the record of her shame. A mind and heart, made to be nourished by angels' food, and to expand forever with scraphic joys, fed upon the ashy apples of Sodom, and consumed by the undying worm of remorse!

Within two years our public journals reported the suicide of three accomplished persons in a *single county*, and the following was the verdict of the coroner's inquest, "Cause, novel-reading."

Somewhere I have recently read the following, which I give in my own language. The shades of evening darkened

the chamber with more somber and solemn hues than ever; for young H—— was struck with death. The scene was one of mental agony. Tossing from side to side the ejaculation burst ever and anon from his tortured heart—"too late!" "too late!" He had been a wanderer long, but driven by the premonitions of approaching death, he had just returned to his father's house, to die. No hope—no peace—sin—debauchery—a "fearful looking for of judgment and of fiery indignation"—amid such scenes the broken-hearted parents stood to point their dying son to the Lamb of God. But all in vain. He went down to the grave exclaiming, "*novel-reading has been my ruin!*"—language readily understood by the weeping parents. For against their counsels he had been a greedy novel-reader. Before he reached his early manhood he was familiar with Bulwer, Maryatt, Sue, and others. He had no taste for other reading. He had no relish for a life of quiet and usefulness. He longed to be an adventurer and seek his fortune away from his home. With his imagination unduly wrought upon by exciting fiction, and his passions greatly inflamed, he left home without the knowledge of his parents, plunged deeply into vice, and returned with shattered constitution, to die in terrible agony, with the exclamation on his lip, "*novel-reading has been my ruin!*"

The destructive tendency of NOVEL-READING is not yet fully appreciated. Thousands who cry out against visiting the theatre, the gaming saloon, and the brothel, have not inquired how many were made the patrons of these abodes of infamy by the fascinating, impure works of fiction. The man who walks at midnight the "path that takes hold on hell," was there in the glowing pictures of imagination long before when his passions kindled over the obscene romance. How many have first imbibed a taste for the grossest forms of vice, how many were really made the slaves of burning passion by the unchaste novel, we shall not know until the

Judgment Day. The work of moral ruin is effected when principle is mentally forsaken, and the mind begins to entertain with favor deeds of impurity and guilt. In hosts of debauchees and criminals, that fearful crisis—the turning point of character—may have been when the mind was wrapt with the witchery of a novel.

It may be said, “such facts as the above are rare.” Let this class of objecters follow us as we attempt to delineate the **NATURE OF NOVELS**, and decide whether their legitimate tendency is not to multiply such examples of moral ruin.

The very name, **NOVEL**, from *novus*, signifying new, denotes the appeal they make to the principle of curiosity and the love of novelty which belong to human nature. Men are usually fond of new things, and curious to pry into matters even beyond politeness and reason. Were an individual to stop in the street, and point with his finger in a given direction, the eye of every beholder would eagerly be turned the same way, and possibly, within fifteen minutes, he would be surrounded with a crowd of eager gazers, drawn together by the principle of which we speak. Fiction acts powerfully upon this characteristic of human nature, and leads the novel-reader, charmed by the consummate plot and brilliant scene, to neglect his duties and forego his nightly rest that he may see the ravishing end. It is this which renders the novel so fearfully bewitching, and wraps the mind in such a spell of dangerous delight.

The novel *decks vice in attractive garb*. Instead of presenting it in its native ugliness, a loathsome, vile, putrescent, stenchful sore upon humanity, it robes it in silks and satins, gilds it with resplendent jewelry, seats it in splendid parlors, and rides it out in a coach-and-four. As many a debauchee and many a shrew has covered with rich apparel a soul that festers with corruption, and moved in circles which otherwise would have spewed them out; so the vile hero of some *polished novel* is often garnished over as a *whited sepulchre*.

to pass with readers for what he is not. Bad men are often praised or their vicious deeds excused, and the good placed in circumstances to excite derision, or, at least, to appear unwinning. This is true of some of the novels which even Scott has penned. The good are sometimes made the butt of ridicule, and the bad the subjects of unqualified praise. Virtue is often unhonored and unsuccessful, while vice is the child of fortune.

This kind of fiction *magnifies wealth, pleasure, fame, beauty, chivalry, and all the paraphernalia of fashionable life*. It gives to them a prominence which is wholly unwarrantable. It would cause the youthful reader to feel that nought is so desirable as "gold and high life." It portrays the home of the rich in such glowing colors as make it about the only Eden this side the "Land of Light." This is true of the works of Bulwer as a whole.

A class of novels, or romances as they might more properly be called, are of the most polluting and disgusting character. They are designed to pander to the guiltiest passions of the guiltiest class. Scenes of gross licentiousness, and imagery the most revolting to the pure in heart, are unblushingly introduced. All that is vile, filthy, and demoralizing is clothed with the drapery of flowing style, and made captivating by the charms of mellifluous language. Whatever isolated qualities of an unexceptionable nature may characterize the works of Fielding, the occasional strokes of obscenity which meet the eye ought to be deemed sufficient excuse for banishing them from the pale of decent society.

In a word, novels are characterized by great *exaggeration*. Men and things with skilful colorings appear better than they are. Human nature is presented under false phases. There are no such friends and lovers, no such sons and daughters, no such husbands and wives, no such heroes and patriots. There are no homes so delightful, no hearts so

faithful, and no inheritances so alluring. It is a scene of fairies and gnomes, of splendid palaces and visionary regalia. Life presents no such scenes of enrapturing bliss, no such examples of thrilling adventure. There is no such beauty in the whole range of the beautiful. There is no such chivalry in the field of human exploit. There is no such pleasure in the abodes of princely fortune or regal splendor. There are no such glowing landscapes on the face of nature; no such painted hills and sequestered vales; no such sparkling fountains and crystal lakes; no such fragrant flowers and delicious fruits; no such shady bowers and blooming gardens; no such stars, or suns, or clouds, or storms, or thunder-bolts; no such days of summer mildness, or vernal sweetness. Every thing appears in too glowing colors. And the youth whose aspirations are determined by such a view of life will be harrowed by discontent amid its stern realities. The sober verities of earth will be too dull and testy to delight, and the spirit will beat in restlessness against the walls of its fleshy tenement. The halo of light which gilds the pages of such fiction is but the deceitful glow of the ignis fatuus, that lures the unwary into the deep ravines and morasses of sin. Such novels, at best, have none of the pure elements of christian productions, and are but the fabled poison of Circe, proffered in a golden goblet, to allay the fears while they speed the work of destruction.

The nature of this class of writings might be learned from the character of the persons who greedily devour them. They are not the grave and serious, the intellectual and useful, the lovers of God more than the lovers of pleasure. They are the gay and thoughtless, the light and pleasure-loving. They are the patrons of dancing assemblies and theatres, the devotees of the god of this world, and the worshippers at the shrine of mammon—the deluded multitude who bend the knee to Baal and Ashtaroth. This is the class who devour the novel and romance with perverted taste, and empty brain, and worldly heart.

It is not strange, then, that novels ruin as before described. *Their legitimate influence upon the reader is inevitably as follows.*

They make their readers *light and trifling*. They exhibit the fruits of their useless reading in light and senseless conversation, devoted to themes of little intrinsic merit — dress, manners, fashion, appearances, and kindred matters — nothing nobler, more dignified, or intellectual. In their conduct the fruits are not less apparent. Where the gayest and lightest things are witnessed, there they love to be. In the places they visit, the airs they assume, and the dress they wear, they show that their minds have communed with weak and useless books, if with any. Even the professing christian, who should allow himself to read such works of fiction to considerable extent, would experience the same disastrous results in his chilled and icy affections, his ardent love of the world, and his lack of interest in all that pertains to the kingdom of Christ. He would become a living disgrace to the cause which he has espoused—a withered branch to be severed from the fruitful vine—a barren fig-tree in the vineyard of the Lord.

Novels create a *disrelish for useful, religious reading*. They accustom the mind to read without thought or reflection. Coleridge divides readers into four classes. "The first," he says, "may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in, and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes every thing, and returns it merely in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines in Golconda, who casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gem." Novel-readers belong to the first class. There is nothing in what they read to stimulate the intellectual



faculties. They form the habit of superficiality. They destroy a taste for scientific and historical works. The latter become tame, dry, and painfully uninteresting. And, in fact, the great mass of novel-readers do not profess to be reading for the acquisition of knowledge, or mental discipline. Investigation, research, study is not their object. The result is that every faculty of the mind is dwarfed except the *imagination*, which is unduly excited. Still more pernicious is the influence of novels in destroying a taste for *religious* books. He who is fond of this kind of fiction is not much in love with the truth. Says Dr. Hawes, "no habitual reader of novels can love the Bible, or any other book that demands thought or inculcates the serious duties of life. He dwells in a region of imagination, where he is designated with the plainness and simplicity of truth — with the sober realities that demand his attention as a rational and immortal being, and an accountable subject of God's government."

Such author's as Bunyan, Flavel, Doddridge, and Edwards have few attractions for him. And the Bible — the world's book of books — is the dulllest, prosiest, most mystic volume of all.

Novels nullify *faithful, pungent preaching*. Novel-readers are the most hopeless class of hearers. They have little respect for sacred things, and assume the attitude of worshippers with little love for the undisguised doctrines of the Cross. If any class of persons make light of religious things, and point the finger of scorn at the serious and inquiring, it is this class. If any class retail their puns, and jests, and wicked witticism over religious truth and ordinances, it is the class in question. They may love to listen to flowing language and beautiful metaphor. They may be delighted with glowing eloquence and a fervid, dashing style; but it is such delight as they experience in witnessing an exhibition of fireworks — shooting rockets, falling stars,

red lights, green lights, and blue lights. But the faithful proclamation of the Gospel in its substance—"THE LORD REIGNETH," and "THE SOUL THAT SINNETH IT SHALL DIE."—is insipid and unpleasant.

Another legitimate consequence of novel-reading is, it *cultivates a false sympathy*. We are told, indeed, that the callous in heart are sometimes made to weep over the novel; and this is adduced as evidence that it refines the feelings and cultivates the tender sensibilities. False and pernicious reasoning! The daughter weeps over the pathetic novel, and yet leaves the bedside of her languishing mother to complete the volume. The son wets every page of the bewitching book with his tears, and yet treats his aged parents with unfilial neglect, and even with heartless overbearing. The reader weeps over the *imaginary* sufferings of some stricken family which forms the subject of the novel, while he turns away with unfeeling heart from the household of *real* sufferers not a mile from his door. The heart of the debauchee is deeply wrought upon as he follows the young and lovely heroine of some fine romance, sought, pursued, and ensnared by her vile seducers, as the meek-eyed gazelle is hunted down by the panting terrier on the eastern mountains; while yet, with awful guilt he companies with the blushless harlot, and beneath the sable curtains of night takes sin enough upon his conscience to damn a thousand souls.

When the news of destitution and suffering, of sickness and death, spread through a neighborhood, who are the first to yield to the calls of humanity and benevolence? Who is first at the cot of the suffering poor, with hands full of substantial aid? Who is first at the couch of sickness willing to spend night's silent watches in sleepless devotion to the distressed? Who is first in the habitation of mourning to sympathize with the bereaved, and administer consolation? Is it the novel-reader? the young woman who.

weeps herself to sleep at midnight over the alluring work of fiction? Or the young man who reads Scott and Bulwer till the grey dawn of the morning bids him off to bed? Are such most willing to watch through the tardy night at the bedside of the sinking sick? Not they. Test it where you please, the individuals, whose passions are most excited by the novel and romance, who have the most tears to shed over works of fiction, are the least wrought upon by the scenes of sorrow and distress which multiply in every neighborhood. They feel over *imaginary* wo only. Often the living, terrible reality does not start a tear from their eyes.

Nor is this strange. According to Abercrombie, and other intellectual philosophers, this is a reasonable, unavoidable result. It could not be otherwise. When any of the benevolent affections are called into exercise, in order to develop them, it is indispensable that they have some object to act upon. If a christian reads about the sad condition of the heathen world until his benevolent feelings are aroused, and this is repeated and repeated, he does not grow more benevolent. He gradually becomes more and more steeled in heart to such appeals from the perishing, and finally he can read such records with very little emotion. But if, when he reads and awakens benevolent emotions by increasing his missionary knowledge, he *contributes* to some cause which aims to relieve such moral destitution, then he grows in benevolent character. His benevolent affections have some object to act upon as they are excited, and by acting upon it are made to wax stronger and stronger. Thus it is with suffering in all its forms. He, who is moved to pity by scenes of penury and distress and yet does not allow his pity to act upon the sufferers in proffered relief, will soon be unaffected by all such sights. But if to the *seeing* he adds the *acting*, his heart will grow kinder and better.

Now, the novel-reader may feel and weep over some well-executed scene, and his benevolence be in full play, but

objects for them to act upon, since they are all *imaginary*. His kindly affections are awakened only to sink back into a more torpid state. A more powerful appeal is necessary to arouse them the second time, and thus on indefinitely. He *feels* without being required to *act*, until feeling becomes extinct. In *real* life his sympathies are excited by scenes or adventures *to act*, and therefore they do not perish, but survive and strengthen.

Such are some of the sad and sure consequences of the reading of that kind of fiction described. We might add, to read these writings *is a waste of time*—that precious inheritance which gold and pearls cannot purchase—that rapid rush of moments which decides an eternal destiny—

“That stuff that life is made of,
And which, when lost, is never lost alone,
Because it carries souls upon its wings.”

“O, time! time!” exclaimed the dying Altamont, “how art thou fled forever. A month! O, for a single week! I ask not for years, though an age is too little for the much I have to do.” Just tribute of a dying man to the value of time! The estimate an honest heart sets upon the priceless gift as it vanishes upon the borders of eternity! And this is worse than wasted upon the pages of corrupting fiction. It is wrested from the purpose for which it was bestowed—to lay up a treasure in the skies—and made a swift witness against the soul at the bar of God.

It is also a *wanton waste of property*. It has been estimated that novels have cost the people of the United States, in the last five years, from twelve to fifteen million dollars. This sum expended in the improvement of the arts would cause many a tax-payer to cry out against lavish expenditure. With the sum expressed in the larger estimate we might erect *five thousand* beautiful school-houses, at an ex-

pense of three thousand dollars each, and thus furnish ample apartments to hundreds of promising youth assembled for intellectual improvement. Or with it we might give to the asking West, the present year, the vast number of *seventy-five thousand* female teachers, with a salary of two hundred dollars each, to discipline ignorant and destitute children for becoming intelligent and useful citizens. Or with it we might rear *three thousand houses* of worship, of commodious dimensions and tasteful architecture, at an expense of five thousand dollars each, where the proclamation of truth might guide many a moral wanderer to the Cross of Christ. But now the waste is wanton and remediless. No one receives a good in return for the vast expenditure. Evil is the only fruit of the reckless purchase.

Summing up our remarks, we say, then, that novel-reading makes no one wiser, better, or happier. Admitting that it tends to produce no injury, since it does not add a tittle to wisdom, goodness, and happiness, it should be entirely discarded. There is no reasonable excuse in persisting in an exercise so useless when the world is full of books which will both feed the mind and improve the heart. There is allegory, fable, narrative, history, biography. There are books of travels, science, and the arts, almost endless. Morality and religion both furnish libraries of rich and varied knowledge.

There may be transient pleasure in the perusal of a novel, but it soon "palls upon the sense." On the other hand, there are numerous works, characterized by genius and learning, which swell the sum total of pure terrestrial enjoyment. A novel does not give being to one pure and noble sentiment that will sweeten the sad lot of sickness, or sustain the spirit in the hour of dissolution, or relieve the terrible retributions of the Judgment Day. But the world is amply supplied with books which are suited to be the bosom companions of men in all the adversities of

life, and to accompany them into the untried realities of eternity.

There is a substance sometimes cast upon the shore of the sounding sea, called Medusa, often attractive to the eye as it sparkles in the rays of the blazing sun. It appears like some durable workmanship, which you may take in your hand to bear away to a place in your cabinet of natural curiosities. But it proves to be a watery pulp, and ere you reach your residence, it has melted away from your grasp, and all that is left of the glittering object is a worthless shred in your hand. It is a fit symbol of the most polished and splendid novel when brought to the test of eternal truth.

Novel-reading is more perilous to the hopes of a family, because its influence is exerted upon the young, just at that age when it can produce the saddest consequences. If a person ever becomes a novel-reader it is usually in youth; and, becoming such at this period of life, he seldom controls the taste thus early imbibed. It is the mind upon which this kind of reading inflicts an injury, and a wound here, is not easily healed. A huge gash upon the body may close together and scarcely leave a scar, but an intellect, dwarfed or perverted in the morning of life, bears the blight forever. It is more appalling to poison the mind than the body. The arsenic or alcohol which poisons the physical is less terrible than the precept or principle which poisons the intellectual man. For a thought or sentiment, pure or pernicious, is the seed of action—the very germ of character. It promises to live longer, and struggle more desperately for existence. If imbibed in youth it often grows to the most prolific harvest in age. Foster has said, “the excesses of youth are so many drafts upon age, payable about thirty years after date.” If this be true, as it certainly is, then the person whose mind is Bulwerized in youth, by excessive novel-reading, will be deficient in all the relations of man-

hood and womanhood. Such an injury will be likely to live on, and bring the saddest experience in mature years.

This subject demands the prayerful interest of every christian parent, solicitous for the salvation of his children. Novel-readers, as we have seen, are the most volatile and trifling class of persons in any community—least likely to be reached by the proclamation of truth, and the efforts of God's people. A novel is truth's antagonist—a foe to the Bible—a syren to the soul. Consider, then, the vast number of novels in circulation, within "arm's length" of your sons and daughters, inviting them to read, and charming them away from the kingdom of God. Estimate the mischief which may be wrought upon their morals, and the ruin perpetrated upon their deathless souls by this corrupting fiction which abounds in almost every village and city. Realize, if you can, the nature and extent of this evil, as a hinderance to your christian counsel, and a call for more vigilant and persevering christian effort. No power save that which christians seek at the throne of grace can dissolve the silent witchery of a novel, and bring the soul into a blessed union with Christ—the power of the living God.

Let all parents, christian or not, be discriminating in the selection of books for their children. Remember that in furnishing these you are blessing or poisoning immortal minds. The volumes which you deposit in the book-case, or on the parlor table, are so many companions for your offspring, almost sure to instill their sentiments into their young and tender minds. How watchful you are in respect to the associates of your children? How ready to exclude the vulgar, the profane, the vicious, from their company! How eager to select choice companions whose influence shall not endanger their morals and ruin their souls! But the introduction of every book into your family is bringing home a similar influence to impress your offspring. It is

increasing the circle of silent associates, the more insinuating and powerful, because of their silence. A novel ought not to find a lodgement in a household. A book for the family should be instructive, abounding in thought, earnest, useful, and pure.



CHAPTER XI.

THE ERA FOR MOTHERS.

"The mother in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage
But for her cares, a christian man!
Then crown her queen of the world."

OLD PLAT.

THERE are seasons in the majestic march of Providence, when the purposes of a wonder-working God seem rushing to a crisis. The events of ages occur in a year, and the developments of generations are perfected in a day. Exalted conceptions are suddenly evolved. Great enterprises enlist the over-mastering energies of the soul. Opinion battles with opinion. Thought kindles thought. Invention provokes invention, Reform treads upon the heel of reform. Nations are convulsed—governments are destroyed—thrones are overturned. The excited multitude sigh for change. Liberty struggles,—winning and losing. And truth grapples with error, in the triumph of its irresistible might. Such seasons are crises in the thrilling history of the race; landmarks reared by the Great Proprietor of the universe, to remind our godless race of His power and glory in the conquest of this wicked world.

The present is such a crisis. Never before have the entire masses of the human family been so intensely excited. Never before were the nations moved by questions so vast, relating to their existence and destiny. Never did our own land—this spot of freedom's birthright—ring with such excitement. More than ever, we are a "spectacle" to a wit-

nessing world. Nations are looking on, breathless, to learn whether this experiment at republican institutions will be exploded, or the great questions which fearfully agitate the country be happily adjusted, and its former tranquillity return. It is a time of commingling hopes and fears, demanding peculiar wisdom for the present, and peculiar preparation for the future.

Some gaze with alarm upon the scene of strife, and conclude that the world is making a retrograde movement from bad to worse. They sigh for the "golden age" of the fathers as far surpassing in purity and promise these "latter days." "There is nothing new under the sun," they seem literally to believe. They pride themselves in fierce denunciations of "new things," as if the earlier ages had exhausted the Eternal's store-house of wisdom and knowledge. But we believe in a Law of Progress,—that the world is better now than it was in the beginning, and will be better in the end than it is now. No other doctrine receives the sanction of Divine truth. No other awakens a response in the true christian heart. It requires no ingenious argument to prove to the student of Providence, that

"There is a good time coming."

His expectant heart is anxious for its promised advent. And yet the present will mould the future. For thus it has been in past days. One generation has sent its mighty influence down to determine the character of the next. The machinery of the social compact is now propelled by a current of mental and moral power, whose accumulated might outstrips that of former ages, because it has been fed along the shores of time by the countless tributaries of eras which have fled. Each age has transmitted to us some special agency of power. One has sent down the art of printing; another the invention of the compass; and another the discovery of

the steam-power, and its application to the necessary purposes of life. And thus on through unnumbered agencies, which enable us to wield such a powerful influence over the destiny of the world. And thus, from the present age, must descend a legacy to "generations yet unborn." As our blessings exceed those of former periods, we ought to leave a richer inheritance to the unrevealed, mysterious future. Certain it is, that elements for weal or woe — principles to bless or curse — will issue from the present, to control, in some degree, the coming eras.

But, in order to comprehend the object of this essay, we need to regard more particularly the leading CHARACTERISTICS of the age. He, alone, can achieve much for the good of his race, who studiously watches the tide of human affairs. The close observer of Providence, only, perceives there is "*a time to every purpose*," and accordingly avails himself of present advantages to secure future ends. Mark, then, some of the leading CHARACTERISTICS of the age.

Progress is the universal watchword. In civil, literary, and religious institutions, there is unwonted effort at improvement. Old forms of government are becoming powerless. Their unfitness to advance a people in the scale of civilization is deeply felt. Old systems of education are fast falling into disuse, and new ones are adopted. The schoolmaster is already abroad with his new facilities and improvements to instruct, and "*the common people hear him gladly.*" In short, the multiplied and startling discoveries and inventions of the age, both in art and science, indicate the rapid progress of the race.

Disorder reigns. Few nations are free from internal conflict. Divisions and party factions roll billows of passion. Great questions are agitating the political world. Not only the influential and the learned in the seats of authority, but the masses of the "common people" participate in the wonderful movements.

Confidence in political organization is shaken. Multitudes feel, that the needful elements, and men of integrity are wanting. Hence, the efforts at reorganization in the "body politic," and the loud clamor for change.

Reform is demanded. War is unpopular. The cannon and musket are regarded as needless to settle national disputes. The friends and the foes of intemperance are arrayed for fierce encounter. And with all is mingled an element of *spurious* reform. The sacred ordinance of marriage is attacked as a human device. And that day of days, the blessed Sabbath—the harbinger of brightest hopes and sweetest joys—is voted down in conventions, as once it was in wretched, infidel France.

Temptations various and alluring, throng the fleeting hours. The agencies of moral ruin are numerous. Vice has more martyrs than virtue. On the right hand and on the left, the high and low, the rich and poor, the learned and unlearned fall;—and virtue sighs over the vast destruction.

Benevolence invites to an ample field. The Gospel now may ride in triumph over the world's wide domain. Nations, long hostile to its spreading power, unbar their gates and hail its coming. Perishing millions lift up their voices for the heavenly boon,—they invite, they implore, they plead. The church might build her altars on Northern bluffs, and gather her chosen bands on Southern plains; plant her banner on the Eastern hills, and burn her purest incense in the Western valley. God bids her rise in the strength of "truth divine," and take *the heathen for her inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for her possession.*

With such a view of the present, we cannot fail to anticipate a future of surpassing interest. The most startling scenes of Providence are probably yet to be. The most thrilling history of human life is yet unwritten. The mightiest overturnings in the sweeping march of truth are yet to burst upon our view. For such a crisis, men of pecu-

liar wisdom and power, of grasping talent and burning patriotism are needed. God's "set time" for the training of such a band has come. Whence shall they be gathered? Whither shall we look for men efficient for such a crisis? To who shall we appeal?

Our statesmen, our ministers of justice and religion, and the instructors of our youth, may accomplish much, but the **MOTHERS** of our land may achieve yet more. To them we appeal. In a critical period of the French history, Napoleon Bonaparte said to Madame Campan, "The old systems of education are worth nothing. What is wanted for the proper training of young persons in France?" With emphasis, she replied, "**MOTHERS!**" The thought was original and forcible to the Emperor, and he said, "Behold, then, an entire system of education! You must make Mothers that know how to train their children." Not less earnest is the appeal of the present era to mothers. With characteristic conciseness we might reply to the inquiry, What is most needed in the present crisis of human history? **MOTHERS!** We need *good men* to plan, to counsel, to execute. And one has said with truth, "Good professors can make *good scholars*, but good mothers alone can make *good men*."

Mothers! Be not surprised, that in this intensely interesting age of the world, our appeal is to you. True, such an appeal may awaken in your hearts a sense of fearful responsibility, but it also inspires with the thought of blessings to the race, and reward in the skies. When we reflect, that in our favored land there are **THREE MILLION OF MOTHERS**, having under their charge, beside their older children, **THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND INFANTS**, whose tender minds are to be moulded by a mother's plastic hand and quenchless love; and when we consider, that from this band of infants are to come our future judges, senators, statesmen, ministers and rulers, and that in almost every instance, "*the boy is*

father of the man," we cannot suppress the feeling, that the present is

THE ERA FOR MOTHERS.

Not from the imposing Capitol of these confederated States are to emanate the influences which will decide our future national destiny. The mother is now nursing at her breast the gigantic spirit which will hold the reins of future government, and control the elements of political faction in that stormier period when the battle with "a nation's crying sins" waxes hotter and hotter. O ye mothers at the cradle of helpless infancy! Could ye lift the veil and look in upon the scenes of the momentous future, and get one comprehensive view of the responsibilities your boy may sustain in its unwritten history, your soul would be fired with a patriotism which would lay the child upon the altar of his country, and a christian devotion that would make him an offering on the altar of his God. Yes; to yourselves God has committed, in a measure, the destiny of the world. Around that cradle cluster the hopes and fears of an anxious nation. From that throbbing breast, flows the milk of our country's weal or woe. HOME is your ample field of exploits,—a seat of power and sacred influence more august than that of legislative hall; and LOVE is your conquering instrument, more mighty than deeds of honored senates, or the thunder of arms. Thus sang one of the sweetest singers of your sex, as she proclaimed this truth in strains of charming minstrelsy:—

"In her own place the hearth beside,
The patriot's heart to cheer,
The young, unfolding mind to guide,
The future sage to rear;
Where sleeps the cradled infant fair,
To watch with love and kneel in prayer,
Cheer each sad soul with pity's smile,

And frown on every latent wile
That threatens the pure, domestic shade,
Sister — so best our life shall aid
The land we love." *

We have said, that men of peculiar talents, wisdom and power, are demanded by the age. Let us glance at some of the agencies required.

Men are needed, who are qualified to *pull down, and to build up*. If all the Scriptures reveal concerning the future spread of the Gospel and the universal reign of truth and righteousness shall come to pass, then much of this work remains to be done. Old things must pass away, and all things become new. Upon the ruins of much which now meets the eye, must rise that spiritual structure to the praise of God, whose materials are "cut out of the mountain without hands." The spirit of reform to which we have referred assures us, that this work of pulling down and building up has commenced with earnestness. In the strife and tumult of nations, we hear the sound of saw and hammer. In the shock of shattered kingdoms, we hear the crash of falling timbers. And the shoutings of our Zion, marching from conquest to conquest, are but the joyful acclamations of the workmen as they lift one stone upon another in the rising fabric. But, in the stupendous work too many are engaged whose only talent is for *pulling down*. This is scarcely half the work of reform; for it requires more talent to build up than to pull down. He is but a half-reformer, who is able to destroy, but not to create. Small minds can heap a pile of ruins, but talent only can rear a comely structure upon the smouldering ashes. Looking over the face of nations to-day, our eyes rest upon numerous scenes of ruin, upon which no enduring fabric has begun to rise. France and

* Mrs. Sigourney.

Italy have their half-reformers in swarming numbers. Enough have talent for pulling down, but "few and far between as angel's visits," are the men to build. Those nations bleed for want of whole-reformers, with power to remove the ruins, and lay foundations for the future, deep and strong. And the same is true, though in a less degree, of our own highly favored land. We need 'he men who can create, rear and fashion, in fair proportion, where others have demolished. Reformers need to be *formed*; not amid the pressing duties of ripened age, for often there they need to be *re-formed*; but in the tender years of childhood and youth, when a mother's skill and love may mould the spirit for deeds of godlike charity.

Public men of master minds and tried religious principle are needed. We have reached a crisis, (and another more important is rushing on to meet us,) when party factions should lose their hold upon the human heart. Interests too dear for wanton sacrifice, are periled by such devotion to party schemes. We need a nobler patriotism, purer philanthropy, to bear the ark of our country's hopes. We need men who love the nation more, and official badges less. Long enough our men have "wanted offices,"—now our "offices want men." For want of these the nation suffers. For want of these the world is bleeding. Long have public offices conferred dignity upon men. Now the nation pleads for men great and good enough to confer dignity upon its offices. We do not say there are no public men of the class we need, but we suffer for want of more.

Men of grasping and powerful intellects are needed to compass the intricate questions which agitate the nations. Inferior minds are not able now, and still less will they be able, as the conflict grows, to throw themselves into the breach and control the warring elements. Keen discrimination, comprehensive views, far-reaching foresight, and quenchless zeal, are needful qualities in a leading spirit of this and

future ages. But more important is a firm adherence to the good and true. Religious principle, disciplined and deeply rooted in the soul, can alone preserve from the prejudice of personal feeling, and the seductions of the world. In an age so exciting as the present, and as the future promises to be, we need public men whose determination to abide by the rule of perfect honesty is equalled only by their courage to maintain it. We must have men who will prefer hunger or nakedness, exile or obscurity, to the reputation of sacrificing religious principle for personal emolument. "What," says an eloquent writer, "are palaces and equipages; what though a man could cover a continent with his title deeds, or an ocean with his commerce, compared with conscious rectitude; with a face which never turns pale at the accuser's voice; with a bosom that never throbs at the fear of exposure; with a heart that might be turned inside out and discover no stain of dishonor?" Such are the men we need,—the trained and the tried.

Citizens of enlarged benevolence are required on every hand. Loud and frequent are the calls for deeds of charity. At home and abroad, there are golden opportunities for giving. As already made to appear, no age since the morning stars sang together, has presented so many encouragements to beneficence. The numerous facilities for reaching objects of charity, render the same amount of effort more powerful than in any age of the past. The child's penny may now reach a remoter clime, and tell upon a wider field, than once did the rich man's dollar. The age thus invites to cheerful giving. And doubtless better opportunities will be offered, and richer gifts be solicited in the revealing process of the future. And yet, every benevolent enterprise of the present day is impeded in its course for want of the requisite pecuniary aid. Millions lift an imploring voice for help, to whom there is given no cheering response. Divine Providence flings open doors for the church to enter and

1. The first step in the process of the development of the new curriculum is the identification of the needs of the community. This is done through a series of interviews and focus groups with community members, including parents, teachers, and local business leaders. The goal is to understand the specific challenges and opportunities that the community faces, and to identify the skills and knowledge that are most needed for success in the 21st century.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

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dent to bearing the Gospel to the perishing. Few can look the self-denials and trials of a missionary life in the face, and say, "Lord, here am I, send me." Indeed, comparatively few are the mothers who will cheerfully give their sons and daughters to bear the news of salvation to a distant clime. They offer earnest prayers to God, that reapers may be found for the whitened harvest, but are unwilling to have them called from their unbroken households. And, while this withholding spirit rules in numerous souls, the heathen are passing to the judgment at a rate more rapid than succeed the pulsations of the heart! Along the shores of every benighted land, the earnest pleadings of the living, and the last call of the dying, are for the teacher of life. It is God's "set time" to give the world his Gospel. But faithful heralds are needed to enlist in the mighty enterprise. Not by tens and twenties, but by fifties and hundreds, they are called by the voice of Providence. The present supply can scarcely reach the demand which comes from a single point of the compass.

Hear, then, ye mothers! Who but ye can form the character of rising generations to be reformers? When shall the heart imbibe those principles, and become inspired with that spirit, needful for a work so exciting, except it be in the morning of life? Who so well as ye can rear up a generation to sympathize with the suffering and lost of every land? Who like ye can train the heart to deeds of noble charity? Who can teach so well as ye, and impress so ineffaceably upon the spirit the truth,—“It is more blessed to give than to receive?” Who can rear, for coming generations, the faithful minister of Christ, so well as ye who pour into childhood's heart the story of a Saviour's love? Who can furnish for the public seats of power men of sterling rectitude so well as ye who train the conscience, and inspire the youthful heart with the love of truth? Who so well as mothers can awaken in the human soul an interest in the

cause of missions, and a desire to be a preacher where the Gospel is unknown? God commands you, in this crisis of affairs, to train your sons and daughters to be successful agents in the conversion of the world. The offering you are required to make is great. But mothers yield up their sons to contend on the bloody field of battle for a wreath of fame, or to dig for wealth in the "land of gold." Said a true-hearted Scotswoman to Robert Bruce, when hunted by his foes, "I have two sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death." So saying, she brought her youthful sons, dear to her heart by a thousand ties, and made them swear, in the frowning face of peril, fidelity to their king. So bear *your* sons to the altar of God, and give them up, for "life and death," to Christ and a dying world.

Mothers! We have endeavored to exhibit that this era especially appeals to you. And, for sharing its pressing responsibilities, peculiar advantages are incident to the relation of maternal and filial love. There is a design in the moulding power of a mother's love which subdues the son's defying spirit, even when it is unconquered by a father's authority. Glance, then, at the truths which should inspire you with hope, in training the child for scenes of such importance as those of the present era.

The permanency of early impressions. This truth reveals a power which mothers have above all others, by which to school the immortal spirit for whatever sphere they choose. No lesson of early life is lost. Though not perhaps made visible in its fruits for successive years, yet, from the nature of the mind, no early impression is effaced from the tablet of memory.

I stood by the couch of the aged sire of ninety. I talked to him of scenes that transpired a few fleeting months before, and a vacant stare was all his reply. I asked him concerning the far-distant period of his childhood and youth, and

at once the fire kindled in his eye, and a smile lighted up his furrowed brow. Words flowed apace as he glowingly described the scenes of life's fresh morning, when the old homestead rang with his merry laughter, and the brook where he angled glided along in its beauty, and I said, surely the impressions of childhood are engraved in ineffaceable lines upon the spirit.

I saw a man of middle age, unprincipled, profligate, and abandoned; but now arrested in his career of guilt by a sudden chain of reflection. His thoughts were busy upon the past, and anxiety was written on his brow. His mind was absorbed in the most thrilling scene of his childhood. He stood, in imagination, a youth at the bedside of his dying mother. He looked again upon her pallid brow, on which beamed a heavenly smile. He heard again her voice in words of dying counsel. The faltering accents of her last prayer for the blessing of heaven to rest upon his early years again thrilled his soul, and I saw the tear of penitence start from his eye, and the sigh of contrition heave his heart. And I said, that mother's faithful warning lives after the thoughtlessness of twenty years, powerful to alarm, restrain, and reform. Surely, childhood hath a power to retain lessons of wisdom and love, which belong not to the experience of age.

I saw another, a grey-haired man of eighty, who went down to the grave from his hearth-stone in this rural village. For many years he had lived a widower, dependent upon the kindness of a cherished son. A numerous family of sons and daughters had been reared by his faithful care, and now were widely scattered abroad. As he rapidly descended the vale of life, his active mind began to fail, and before he died reason was partially dethroned. In his last delirious moments, when in the weakness of second childhood he sighed for soothing words of love, he called not for his *slumbering wife nor his loving children*, but most touchingly pleaded for

his remembered mother. His mind, in its awful wreck retained no other impressions than those of his early life, when she dandled him upon her knee, or watched over him through the dreary night of sickness. He saw again, vivid as in real life, the form of that sainted mother, and he longed once more to hear the music of her voice, and feel the pressure of her hand upon his fevered brow.

So deathless is the influence of the faithful mother over her innocent child. Her impressions upon the heart are like letters cut in brass, or granite. God has elected her to a calling more curious and wonderful than the magic art of the sculptor; for hers is not to present a *lifeless* form of beauty to an admiring world, but one instinct with

“Thoughts that breathe and words that burn,”

a workmanship which will reveal forever the touch of its early fashioning. Mother! the tear of your child will be wiped away. Its sorrows are fleeting.

“The tear down childhood’s cheek which flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose;
When the next summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.” *

But the impress of your life upon its soul is immortal.

Around the solemn charge of the mother a host of facts cluster to cheer her in her pressing duties. For what has been done in the past may be done again in the future.

Some years ago, a student in the College of ——— wrote to a friend, in a season of revival, as follows: — “Having myself a praying mother, it occurred to me to inquire of the subjects of this revival whether their mothers were pious. I did so, and found that scarcely one sinner was brought to

the fold of Christ, who was not blest with a prayerful mother. This is a fact. O that mothers would let it make the proper impression on their hearts !”

In a Theological Seminary, one hundred and twenty young men were associated in preparing for the Christian ministry. They became interested to learn what proportion of their number were blest with pious mothers. They were not less surprised than delighted to learn, “that more than a hundred had been blest by a mother’s prayers, and directed by a mother’s counsels to the Saviour.”

John Adams, in a letter to his wife, wrote as follows :—
 “In reading history, you will generally observe when you light upon a great character, whether a general, a statesman, or a philosopher, some female about him, either in the character of a mother, wife, or sister, who has knowledge and ambition above the ordinary level of women, and that much of his eminence is owing to her precepts, example, or instigation in some shape or other.” These are words of high authority for wisdom and experience. And their truthfulness, the following paragraph from a French writer attests :—“Of sixty-nine monarchs who have worn the French crown, only three have loved the people, and all those three were reared by their mothers, without the intervention of pedagogues. A Bossuet educated the tyrant Louis XIV. ; his mother did not train him. St. Louis was trained by Blancha ; Louis XII. by Maria of Cleves ; and Henry IV. by Jane of Albret ; and these were really the fathers of their people !”

Who is not familiar with the early history of Washington ? At the mention of his honored name, how bright the memories of his sainted mother which throng the mind ! Who does not feel, that, great and good as the model statesman might have been by nature, much resulted to the nation from his early training ? Two incidents of his early life exhibit the power of maternal government. When, in the *spirit of youthful adventure*, he was about to sail as a mid-

shipman, contrary to a mother's counsel, what a change was wrought by the silent power of her unuttered feelings! The vessel in which he was to sail lay opposite his father's house. The little boat to convey him thither had reached the shore. He went to bid his mother a long farewell. He saw her tears, and his heart was moved. "I will not go away and break my mother's heart!" said he. And from that hour he began to live for his country's good. How different might have been our national history had not a mother's love detained him from a seaman's life! How much the nation owes to maternal influence!

When he was elected to the chief magistracy of the United States, he repaired immediately to the home of his youth to pay a tribute of love to his remembered mother. The touching scene of that meeting has been the theme of the orator and the poet. The historian records it in lines of glowing eloquence. "His head rested on the shoulder of his parent. That brow on which fame had wreathed the purest laurel, virtue ever gave to created man, relaxed from its lofty bearing. That look, which could have awed a Roman Senate in its Fabrian day, was bent in full tenderness upon the time-worn features of this venerable matron. The great man wept. A thousand recollections crowded upon his mind as memory retraced scenes long past, and carried him back to his paternal mansion, and the days of his youth; and the centre of his attraction was his mother, whose care, instruction, and discipline had prepared him to reach the topmost height of his laudable ambition; yet how were his glories forgotten, while he looked upon her, from whom, wasted by time and malady, he must soon part to meet no more!" This incident alone is sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous, that great and powerful must have been a mother's influence upon his character. We can but feel that he achieved so much for his country, because his mother taught him in the nursery, as she expressed it herself, the lessons of "diligence, obedience, and truth!"

We cannot dismiss this subject without pointing to a single example of maternal influence recorded in the sacred Scriptures. In the early history of the church, there lived a godly family in the city of Lystra, in which the parchments of the Holy Scriptures were piously preserved. A son, loved much because of the ties of nature, and more because he might be trained for Christ, was taught to read and obey the truths which they revealed. From those sacred records the richest lessons were poured into his tender mind. Lodged in his heart, they

"Grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength."

Years rolled on, and he became a man. His heart burned with christian love. His soul was stirred with the highest and purest aspirations. The words of life were published by his lips. Multitudes thronged around him to hear the news of salvation, and hearing, lived. His influence rolled on like a wave of the sea, and on every hand "the saved and trembling" rose up to call him blessed. Thus toiled the faithful Timothy for God; because through the influence of his "grandmother Lois" and his "mother Eunice," from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures."

And what shall I say more? For the time would fail me to tell of all that has been achieved by mothers for the welfare of our race. We have said enough to show, that the present is an **ERA FOR MOTHERS**; enough to prove, that with them rests, in a very important sense, the future destiny of mankind. Our work is done; and, in conclusion, we make a brief appeal.

MOTHERS OF THIS CHRISTIAN LAND! BAND OF THREE MILLION STRONG! One united effort on your part to mould the rising generation for truth and God, and what wonders will be wrought! How will the country flourish, and earth's moral deserts blossom beneath your faithful toil!

O weigh your solemn charge ! To give character to a deathless spirit, earth has no greater trust ! One deed of sin, one word, one vicious breath, may blight the fondest hopes. Indeed, far less than this may defeat the object of your earthly mission.

“ The child

That shuts within its breast a bloom for heaven,
May take a blemish from the breath of love,
And bear the blight forever.” *

What consequences hang upon a point of time ! What hopes and fears throng around a single child ! What volumes crowd an hour ! Ye need to use such care, skill, wisdom and toilsome hours as are required to wield the artist’s pencil.

Ye who train the child to flirt in the halls of fashion, how dare ye trifle with a charge, in whose life the bliss of hundreds may be involved ! How dare ye warp so wantonly a mind for the chase of “ airy nothings,” when it ought to be disciplined to lift from its degradation our fallen humanity ! How dare ye assume the responsibility of rearing an immortal being to be ignorant of truth and duty, when, by an obligation, weighty and solemn as God would have it, you are commanded to train him for usefulness and glory ! How dare ye permit a single one to devote his energies to fashion and earth-born delight, thus growing up to become a useless thing, when your country and the world are suffering for the want of men of unblemished character and moral might ! Your mission to this world is to leave it better than you found it. And how can you make it better by a swifter progress, than by giving to it the young and peerless energies of a well-trained posterity ?

Ye, whose children are governed and guided by irresponsible domestics, tremble that ye evade so great responsibili-

tics, as if God had allowed you the choice! "Train up a child," is the mandate from the throne to *yourselves*, and not to your domestics. The quenchless love of your heart, the musical scale of your voice, the tenderness and sympathy of your soul, were bestowed that *you* might control and direct with magic power the unfolding energies of the young immortal. O clude not the sacred trust! Both God and nature, our agitated country and the world implore you to leave upon the youthful heart the impress of parental virtue and faithfulness.

Mothers! studiously ponder the indications of Providence. Regard all that your eyes rest upon in the vicissitudes of human affairs as truly embraced in the infinite range of the Divine Government. Learn to trace each passing event to the agency of Him whose "throne is in the heavens, and whose kingdom ruleth over all." See God in the scenes of the present crisis, shaking with His lifted arm the old organizations of political power, and the imposing systems of dark idolatry. Feel that the noise and tumult of the present age is but the thunder of His chariot-wheels, as He rides from victory to victory, ushering in the developments of the "latter days." Then, and not till then, will ye feel that this is the era for maternal fidelity. Then will ye apply your hands and your hearts with matchless zeal to render Home the primary school of the land, in which are disciplined hosts of her faithful and true. And then, with a devotion which never tires, ye will guide the deathless spirit to a life of christian toil on earth, and a sweeter Home in the skies.

CHAPTER XII.

PHILOSOPHY OF CHARACTER.

"The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation ; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."

SHAKESPEARE.

PHILOSOPHY is the reason of things. Hence, there is philosophy in all things, since there is a reason for the nature and existence of all things in creation, providence, and grace. And yet, though philosophy pertains to all things, it is comparatively little studied and known by mankind. They know that fire is hot, ice is cold, a rose is red, and leaves are green ; but how few persons seek for the reason of these phenomena. Some contemplate the orb of day in its radiant circuit only in the estimate of *oil*, its light will save. Some admire the majestic march of a summer's cloud, filtering water as it goes upon thirsty lands and shallow streams, but appreciate the phenomenon only by the inches it raises the water in their exhausted mill-ponds. Some go into ecstasies over their crops of corn or cotton, while blind as bats to the development of nature's glorious plan. Some see beauty in the blossoms that coronate a tree, but only as it prognosticates so many bushels of luscious fruit. This is the compass of their philosophy. While

* Delivered before the Boston Mechanics' Apprentices' Library Association, and other Literary Societies. If it differs in style from preceding chapters, it may be accounted for in the fact that it was originally prepared for a Lyceum Lecture. It is inserted here as a development of principles suggested in the Third Chapter.

boundless fields of knowledge invite and allure the mind to gather treasures richer than Peruvian placers, immortal powers grovel in the dust, as if the world were a mammoth mine, and "man's chief end" to dig and winnow gold.

But most of all, men are deficient in their knowledge of the true PHILOSOPHY OF CHARACTER. That is, in the formation of character the mass of the human family have no regard to plan, or rule. There is a sort of recklessness, almost universal, upon this subject. Men accord with Solomon that "a good name is better than great riches," but *how character is made* is the philosophy they have seldom studied. By what laws inherent or extraneous, mental, social, or moral, this workmanship, more exquisitely nice and beautiful than the statue of Phidias, is produced, how few consider! The most that claims attention is a collection of wise and stereotyped precepts, very important to know and practice, but far back of these lies the philosophical view, in the eternal laws of the mind. The character is formed by law, positive and direct, as really as the full ripe corn in the ear. Divine laws in the production of rain and light, heat and cold, are not more apparent than the laws of the mind and heart in the production of character. Character is not something that we take to ourselves from without, but that which we fabricate with the machinery within. For its web to be complete, not a thread broken or dropped, all these laws of mind and heart must move in harmonious action, as truly as the complete mechanism of a watch. It is not sufficient to know simple precept; we need to learn something of those internal laws, in obedience to which precept may be reduced to practice. Then we go back to the foundation. We see on what a basis the superstructure may rise. We need not a view of the entire life to learn what character will be. When the foundation of some noble edifice is laid, and a few gigantic columns are reared in colossal grandeur to support the dome, we may judge, in some

degree, what its architectural beauty will be, before we see the last stone raised to its place in the fabric, or the last touch of garniture upon its splendid walls. So, when we learn that the foundation of human character is laid in the harmonious action of the mental and moral laws of one's being, we may judge somewhat of the prospective structure, as virtue after virtue shall be wrought into the comely fabric like hewn and polished blocks of pearl, agate, and gold.

As already intimated, a great variety of character presents itself to our view, varying as the physiognomics of men, yet *why* is it thus? and *how* is it thus? are questions not often revolved. Character is to be *made*; and of all *made* things, least care and attention is devoted to this. Even parents mourn over the utter ruin of a son, and wonder at such an issue of vice, when they have not devoted an hour of their lives to the inquiry, *how* unsullied character is made? His clothes, his amusements, his thousand-and-one boyish wishes have all received careful attention. In respect to these, taste, appearances, economy, pleasure, and durability are all studied. There is often more common sense, earnest thought, and sound reasoning, or, in other words, *true philosophy* expended upon the making of a coat than upon the making of character. The brainless dandy, who acts as if a man's intrinsic value were carried on his back, is a philosopher at the toilet and an ignoramus in the schools. With the multitude no effort is made to mould character. It is left to take the direction that surrounding circumstances determine. It is not, then, a matter of surprise that so many of our race are perfect paupers in respect to a good name. We wonder there are not more. When fathers and mothers have less to do with a son's character than with his coat, less real anxiety for his principles than his pleasures, we need not wonder, we cannot wonder at the issue. And when men with deep concern secure the inheritance of wealth with bonds and mortgages, bolt and padlock, and yet make

no provision for the safety and perpetuity of virtue, we need not be surprised at the results in infamy. That man deserves commiseration for his lack of good sense, who thinks of forming character without nice discrimination and study, when without it he would not think of making a salable cloth, or other marketable goods.

With these preliminaries we are prepared to elucidate the subject proposed — PHILOSOPHY OF CHARACTER.

The importance of the theme cannot be exaggerated. How expressive with meaning is the very term—CHARACTER! As it rings upon the ear it excites visions of joy or sorrow, of hope or despair, of endless felicity or woe. From the developments of the past and present, it stretches forward in its all-comprehensive reach of meaning to the soul's temporal and eternal destiny. It wears the seal of immortality. Its price is far above rubies. It is the soul's wealth—its burning sapphire, jasper, and topaz. Without it man is cursed with most unpitying pauperism, for there is no pauperism so abject and crushing as poverty of character. The bare conception of its absence suggests the worse than penury that frowns upon the days of him who owns it not. A characterless man! Who suffers him to tread the unstained hearth-stone of home? In all the circles of valued men who loves him? Who among the tried of virtue's name does not hate his vicious living? Who trusts him with his property or his business without careful watching? A characterless man! Oh, the squalor and wretchedness of such a moral tatterdemalion—a poor, miserable, forsaken, outcast, exiled from virtuous homes and hearts! Characterless! who would not rather be moneyless, and homeless too—a pauper of "olden time," knocked off to the highest bidder to be fed and clothed! With all our hearts let us pity that poor wretch, the poorest of the poor, who does not own one good man's *respect*—whose thread-bare character denotes

him a candidate for Satan's alms-house — loathed, hapless man on earth, more hapless still in hell !

Character is all that a man hath — his bosom friend — his guardian angel as he travels an Egypt to inhabit a Canaan — his seraph-guide to Pisgah's heights of glory, where to view the promised land — yea, the magic rod with which he parts the flood to escape the Pharaoh of a heartless world.

At this point it may be necessary to avoid a misunderstanding by noting the distinction between *character* and *reputation*. They are frequently used synonymously although widely differing. Character is what a man *is*. Reputation may be what he is not. Character is a man's real worth — his intrinsic value. Reputation is what is *thought* of him, his value in the market of public opinion. Character "hath foundations," a basis enduring as granite. Reputation rests upon fluctuating hearsay, *which to-day is and to-morrow is not*. Character is a man's net capital in the trade of life, always yielding a reasonable income, and furnishing him with security against remediless failure, when others are involved in ruin. Reputation is only the capital which his neighbors say he possesses, and which is somewhat more likely to be false than true. Character is the product of working laws. Reputation exists independent of law — a lawless thing. The French were wont to say, "the reputation of a man is like his shadow; it sometimes follows, and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than himself." Hence, a person really devoid of every element of virtuous character may be favorably *reported* abroad. But he, alone, who is intrinsically worthy of such a name, can claim the *character* of which we speak.

The Law of Association. This is the first law which is involved in the philosophy of character. It is a fact of our experience, and lies at the foundation of all our tastes and habits. It is one of the simplest principles of mental action

and is attended by the most wonderful of mental phenomena. It consists simply in this;—a person or thing once seen in connection with another, becomes associated with it in the mind, so that the mention or presentation of the one will recall the other. The bare circumstance of being seen together may create such a lasting and inevitable association.

Common examples of the operation of this law are such as the following. If the village bell tolls slowly and at measured intervals, we think of death and the grave. On the other hand, the sound of jingling sleigh-bells suggest the joyous heart and merry ride. If we meet a man notorious for some vice we are at once reminded of his pernicious habit. The smell of camphor, or the physicians's carriage at a neighbor's door, causes us to inquire who is ill.

Visit some war-worn pensioner, the living relic of revolutionary story, nor lisp one word that shall recall the recollection of hard-fought battles and triumphs of victory. But pour the martial strain of fife and drum into his heavy ear, and the old man's heart beats against the walls of its wasting tabernacle, as if his age were renewed with the spirit of '76. The martial music revives the recollection of the past.

The scholar of classic fame stands beside the crumbling towers and temples of Greece or Rome. He walks over ruins that are dignified with the memory of genius and heroic virtue. He breathes 'an air that seems loaded with the melody of ancient eloquence and song. For he treads a spot that is hallowed with stirring associations, pervading the soil and the air, and speaking out from every wasting column and portico with a power that kindles fire in the eye, and inspiration in the heart.

When Mark Anthony pronounced his distinguished eulogy over the dead body of Caesar he made an appeal to this law, in order to carry with him the hearts of his audience. With solemn mien he stretched out his hand, and with his nervous fingers lifted the covering from the great man's

corpse, and pointing to the gaping wounds, gave them a voice more thrilling than his own, by the rush of memories which it caused in the minds of the vast assembly. The past had a history of which dead Cæsar was the life and soul, and one glimpse of the ghastly gash spread it out as on painted canvass. Never, never had funeral close once, such power, for it wrought the slavery of twenty nations.

One who understood the philosophy of the mind better than ourselves, appealed, in an hour of affecting interest, to this law, as the basis of hopes that never die. Christ, when about to be offered on the Cross, desired a grateful remembrance in the hearts of His people. How unpretending the method by which his name is perpetuated! He took bread, and brake it, and gave to his disciples, saying, "*this do in remembrance of me.*" How simple, and yet how grand! By an appeal to the law of association, He united, beyond the possibility of forgetting, the sacred symbols with the untold sufferings of the Cross. Neither time, nor distance, nor revolution, hath jostled one stone in this monument which Christ erected in human hearts. Others have sought to perpetuate their memory by rearing stupendous works to survive the wasting touch of time. They have founded cities, raised monumental piles, and builded pyramids. But Christ asked not for brass or marble. He reared no gilded shaft, he sent up no lofty column. And when the works of earth's mightiest Nimrods shall have crumbled to dust, this monument of Christ shall abide in the hearts of men. For its basis is a law of our existence as moveless and wasteless as the soul.

The above examples will suffice to illustrate our meaning of the law in question. They show that persons, ideas, and things may be inseparably associated in the mind.

With this view, it is clear that this law must have almost omnipotent force in the formation of character. By prudence, wisdom, foresight, and purity, all life's associations may be

pure, and the character, of course, partakes of that purity. When the scenes in which one mingles are virtuous, there can be no vicious recollections to fire the passions and pollute the heart. Equally powerful are the workings of this law in the production of evil. It drives the soul on, both in the heavenward and hellward course. By ligaments too strong for even death to sunder, associations of vice and pollution are bound to the depraved heart. Unaided by Divine grace, man finds it impossible to flee from their dominion, though he escape to the uttermost bounds of space. Should he ascend up into heaven they are there. If he makes his bed in hell they are *there*. If he takes the wings of the morning, and flies to either pole, they are there to tie him to his loved sins. Ay, could we see the triple cords which this law weaves to throw around a guilty soul, we should not wonder that they break so seldom, but that they are *ever* broken. When a man converts God's laws into machinery to turn out pollution, he will find that he has set springs and wheels in motion it were difficult to stop.

Mark the tremor and agitation of that nervous youth. Possibly his parents have never asked why he starts and trembles when suddenly surprised? why he fears to be alone in the dark? why his imagination peoples darkness and solitude with ghostly figures? Why this fear, and fright, and agitation? Ay, there is no mystery here. For nursery tales of ghosts and goblins fell upon his infant ears, and associated darkness in his mind with frightful images. So vivid hath nursery imprudence made these startling associations, that his youthful imagination can fill the air at any moment with phantoms and evil spirits.

An ancient artist sketched the figure of a beautiful boy from the bright original — the loveliest child he ever saw — delicate as a flower, and brilliant as a star — too fair and beautiful for earth. He suspended it upon the wall of his studio, having resolved that when he saw the ugliest victim

of vice to be imagined in humanity's form, he would pain the guilty wretch, and suspend the portrait by the side of the angel-child. Years rolled by, and, at length, he found a loathsome subject vile as vile could be. With the bruises and putrifying sores of vice festering upon every feature and blotting out the last trace of human brotherhood from the heart, he painted the profligate, and hung the awful picture upon the wall beside the child. Strange contrast! And yet, he found that the man whose portrait he had taken was once that beautiful boy. He could scarcely believe his eyes. He wondered and wept over the change. But there was no reason for wonder or surprise. It was not amazing, when we know that early in life he threw off the innocence of his childhood, and became the associate of the vicious and abandoned, mingling in scenes of gross debauchery, until vile companionship alone could gratify his taste, and thus by multiplied and vivid associations was made to live continually, by the force of the imagination, in scenes of vice. It was not strange, when we reflect that the soul was united by vivid recollections to the base delights of pollution, and thus the passions were set on fire by unhallowed memories, and kept burning as if a living coal was wound up as a ganglion in the heart. Give over a man to the moulding power of this law, let it have the opportunity to transform, and though he be an angel of light, it will fashion him into a demon as readily as the potter fashioneth the clay. Here we have a glimpse of the *Philosophy of Character*.

Another law of our natures having to do with this subject is the *Law of Imitation*. There is very little genuine *originality* among the mass of the human family. They are mostly copyists, not designers. Even the original *thinking* of the world is done by a few choice spirits. Our schools of the arts and sciences are very generally a simple transfer of the thoughts of others. In astronomy we are thinking the thoughts of Herschell. In geology we are thinking the

thoughts of Lyell. In philosophy we are thinking the thoughts of Newton. In theology we are thinking the thoughts of Luther, Calvin and others. Until we tarry to consider, we are scarcely aware how few thoughts, embraced in our general knowledge, are our own.

We carry this principle of imitation into all things. Character is copied as truly, and generally to a greater degree of perfection, than paintings. In a foregoing chapter upon the Parental Relation this truth was indirectly elucidated. The fact that children so generally copy the virtues and vices of their parents, proving the adage "like father, like son," is evidence of the powerful workings of this law.

All human precepts and lessons concerning *example* are based upon it. Although few may have in view its existence, it is, nevertheless, all that renders example important. Were it not for this, example would be powerless. But now, the speediest method to make a man a pattern of earthly virtue is to send him to mingle with the virtuous. He will *imitate* their virtues. On the other hand, a successful way to make a profligate is to afford him the companionship of the vicious. Let his eyes rest upon scenes of vice, and his ear listen to the song of revelry, and, by and by, his heart will throb with sympathy, and before he dreams of sinning, he is copying vices. No virtue is so exalted, and no vice is so disgusting, that man will not *imitate* it. This is the sentiment of the well known lines of Pope, —

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It was in obedience to this law that one of the most gifted painters of antiquity refused to gaze upon a defective picture, lest he should transfer the defect to his own canvas. With such force does this law rule the human mind.

Another law, akin to the last, while yet distinct, is the *Law of Assimilation*. It is not a hand that simply copies, but one that moulds and transforms. The law pervades the works of God. It is traceable in inanimate nature. Some vines lock their shooting tendrils around their nearest neighbors, and clasp them week after week, till their products become in nature like their own. Multitudinous are the plants that assimilate all others near at hand to themselves.

The operation of this law is witnessed in the worshippings of mankind. Men are assimilated to the moral character of the objects which they worship, be that character what it may. Some of the tribes of the Northmen, who annihilated the Roman power, were worshippers of Odin and Thor, hero-kings, blood-thirsty, and cruel as cruelty could be. Their worship destroyed the tenderness of their hearts, and

seemed to mould them over into blood-hounds of human form, delighted never so much as when upon the field of dreadful slaughter. So that here the distinction between imitation and assimilation is apparent: assimilation meaning, not simply the taking of something extraneous to one's self, but the turning over the inner man, with all its living sympathies, to a new and different life — a kind of re-creation for better or worse.

In China the priests of Buddha understand and teach this doctrine in the following emphatic manner. "Think of Buddha and you will be transformed into Buddha. If men pray to Buddha and do not become Buddha, it is because the mouth prays and not the mind." This is the doctrine of assimilation, not a whit too strongly stated. Men do partake of the moral character of the objects which they worship. This is the philosophy of religious character.

In social and intellectual character this law is equally effective. The scholar, who has strong sympathy with, and glowing love for some chosen author, will gradually, and to a surprising degree, approximate to his style and manner.

The friend, tried and true, becomes like his bosom companion. The stronger his attachment, the closer his friendship, the more implicit his confidence, the more certainly will his feelings and his whole character be assimilated to that of his friend. He will love what he loves, hate what he hates, and do what he does. If the friend be virtuous, happy will it be for him. But though the friend be carious to the heart's core, this law of assimilation will convert his own soul soon into a similar nest of harlot-passions. At this point many a stripling has been involved in ruin. Here the seal of infamy has been stamped upon many hearts. Here many a young man has lost his crown of glory. The attributes of his manhood have been transmuted into the appetites of beasthood. The kindling aspirations of a noble nature have been moulded into the disgusting sensualities of vice. Not by accident, or unlucky hit, but by the power of a moulding law that can fashion men into vessels of honor or dishonor.

The Law of Habit, also, has its place in the formation of character. The sagacious Dr. Paley has said, that "man is a bundle of Habits," meaning that habit has more or less to do with his entire existence. "Practice makes perfect," is a maxim of undoubted truth, but it is only another expression to denote the force of habit. The philosophy of it is simply this—*repetition gives facility and strength to action, physical, mental, and moral.*

The village "smithy" at his forge reveals the truth in the brawny muscles of his arm; the weather-beaten tar in the easy step with which he climbs the rigging of his tossed and booming ship; the trained equestrian in the agility with which he vaults and dances on slackened rope; the school-boy in the rapid speed with which he reads a page, dashing on from sentence to sentence, where once he paused to trace the form of letters, and spell each syllable. And the sinner in the remorseless spirit with which he handles the lusty oath, that

once would have well nigh curdled his blood and palsied his tongue.

Habits, "are not always laid down deliberately as plans to be pursued, but steal upon us insensibly; insinuate themselves into a train of successive repetitions," till we find they have sent down their roots into the unknown depths of the heart, and their shooting fibres lock and interlock at the centre of our being.

We have noticed the slow progress of insidious disease, when the youthful victim, all unconscious of its silent inroads, wears the smile of gaiety upon a bloom that seems the rosy tint of health, when it is but the hectic signal of decay. Not less insidious are the advances of evil, that, by frequent repetition, become incorporated into human character. Little by little, step by step, so slow and yet so sure, that what we now regard with abhorrence, we may finally demand as indispensable. This law expends its intensest force upon the tastes. Men do not practice vice against their tastes. They learn to love it by continued communion with it. And when the habit of indulgence has once created the baneful taste, it requires a Herculean will to oppose resistance. Neither reason, persuasion, argument, nor always religion, avail against it. The poor inebriate, scathed and scarred by his unmerciful bondage to a vicious *habit*, struggles and worries to snap his chains asunder, to be free, delightful freedom! from the grinding tyranny of appetite, but often in vain. Or if, perchance, he severs his bonds and comes forth from the Egypt of his thralldom, branded and scourged in body and soul, a sight of the sparkling cup may charm him back to his slavery. We are told of a species of deadly serpent, that possess the terrific power of "charming by the eye, or some mysterious influence, the birds, or other living creatures they are intent upon siezing, and of thus drawing them within reach of their fangs." Fit symbol of the fas-

cination of the "Serpent of the Still" to the victims of this drinking habit!

The three last-mentioned laws, imitation, assimilation, and habit, may be regarded branches, or radiations of the first, association. We have preferred, however, to regard them in their distinctive offices. Two others remain to be considered. But here we pause to illustrate more distinctly the operation of these laws in the formation of a single character. Take the libertine—the wretch whose leading vice embraces in its mammoth scope all other vices. He may lounge in splendid parlors, but his body bloats with pestilential disease, and his soul festers with the loathsome cancers of corruption. The signal of his inward shame is hung out upon every lineament of his face, and vice has scored its superscription upon his very forehead. All over, from head to foot, inside and outside, nature has branded him with marks of infamy, proclaiming how she loathes such a putrescent specimen of humanity. She labels him at every loosened joint, and at every pore oozing with stenchful ichor, a *moral monstrosity*, and swears that virtue is ashamed that such a being lives. He lives and moves, perchance among some decent people, but more to be dreaded than plague and cholera combined. For he hunts *virtue* as game. He allures and traps unsuspecting innocence. The brighter virtue he can decoy and drag down to the lowest depths of sensuality, the greater is his joy. Vile miscreant! The blackest fiend that treads the burning marl of hell could not do more. I have read of an ambitious artist, living in days of yore, who, in order to paint a dying agony in the most perfect manner, ordered one of his slaves to be slaughtered before his eyes that he might sketch a man writhing in the pangs of death. Monster of ambition! Yet, he is worthy of our love beside the debauchee who would rob virtue of its coronet of honor. For he painted to cultivate his genius and please the world by his artistic skill. But the latter

ruins to gratify a satanic love of sin. What fathomless depths of guilt in the being of so great a sinner! His heart is a pestilent Dead Sea, in which at least one Sodom and Gomorrah is engulfed, from whose surface deadly exhalations rise, and on whose banks not a green thing grows.

Such is the character of the libertine; and now we inquire *how* it is formed? What is the philosophy of its formation? In reply, we answer, it lies in the operation of the laws considered—the force and direction which their united action gives to all the passions and propensities of human nature. For these are ruled and reined by association, imitation, assimilation and habit. These together conspire to make the man what he is. The base workmanship was not wrought in a day. Long since he began to mingle in scenes that created in his mind polluting associations. His eye rested upon obscene pictures or characters. His mind communed with fictitious and disgusting tales. He resorted to the billiard-room, the theatre, and at last to the midnight symposia. Guilty association was wed to association, imitation began to make rough sketches of the terrible reality, and assimilation gradually moulded over the disposition and the taste, repetition succeeding repetition, until the most damning vice was wrought into a masterly habit. Thus the united action of these laws has imbruted humanity, and stricken out from the soul the last trace of every manly virtue. They have haunted the imagination with the ghosts of ugly vices, and inscribed the walls of the memory all over with obscene figures and disgusting sentences. Could we turn that filthy mind inside out, and trace upon its imperishable parchment the base inscriptions, we should not wonder that the distorted mental and moral vision saw only the gilded forms of impurity.

I have seen a shattered building whose interior walls were literally covered with vile pictures and viler sentiments. It was to me an expressive symbol of the depraved minds of

those who had been there to scratch and scrawl. Upon those walls the law of association had inscribed what it had before inscribed upon the mind. Immoral men had been unconsciously, but with master-stroke, delineating their characters there—truthful auto-biographies. So with the libertine whose character is drawn above.

Another law having to do with the formation of character is that of *Hereditary Developments*. Estates descend from father to son with no less certainty than do some marked traits of character, both good and evil. Procreated and perpetuated, inborn and inbred, they leave their impressions deep down in the soul as clear and undoubted as "footprints" upon the "old red sandstone." If they are pernicious characteristics it is well nigh as difficult to eradicate them as it is to eradicate consumption and scrofula that are begotten with one's existence and taint the blood to the third and fourth generation.

Without prolonging remarks upon this law, one character may be cited, by way of illustration, the leading element of which is frequently inherited. It is the cynic—the man who discovers few attractions in his fellow-men, but uncounted delinquences. In a season of counter opinions and principles he is a most uncomfortable companion in the political world, and in the church, as an eccentric divine has said, "the crookedest stick that grows on Zion's hill." He is of very ancient pedigree, tracing back the ancestral line to a sect of strange philosophers, called cynics, who lived in Pontus about three hundred years before Christ. They gloried in disliking what other men loved. In others words, their vocation was *fault-finding*. Diogenes, the old bachelor who lived in a tub, belonged to that sect. He saw so little good in mankind that he ran through the streets at midday with a lantern in his hand, declaring that he was searching for an honest man. The character to whom allusion is made is an off-shoot of that ancient stock—a legitimate

descendant of old Diogenes. He passes through the world eyeing every body askance, seeing nothing well done unless done by himself. When he handles character he is a complete anatomist, thrusting the tongue's dissecting knife through the veins and arteries of reputation at a most fearful rate, leaving nothing but a ghostly skeleton when the work is completed. His fort lies in this anatomical investigation of character. There is only one strange thing in the science, and that is, he dissects to discover all the putrid ulcers, and huge tumors, and festering sores possible—the faults of human character—disappointed only when no disease is found. A true picture of himself and comrades at their work may be seen in a rotten carcass, overrun with the cynics of a lower order, and never so happy as when devouring the dissolving carrion.

Such is the cynic; and a close observation will satisfy every person that in a majority of instances this feature of his character is inherited. Run back in the lineal survey, and often it will be found that his father, and earlier ancestors, possessed the same characteristic. It has come down from generation to generation like the heir-loom or wasting homestead.

The Law of Conscience holds an important place in the formation of character. We mean not the faculty itself, so much as the law by which it is controlled—the same as that which governs all our powers, viz. — It is strengthened by use, it is impaired by disuse. It is not by reading moral essays that this faculty is improved. It is by a careful regard to moral distinctions that it becomes tender and active, by asking the question concerning our actions, is this right? is that wrong? thus bringing all our acts to a signal test. Facts prove to us that the conscience may become a more powerful agency of restraint than even statutes and decrees. We read of men whose guilty actions were undisclosed, and yet, who “seemed to themselves,” in the language of Melville,

"to be surrounded with witnesses and avengers, so that the sound of their own foot-tread has startled them as if it had been the piercing cry of an accuser, and the rustling of every tree and the murmur of every brook has sounded like the utterance of one clamorous for their punishment. They have felt, as though, in the absence of all accusation from beings of their own race, they had arrayed against themselves the whole visible creation, sun, moon, and stars, and forests and waters growing vocal that they might publish their crimes." True, such examples of its power are not the result of its healthful discipline; but we know that a similar power it may acquire by a careful and constant regard to its decisions; so that a man would almost as soon dare the flaming wrath of God as the lightning of its conviction, or provoke the trump of Gabriel as the thunder of its voice.

Every time a person does right he fulfils this law, and gains thereby a victory over his base propensities, and is absolutely laying up a revenue of moral strength for seasons of temptation. Just as in his business he lays in a capital upon which to settle back when hard times convulse the mercantile community, and tottle down mighty ware-houses; so here every instance of regard to the decisions of conscience makes a man stronger for good, builds up his character as if in solid granite, and increases his moral force to a revenue against hard times that come in morals as well as in the trades — seasons of temptation and moral peril when men must stand or fall upon their own tried virtues, as young eagles are jostled from their nests to be saved by their own pinions, or fall and perish. We cannot too highly value such an achieving element of character.

On the other hand, every time this law is violated it blinds a man to moral distinctions, it diminishes his moral power, it overcomes his aversion to sin, so that the perpetration of a wrong which once would have caused his feelings to revolt, is now taken upon the soul without remorse. By every re-

peated violation of its mandates he is less and less impelled to do right.

Hence, it follows that whatever blinds men to moral distinctions is sadly violating this law, no matter how trifling the act. The most trifling immoral act, from the very fact that its immorality may not be so readily noticed, may be most dangerous.

Here we meet a fact which this philosophy explains. Many a young man of supposed integrity has commenced business with as much credit as he could desire, and closed with as little. To many it is almost unaccountable, while yet an examination may show it to be less strange. There are certain characteristics of the times, which tend directly to blind men to moral distinctions, and hence to violate the law of conscience. Two are presented for illustration.

The first is that corrupt public sentiment which bestows its honors upon vice instead of virtue, or which, at least, does not make a distinction between right and wrong in conferring reward. We speak here upon no doubtful theme, but of what the eye beholds. We see that in filling the offices of the land, the distinction between virtue and vice is almost annihilated. There are men sharing largely in official honors in whose souls virtue does not find an abiding place—a sound moral principle would die there from utter loneliness;—men, who stripped of official badges, would be admitted to the circle of your sons and daughters no sooner than a serpent or an alligator;—as soon would you turn a raging ox into your blooming garden to pasture, and trample on the rose and flowering almond, as admit them to the familiar intercourse of home;—for among them are the intemperate, the profane, the vulgar, and the licentious.

Mark a single fact with the common people. Attach some sounding title to even an immoral man's name, as archbishop, duke, or king, and send him through the streets, and old men and matrons, young men and maidens will throng the

doors and windows of house and shop, and possibly a thousand sycophants will press through the crowd to touch the hem of his garment. Few inquire what his character may be; for the sounding title awes them into respect, and there is a perfect shower of boquets, waving handkerchiefs, and doffing hats. The idea of virtue and vice is annihilated in the scene.

So with wealth. The multitude often run after a rich man more than after a good man. Introduce a millionaire into any community, and character or no character, a class will follow him with the most obsequious demeanor. Wealth and honor are the world's two idols. The question of right and wrong is comparatively lost in the homage paid them. Hence, it is not strange, fired with ambition, and flushed with the desire of honor as human nature is, that the law of conscience is disregarded, when the language of the world to every young man is, in the couplet of Pope,—

“Get place and wealth if possible by grace,
If not, by any means get wealth and place.”

The other characteristic of the age, closely wed to the above, is the counterfeiting and deception which are incorporated into business. This is a money-getting age. There have been ages of iron and of brass, but this is literally an age of *gold*. Gold excites the mass to more earnest and hearty efforts than God. A California is worth more to the multitude than a Canaan. The “*argumentum ad crumenam*”—an argument to the purse, is more powerful than “*argumentum ad hominem*”—an argument to the man. Growing out of this, probably is the counterfeiting and deception to which reference is had.

The food upon our tables and the clothes upon our backs, were they gifted with speech, would tell a story that ought to tingle on the ear. Coffee compounded with pulverized

peas—sugar skilfully “alumnized”—tea flavored with herbs native and exotic—spices of nameless mixtures—and lusty braces of chickens *two years old*—these are a specimen of our lying provisions. Then our fine German doe-skin is a real native American—our Irish linen of Yankee manufacture, and half cotton at that—our Brussel’s carpets fresh from some youthful Lowell—our French calicoes just in from some Merrimack Mills—our French hosiery and hats beautifully stamped on this side the Atlantic with the mark of Paris—our superfine silk paper of reputed Parisian quality, on which the preacher writes his sermon, reminded of the Ninth Commandment at every stroke of the pen, is the best that rolls over an Amesbury cylinder;—this is a specimen of our lying apparel and fixtures. Then the poor, sinking, dying patient doses with *deception*. His strength-restoring wine, reported fresh from the vineyards of Portugal, was expressed from the clusters of New England—his London porter is of home manufacture, possibly the product of some “Albany brewery”—his cod liver oil turns out to be the veritable sperm once dipped from the head of a mighty whale—and with the numberless catholicons whose fame is spread through the land he drinks a dose of deception, too unmedicinal to cure, and too harmless to kill. *He asks for bread and receives a stone, for a fish and receives a scorpion.*

If God should give a voice to every article we eat and every article we wear, with the manufacture and sale of which deception is practised, we should be struck deaf with the stunning peal that would roll upon the ear-drum. Every thing is counterfeited from silver coin, to character. There is false food, and false apparel, and false medicine, and false honor, and false friendship, and false patriotism, and false religion, and false everything.

It is not surprising that in such a state of things the young man in search of his fortune loses sight of moral distinctions,

and thus violates, and continues to violate, his conscience. It may seem a small matter to put a foreign stamp upon domestic goods, or to seek worldly promotion by doubtful instrumentalities, but it is inflicting a wound upon conscience. It destroys the distinction between virtue and vice, and thus maims and cripples the most glorious part of human nature. In this way the times make practical swindlers *philosophically*.

It is grand and ennobling to abide by the decisions of conscience amid the roar of life's business. To be able to look the world steady in the face with unblanched cheek and guiltless eye, and to say, "I have wronged no man,"—this is manhood's noblest attribute. To be able to point to suffering worldly interests—to hours of darkness and frowning danger—the scars and nail-prints of a persecuting world—all endured for "conscience sake," this is the sublime of human character. Our hearts venerate the man who takes the noble stand of the brave Magyar—Kossuth the statesman and orator—who, when tempted by the Sultan of Turkey to renounce the Christian religion, replied, "Welcome, if need be, the axe and the gibbet; but curses on the tongue that dares make to me so infamous a proposal." Men record such examples on brass and marble because they exalt the conscience.

Without the moral element which a regard to this law ensures, character is worthless. There may be splendid endowments, noble attributes, fashioned into a character that shines, but it is only with a transient glare.

We read that Potemkin, a princely Russian, erected a gorgeous palace "to surprise and please his imperial mistress. Huge blocks of ice were piled one upon another. Ionic pillars of chastest workmanship, in ice, formed a noble portico; and a dome, of the same material, shone in the sun which had just strength enough to gild, but not to melt it. It glittered afar like a palace of diamonds; but there came

one day a warm breeze from the South, and the stately building dissolved away, till none were able to gather up the fragments." Fit symbol of a character, embellished with splendid endowments, yet devoid of this saving element!

The laws which have been enumerated act more or less in conjunction with a mighty force—the WILL. It deserves here a passing consideration. In the formation of character it has a powerful influence. With the gift of an enchanter it summons the mental and moral powers to the Herculean task. It laughs at obstacles. It is the mental engine of nameless power that drives on decision, energy, and perseverance of character. When the whole man is under its control he can race and battle with the world. Its energy sparkles in his eye, it twitches in his nerves, it glows on his cheek, it energizes his mind, it electrifies his heart. His spirit, his motions, his eye, his brow, his step, his words, and his noble soul—all make a revelation of its power. Every act has an earnestness, determination, vitality, and thrilling meaning about it. He not only "strikes while the iron is hot, but he keeps it hot by striking." He verifies the old Latin proverb, "*Labor omnia vincit*"—labor conquers all things. And he undertakes a stupendous work with the zeal and determination of Julius Caesar, when he conquered Pharnaces, "*veni, vidi, vici*—I came, I saw, I conquered."

It was this which raised Linneus, Parcus, Bandonin, Purver, and Roger Sherman from the bench of the cobbler to the chair of the professor, and the seat of the legislator. It was this which shut up Demosthenes in his subterranean study, and made him the prince of orators. It was this which marked the life of that Roman senator, who exclaimed to the affrighted pilot in the storm, "Fear not, thou bearest Caesar and his fortunes."

Such is the power, acting in harmony with mental and moral laws, with which God has invested every person to be

employed in working out his earthly salvation. It is a fearful power to possess. "Mere power may be used for any purpose, noble or ignoble. Gunpowder may blast a path for the rail car, or send death into the heart of a defenceless city. Steam may propel to our shores the friendly vessel of commerce, or the hostile naval armament." The rising wind may swell the floating canvass, and bear the voyager delighted to the port, or, lashing the sea into fury, dash his bark, all shattered, upon a rock-bound coast. In like manner this power, with which God has invested every human being, may prove a blessing or a curse—an instrument to be wielded for error or the truth.

At this point it would be a profitable application of the subject, to analyze the personal history of such men as Byron, Napoleon, and Robespierre, and trace the operation of the laws enumerated in the formation of their characters. The subject also, suggests expansive themes relative to the understanding of this mental and moral philosophy in the training of children and youth, and the points of danger and encouragement in every young man's career. But, for want of space, all this must be passed in silence.

It is clear that the formation of character is no hap-hazard work. There is no chance-game to be played in working out our earthly destiny. There is no being born under lucky stars; that belongs to heathenism—a relic of Hindoo astrology. Philosophy is "a jack at all trades," yet in none more active and skilful than in the formation of character.

Such is the *Philosophy of Character* very imperfectly presented. Yet, superficial as our view has been, we have seen enough to show that its faithful fashioning is as truly an art as that which guided the chisel of Praxiteles, or the brush of Raphael. As we ponder the mystic machinery with which the curious workmanship is wrought, we are more than ever impressed with the pithy lesson of Solon—one of the seven

wise men of Greece—"gnothi seauton," know thyself—a rare attainment even by those who have soared to the loftiest heights, and descended to the profoundest depths of knowledge. He who has made the acquisition is more than Bachelor of Arts; he is MASTER OF ARTS.

The soul is a harp of a thousand strings, and few are they who can make music on them all. A slight neglect may destroy the blissful harmonies. You have listened with wrapt attention to the strains of melody bursting from a full and practised orchestra. Note swells and blends with note in enchanting sweetness. Voice soars and mingles with voice in volumes of richest sound. And wave after wave of the sacred song pours upon the listening spirit to captivate and charm. But one little jar—one discordant note—will dissolve the melody, and waste the music on the air. So the laws of God, mental, moral, and material, are so many chords strung to a universal anthem; and he who dares resist the philosophy of his being, in the violation of the simplest of these laws, sunders a chord, and withdraws a note from the harmonies of creation.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

"The kindred tie that bound us here,
Though rent apart with many a tear,
Shall be renewed in heaven!"

HUM.

"As soon or late we reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May all rejoice, no wanderer lost,
The family in heaven!"

BURNS.

THE first chapter closed with a view of the frail and uncertain tenure which marks the family relation. The union, at best, is brief—its dissolution inevitable. But death does not sever the bond forever. If it did, sad, indeed, would be the earthly fellowship of kindred. If no hope of reunion were offered to the faithful, how many would exclaim at the goal of life, overwhelmed at the thought of an eternal parting, *would that I had never been born!*

Thanks for the precious Gospel which comes to restore the severed ties—to reunite the broken families—to renew the fellowship of kindred! *The family on earth may become the whole family in Heaven!* Though scattered over the face of the earth, and dying in different lands, its members may meet again, to renew their intercourse on Mount Zion above, where

"Those long parted meet again."

They, who have sat at the same table, may sit together at the marriage supper of the Lamb. They who have bowed at the same family altar with the beginning and close of day, may unite their devotions before the "great white throne." They who have walked in company to the earthly temple of

God, may sit together in the "temple not made with hands." They, who have loved in the earthly mansion, than which no other spot is dearer, may rejoice together in a "mansion in the skies."

"In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Beautiful and precious words are these to fall upon the heart of sorrow! Here the thoughts are borne upward to the "many mansions," where the heavenly family commune together, after the sad reverses and separations of a trial-land, in the sweeter, purer, better intercourse of an eternal home. That is a precious sentiment, "*I go to prepare a place for you.*" The figure is drawn from a company of travellers, one of whom precedes his associates to provide a place for their entertainment and rest. So Christ has gone to prepare a residence for his saints in their "father's house." Here they have "no continuing city." They are "sojourners," "strangers," "pilgrims." They seek "a better country"—a permanent abode. They are "children" of God, absent upon the "journey of life." They will soon reach their "father's house"—their everlasting home.

Thus the Scriptures describe the future abode of the saints by allusion to an earthly home—that retreat of loving hearts, where social endearments exist even in the face of poverty and woe—that garden of delight where hopes and loves expand in the sunshine of a parent's smile. As this home-residence commands the affections of the heart wherever man sojourns, so does the christian's view of heaven allure his heart. In his wearisome pilgrimage, it rises before him as the consummation of his hopes, and he anticipates a welcome from its family of kindred spirits, and joy in a father's smile.

My theme is, that the *whole family* may be gathered there, *known and loved by each other*.

The first part of this proposition—the *whole family may be gathered in heaven*—demands no proof. It is the universal sentiment of all believers in the Christian religion. It is presented simply as a delightful view of the abode of the sainted dead—that which magnifies the sacredness and loveliness of the family relation. The latter part—that *they will be known and loved by each other*—admits of discussion; and yet, unless this latter portion is true, the particular pleasure, which the former doctrine is calculated to impart, is wholly sacrificed. It will be joy exceeding great to know that our friends are safe in glory, even though we may not recognize them. But how much greater that joy if we are able to identify them amid the countless throng. This is the basis of the pleasing view of heaven which we shall attempt to unfold. Will kindred recognize each other there? It is the first, yea, the only question to be answered, in order to establish that alluring view of heaven which is dear to the christian heart. Heaven will be far more blissful, if *the whole family*, admitted there, are known to each other.

A proof of heavenly recognition is found in the fact, that *it appears to be the universal sentiment of mankind*. It is not the belief of a single sect. It belongs not to a single age. It is not the dogma of a particular school. Men of all creeds and no creeds, of all sects and no sects, of true piety and no piety, alike believe and defend this doctrine. Even the benighted pagan, far off in some dark corner of the earth, believes in a bright elysium, where he will be reunited to his departed kindred. He makes the blissful land the abode of all that can delight the senses and captivate the heart, in order to heighten the conception of friendships there renewed. The fields teem with buds and blossoms of unearthly beauty. The valleys sparkle with crystal streams, and the hills wave with forests more beautiful than the fir

of Senei. The skies are pure and cloudless ; and the air is loaded with delicious odors, and is vocal with the sweet songs of the blessed. Fit, though imaginary abode, in which to renew the ties of kindred !

The wild Indians of our Western forests believe that far away beyond the mountains "there is a wide river ; beyond that river a great country ; on the other side of that country a world of water ; in that water are a thousand islands, full of trees and streams of water, and that a thousand buffaloes, and ten thousand deer, graze on the hills, and ruminate in the valleys. When they die, they are persuaded that the Great Spirit will conduct them to this land of souls," to renew the relations which existed between them on their hunting-grounds. We are told, that over the grave of friends they will load a certain bird with caresses, and then let it fly away to bear them to the departed in the spirit-land.

The same sentiment is found among the ancients. Socrates said in view of death, "if the common expression be true, that death conveys us to those regions which are inhabited by the spirits of departed men, will it not be unspeakably happy to escape from the hands of mere nominal judges, to appear before those who truly deserve the name, such as Ninus and Rhadamanthus, and to associate with all who have maintained the cause of truth and rectitude ? Is it possible for you to look upon this as an unimportant journey ? Is it nothing to converse with Orpheus, and Homer, and Hesiod ? Believe me, I would cheerfully suffer many a death on the condition of realizing such a privilege."

Cicero, in language too good to proceed from a pagan heart, exclaimed, "O, glorious day ! when I shall retire from this low and sordid scene, to associate with the divine assembly of departed spirits ; and not with those only whom I have just now mentioned, but with my dear Cato, that best

of sons and most valuable of men! It was my sad fate to lay his body on the funeral pile, when by the course of nature I had reason to hope he would perform the same last office to mine. His soul, however, did not desert me, but still looked back on me in its flight to those happy mansions, to which he was assured I should one day follow him. If I seemed to bear his death with fortitude, it was by no means that I did not most sensibly feel the loss I had sustained; it was because I supported myself with the consoling reflection that we could not long be separated."

"It is said," says Dr. Leland, "to be a custom in Guinea, that when a king dies many are slain, and their bloody carcasses buried with him, that they may again live with him in another world. It was formerly a well known custom in the East Indies for women to kill themselves after the death of their husbands, that they might accompany them in the next life."*

We are told that among the ancients it was not unusual for persons on the death of their friends to commit suicide in order to enjoy their society in a better land.

It is doubtless with a view to a blissful reunion with their departed husbands, that, in modern days, so many wives in pagan lands have immolated themselves on the funeral pile.

Dr. Neander informs us that it was a custom with the early Christian church to celebrate the remembrance of their deceased friends on the anniversary of their death. "The supper of the Lord was celebrated on this day, in the consciousness of an inseparable communion with those who died in the Lord; a gift was brought to the altar in their name, as if they were still living members of the church; and it was hence, probably, that the prayer for peace to the souls of the departed was interwoven with the prayer of the

* For the above quotations from Socrates, Cicero, and Dr. Leland, I am indebted to Harbaugh.

church, preceding the communion." The basis of this ceremony was, evidently, the belief in heavenly recognition.

It is supposed that the ancient customs (continued in a limited degree to the present time,) of connecting the burial ground with the house of worship, had its origin in this sentiment of the recognition of friends in glory. The living and the dead are thus brought together at the very altar of their religion, as if in token of an immortal union in Christ. It seems to signify that their fellowship, in its social aspects, will continue hereafter.

The same sentiment equally prevails at present. It pervades many of our sweetest spiritual songs. It is the soul of the richest consolations that can be imparted in this world of sorrow. It is set to some of our most popular music. It is uttered alike in lordly palace and humble cot. It is recorded on the tombstone. It is interwoven with the doctrines proclaimed from the pulpit. It appears in the ejaculations of bereaved friends. It lingers upon the lips of the dying friend as a part of the last, sweet solace to his mortal agony.

A few days since I visited a burial-place in order to trace this sentiment upon the monumental-stones. I found it to be the one, prevailing sentiment, as if it were originated solely for "God's Acre." It was recorded on the stone that marked the resting-place of the child and the aged man. It was inscribed over the remains of early manhood and youthful beauty. On one I read :

"We loved thee on earth
May we meet thee in heaven."

On another,

"Dark how'er life's night may be,
Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee."

On another,

"We all may hope to meet again



In yonder peaceful heaven."

On another,

"But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face."

On another,

"Through Him we trust to meet again."

On the infant's tomb-stone I read,

"Precious babe, thy sister greets thee
In the realms of peace above;
May we all in heaven meet thee,
To sing aloud redeeming love."

Kindred sentiments on the stones of that ancient burial-place were numerous enough to have filled a volume.

I have heard this sentiment expressed by the dying. What minister of Christ has not? Not long since, on a Sabbath evening, just as the sun was setting, I was called to see one die—a husband, father, friend, parishioner. The cold sweat of death stood upon his brow. His pulse was almost still, and his heart motionless. The soul was evidently bursting away from its fleshly tabernacle. The last sands were escaping from life's hourglass. With an effort he opened his glassy eyes, in his cold, thin hand pressed mine, and whispered a sentence about this doctrine of heavenly recognition. He had a little daughter in the better land, the only one of the household who had "gone before," and now the ascending spirit rejoiced in anticipation of the blissful meeting. The blessed truth brought a troop of ministering angels to buoy up the soul above the billows of death. It seemed as if the sacred sentiment was revealed solely

for its fitness to satisfy a longing desire of the regenerated soul.

It is, then, clear that the truth under consideration is congenial to human nature, and is the universal sentiment of mankind. There is no country however remote, no age however dark, no race of men however good or bad; no kindred, tribe, or people, where it is not found. In this there is evidence that the sentiment is true. It shows that God has implanted in our hearts a moral want which this doctrine satisfies. It is difficult to find a sentiment thus common to mankind which is untrue. Hence we assert that this proves the doctrine of heavenly recognition true, just as we rest the highest proof of the existence of God upon the universal consciousness of mankind. Because the human race are

conscious of a Divine Existence, therefore, theologians argue, God must exist. He has implanted this consciousness within them in order to lead them to embrace the truth of His existence. The universality of the sentiment of heavenly recognition furnishes equal evidence of its truth.

Another source of proof is *the existence of the memory in the future state*. That disembodied spirits remember earthly scenes in eternity is evident from the case of the rich man, to whom the solemn declaration is made, "Son, remember that thou, in thy life time, receivedst thy good things." If "the lost" retain this faculty, then are we compelled to believe, by still weightier reasons, that it is not lost to "the saved."

Intellectual philosophers agree in the sentiment that the memory never loses a particle of knowledge. All that a man ever learned, or experienced is the mind's property forever. It cannot be forgotten or obliterated. The very effort to forget, writes it more indelibly upon the memory. Impressions may be lost to us for the present, and seem as though they were not, but they are only veiled. God will remove that veil hereafter and bring to light every idle word and

secret thought. Dr. Cheever, speaking of this power of the memory, has expressed the sentiment of mental philosophers in the following language which he puts into the mouth of a probationer: "All things that I have ever seen, heard, read, known, thought, felt, experienced in any way; all processes of reasoning, sensibility, volition; all modes in which I have either acted upon others, or been acted upon, with all the minutest details of self-consciousness, though they may have passed like the lightning, I can revisit. All that ever has been mine is still within my power, and may belong to me forever, through the working of this mighty, indestructible element of my immortal being."

If the memory thus exists in the future state, it would follow as a natural consequence, and could not possibly be otherwise, that friends will remember and recognize each other.

Another source of evidence to the truth of the doctrine of heavenly recognition is found in the fact that *we shall not know less in Heaven than we know on earth*. On the other hand, our knowledge will be greatly increased. All the faculties will continue to exist and develop in ceaseless expansion. The mind is immortal in all its powers, separate or united. Hence, every power will continue to improve, becoming the possessor of constantly increasing knowledge. Instead of losing our acquisitions, we shall be perpetually adding to them. While we shall forever acquire, we shall not lose what we have already attained. "Our present knowledge, so far as is consistent with the Divine will and wisdom, will not be destroyed, but taken up and included in our future knowledge. It is not reasonable to believe, that the attainments we have made in this life, should give us no advantage in the beginning of the life to come. This would make all our earthly triction of no avail and needless." It follows, then, that friends will recognize each other in Heaven, since, if they do not, in respect to earthly

attainments, they will know less in heaven than on earth.

The doctrine of heavenly recognition is also sustained by the *social principle* implanted in the human heart. Man is made for society, as the aspirations and desires of his heart clearly evince. He possesses affections and sympathies, and cherishes hopes and desires, which find their congenial sphere of exercise only in social intercourse. These constitute the better and most winning part of humanity. If death obliterates them, it destroys the most lovely part of our nature—a sentiment which finds no response in our hearts. If they survive the dissolution of soul and body, and live in heaven, they must have their appropriate objects to act upon, otherwise they become instruments of endless torture. To possess this social principle, and yet be introduced into a relation where it is not allowed full play, is to doom mankind to disappointment and unhappiness. But it is not so. If we love here, we shall love *more* there. If we have sympathy here, we shall have *more* there. All the sweet charities which bind us here must exist there. The affections, sympathies, and all that belong to our common nature, will be absorbed in the redeemed man—not destroyed, but purified and sanctified, thus undergoing no change except the transition from imperfection to perfection. Out of this existence of the social principle in heaven, the doctrine under consideration naturally grows.

All the allusions of the Saviour to the future abode of the saints imply, that the social affinities will there be known, as in the intercourse of human life. Whenever he alludes to heaven as the home of his people, though incidentally, it is in language which implies a communion of hearts like that which friends enjoy on earth, only made perfect. These incidental allusions enforce the above dictates of reason respecting the social principle as the basis of the doctrine of heavenly recognition.

THE SCRIPTURES CONTAIN NOT ONLY INTIMATIONS OF, AND INCIDENTAL ALLUSIONS TO THIS DOCTRINE, BUT ALSO LESSONS OF A MORE POSITIVE CHARACTER. The teaching, "then shall I know even as also I am known" is literally sustained. Expressions are used, and declarations are made which are devoid of meaning unless sainted friends recognize each other in glory.

When the death of the Old Testament saints is the subject of remark; certain phrases are employed which are apt and beautiful only in the light of this truth. Thus, when Abraham died, he was said to be "gathered unto *his people*," and the same was said of Isaac and Jacob. The best authorities believe that this phrase denotes "*his people*" in distinction from all other people numbered with the great congregation of the dead, since this alone renders the use of the term "*his*" consistent and pointed. There were those among *his people* who had gone to the spirit-land, where

"The loved and parted here below
Meet ne'er to part again;"

and he was gathered to them in the bonds of an eternal reunion.

Also the phrase, "gathered to their fathers," is supposed to refer to the kindred of those concerning whom the sentiment is uttered in distinction from all other kindred. They are words suited to awaken in the mind a recollection of former relations to dear friends now rejoicing in the "better country." They array before us the members of our earthly circles who have "rested from their labors," as still a part of our number waiting for us to join them in the New Jerusalem.

The Saviour presents the communion of saints in heaven under the figure of a feast. "I say unto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven." The

only view of this passage which makes it at all intelligible is the one consistent with the doctrine under discussion. These three ancient worthies are represented as associating in heaven in the manner friends associate on festive occasions here below. And multitudes are described as coming from the four quarters of the earth to sit with them in the enjoyment of these celestial festivities. There is no particular point or force in the figure unless we admit the doctrine of the recognition of friends in heaven, as it really appears at earthly festivals.

David buried a child—an affliction which bereaved parents alone can appreciate. He found, doubtless, a great consolation in the righteous government of God, but how much satisfaction he evidently derived from the reflection "*I shall go to him!*" These words mean nothing unless they expressed his full conviction that he should one day meet his child, known and loved. Reader, have you wept over the remains of a stricken babe? Is one lamb missing from your precious flock? What joyous anticipations are awakened in your breast as you read, "*I shall go to him!*" Do not these words encourage you to expect, that, though separated from your child on earth, you will "be linked in the skies?"

The great apostle wrote to the Thessalonians, "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and crown." He had been the instrument of their conversion, in company with his co-laborers. And he teaches in these words, that he will meet them in another world as his "crown" and "joy." He will rejoice to see them there. This implies that he will distinguish them from the throng "which no man can number." Macknight says of this passage, "The manner in which the apostle speaks of the Thessalonians, shows that he expected

to know his converts at the day of judgment. If so we may hope to know our relations and friends there."

In Revelation one of the elders is represented as asking, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" The interrogation in respect to who they were implies that they might be known, and be made acquainted with each other. Why should the elder ask, "What, (or who,) are these?" unless he supposed that he might know?

The language which Christ addressed to Martha at the grave of Lazarus is still more explicit upon this theme, "*Thy brother shall live again.*" It does not mean, simply, that he should rise in the resurrection; for this, Martha already believed. It was a truth designed for consolation in that hour of sorrow. Her brother was dead. No more did she expect to behold his face, or hear his voice on earth. No more in life's devious paths did she hope to walk with the departed. In such circumstances what meaning is more naturally derived from the words "*thy brother shall live again,*" than the following: He shall live again to you—a brother recognized and owned. He shall live in the exercise of all his brotherly affections in that world of light which you expect to enter. Murmur not over your present loss; your separation is only for a brief season. These ties will be renewed in a world where death and partings are unknown. Fit words of comfort to wipe the tears from sorrow's eye!

"There is a world above
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Found for the good alone
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere."

That the doctrine of heavenly recognition has been be-

lieved generally by theologians will appear from the following quotations :

Paley says, speaking of Col. 1 : 28, " If this be rightly interpreted, then it affords the manifest and necessary inference, that the saints in a future life will meet and be known to one another ; for how, without knowing again his converts, in their new and glorious state, could St. Paul desire or expect to present them at the last day ?

Dick wrote, " It has been asked whether, in the blessed abode, the saints will know one another ? One should think that the question was unnecessary, as the answer naturally presents itself to every man's mind ; and it only could have occurred to some dreaming theologian, who, in his airy speculations, has soared far beyond the sphere of reason and common sense. Who can doubt whether the saints will know one another ? What reason can be given why they should not ? Would it be any part of their perfection to have all their former ideas obliterated, and to meet as strangers in the other world ? "

Nevin said, " that the saints in glory shall continue to know those whom they have known and loved on earth, seems to me to flow necessarily from the idea of their immortality itself ; for this cannot be real, except as it includes personal identity or a continuation of the same consciousness."

Bishop Hall thus spoke, " thou hast lost a friend ; — say, rather, thou hast parted with him. That is properly lost which is past all recovery, which we are out of hope to see any more. It is not so with this friend thou mournest for ; he is but gone home a little before thee : thou art following him ; you two shall meet in your father's house, and enjoy each other more happily than you could have done here below."

Baxter thus expressed himself, " I now delight to converse with my pious friends, in a firm persuasion that I shall con-

verse with them forever; and I take comfort in those of them that are dead or absent, as believing that I shall shortly meet them in heaven, and love them with a heavenly love that shall then be perfected."

Doddridge said, "Let me be thankful for the pleasing hope that, though God loves my child so well to permit it to return to me, he will ere long bring me to it. And then that endeared paternal affection, which would have been a cord to tie me to earth, and have added new pangs to my removal from it, will be as a golden chain to draw me upwards, and add one further charm and joy to paradise itself. * * * It is for no language but that of heaven, to describe the sacred joy which such a meeting must occasion."

Chalmers wrote concerning the death of a child, "The blossom which withered here upon its stalk, has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and it will then gladden that eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has been sorely wounded; and, in the name of Him who, if on earth, would have wept along with them, do we bid all believers present to sorrow not even as others which have no hope; but to take comfort in the hope of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation." *

Edwards said, "The father shall know that such a one was his child; the husband shall remember that such a one was his wife; the spiritual guide shall know that such belonged to his flock; and so all other relations of persons shall be renewed and known in heaven."

From a sermon of Dwight upon the Happiness of Heaven, I extract the following: "Husbands and wives, here mutually and singularly beloved, will there be united, not in-

* For several of the preceding quotations the author is indebted to Harbaugh

deed in their former earthly relations, but in a friendship far more delightful, and, wafted onward by the stream of ages without a sigh, without a fear, will become in each other's eyes, more and more excellent, amiable, and endeared forever."

Emmons thus wrote, "All pious brothers and sisters, all pious parents and children, all pious husbands and wives, all pious friends and all pious ministers, and their pious hearers, will be forever known to each other and intimately connected in heaven, and mutually promote each other's felicity. * * * All Christians in every part of the world, who are now alive, will very soon meet together with their departed friends in heaven, and their meeting in that holy and happy place must fill their hearts with mutual joy, and remove all the pains and sorrows of their former parting."

Quotations of a similar character might be multiplied indefinitely, but the above will serve to illustrate to what extent the belief in this doctrine obtains. The difficulty is not in finding theologians who believe as above, but in finding those who do *not* thus believe.

It is objected to this doctrine that Christ himself will absorb the affections, interest and time, in heaven, and that it is a disparagement to him to believe that the sainted throng will be interested in each other. That Christ will be the centre of all love and attraction with he ransomed, "the chief among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely," is readily admitted. That it will be heaven enough to dwell where the Saviour is, and that saints will desire to "see his face" first of all, is not denied. But, that this superior interest in Christ precludes the possibility of such interest in kindred as has been described, is untrue. As well might we contend that the love of Christ on earth hinders our love of kindred, when facts prove it the reverse. The more we love Christ, the more we love our friends. There is many a reckless prodigal returned to his father's house to re-love his

kindred, *because* he has learned to love Christ. The love of Christ destroys no affection between friend and friend, but elevates and purifies it — makes it stronger, more abiding, and holier. Why will it not be thus in heaven? Rather will not the ties of kindred there be more complete because of the augmented love of Christ? The Scriptures declare “that we love the children of God, when we love God,” and command “that he who loveth God, love his brother also.” Hence, the great love of Christ, that will fill the hearts of the glorified above, becomes an additional reason for believing, that the social ties of sanctified humanity will exist there.

We have now presented some of the reasons for believing that Christian friends will recognize each other in the “many mansions.” There are many natural and moral truths which men receive upon far less evidence than that which supports the doctrine under consideration. We have seen that the doctrine is sustained by the universal desire and belief of mankind, by the existence of the remembering faculty, by the increasing knowledge of the mind, by the principle of sociality implanted in the human heart, and by the unerring Word of God. Upon this we are willing to rest our belief in the doctrine, and fondly cherish the hopes and desires which it awakens. We hail it as a real God-send in this world of broken ties, worthy of a place in the formula-ry of the Christian faith, and glorifying to its Divine Author.

Here, then, we base our plea for *The Whole Family in Heaven*. It surrounds the heavenly abode of the saints with sweeter attractions, to feel that in addition to the joy of beholding Christ, we may also meet father and mother, husband and wife, son and daughter, brother and sister, never to be parted more.

“Oh happy world! Oh glorious place!
Where all who are forgiven,

Shall find their loved and lost below,
And hearts like meeting streams, shall flow
Forever one in heaven."

Eternal home of the *Christian family*! How beautiful is our holy religion, when it hallows the various relations of the household, and finally brings its members from the divergent paths of life to their "Father's house," a joyous, unbroken band! "There," as another has said, "the mother again clasps her beautiful babes to her bosom, all resplendent in the glory of that Saviour who carried them in His arms thither. There, she who was the solitary widow, and who for long had to tread the melancholy path of immaculate sorrow for the husband of her heart, and who, perhaps, had to accept of life's coldest conditions to secure for herself and orphans a piece of bread — there, she finds the desire of her eyes; and, in garments of white, they together walk the streets of the heavenly city. There the orphan, the poor, shivering, timid orphan, who stood over a father's and a mother's grave, ere he knew or could appreciate such a loss, and who struggled on unbefriended through the battles and breezes of this selfish world, at length beholds and luxuriates in parental love. There the kind friends, the choice benefactors, to whom we have been indebted during our pilgrim passage for many comforts and precious aids, and whose departure from us to the world of spirits has made earth more gloomy, and life less joyous, shall again be met, and again enjoyed. In a word, all the blessed dead who have died in the Lord there meet again, and meet to part no more." *

What consolation is here for the bereaved! The separation, which death has caused between Christian friends is only for a transient season. The translation of every saint-

* McFarlane.

ed one to Canaan's shore becomes a cause for thanksgiving ; for they are safe ; — safe from the power of sin, safe from the wiles of the arch-apostate, safe from the snares and temptations of the world. A few more years will pass away swiftly as flies the weaver's shuttle, a few more moons will light the path of night, a few more suns will rise and set, when the " loved and parted " will meet again in that temple whose builder and maker is God. Viewed thus, there is no death to the pure in heart.

" They are not lost—but gone before."

So-called death is only a transition state — a passage from a shadowy to a resplendent world — a putting off the soiled garments of mortality, for the unsullied robes of immortality. Death is gain, such as figures cannot compute — an exchange of life mortal for life immortal.

Such a view of the death of Christian friends has poured the oil of joy into many wounded hearts. It has dried up many tears, and mitigated many of the ills and sorrows of life. It has shed a softening and elevating influence over many bereaved circles, by bringing them into a more familiar relation to the world of light. Heaven is no longer a distant and indefinite state or condition ; it is the alluring abode of their sainted friends. Their thoughts are often there. Their afflictions are lightened. They wait with patience for the day of final reunion.

Here, too, is found a powerful motive to piety ! An eternal separation will sever the impenitent from their sainted friends. Sin cannot enter " those holy gates." There is no communion in all those glorious mansions for holy and unholy hearts. It is a thought which ought to deeply impress the unbelieving members of families. Are they ready to meet the dreadful alternative ? Can they endure the thought of receiving no welcome to the abode where their ransomed kindred are ? Say, thou unbelieving parent, if the love of

Christ cannot constrain you, will you not serve God for the sake of meeting your redeemed child? And ye godless children, ye scoffing partners, ye thoughtless brothers and sisters, what more can be offered to persuade you to seek Christ, than this meeting of kindred to part no more? Thou unconverted mother, weeping your very heart away over the dust of your beautiful babe, and yet not prepare to meet it in the skies! The little creature has joined the heavenly choir, and is now a harper! Carest thou for this enough to strive to enter into the "strait gate?" Thou wast proud of its beauty on earth; it is more beautiful in heaven! Thou delighted to hear its voice below, it was music to your ears; it is sweeter above than the richest tones of earthly minstrelsy! Hadst thou such a child in a distant land, thou wouldst talk about it by day, and dream about it by night! Thou wouldst gather up thy treasures, and prepare to visit the far-off clime, though it periled life on stormy seas and pestilential shores! How much more inspiring to hope and love when that land is heaven, and the child an heir of glory!

Reader, I have done. I have penned some hints concerning the family relation which may be of service in your efforts to form a model family on earth as the germ and promise of an unbroken *family in heaven*. They are both embraced in God's plan of human happiness and salvation. They are the two parts of a beautiful and infinite whole. May you be enamored with the peace and symmetry of one, and aspire after the joy and glory of the other. May you be allured to a brighter world by the communion that obtains between sainted friends above. May your faith fasten upon the "many mansions," fitted up for the abode of friends and kindred, and your heart be waxing meet to fellowship with the redeemed ones in "celestial pastimes." May heaven kindle before your imagination with new attractions, as you reflect upon the "Father's house," and incite you to toil and pray,

that no loved one may be missed from the heavenly circle.
May you be true and faithful in *the family on earth*, that you
may at length enjoy that blessing which beggars language to
describe—*the whole family in heaven*.

"When shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes —
Never — no, never!

"When shall love freely flow,
Pure as Life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill —
Never — no, never!

"Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy, forever;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel —
Never — no, never!

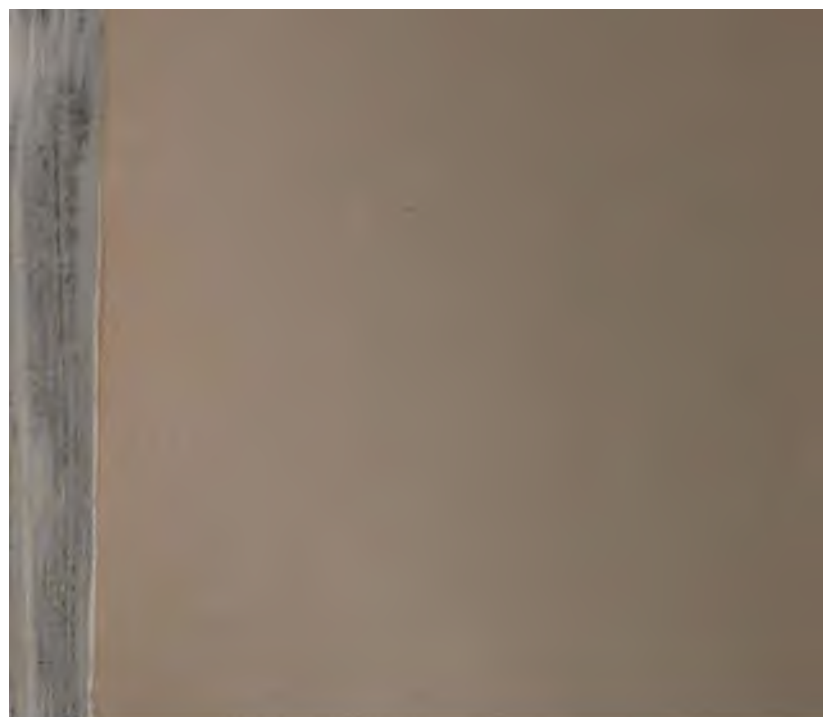
"Soon shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes; +
Our songs of praise shall close —
Never — no, never!"











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